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"THEY SAW A MAN STANDING UP GLARING AT THEM."
(See page 250.)

Ulrich the Guide.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT, BY ALYS HALLARD.)



SIMILAR to all the other little wood-built inns scattered here and there in the Hautes-Alpes, just below the glaciers in those bare, rocky pathways of the snow-capped mountain peaks, the Schwarenbach inn serves as a refuge for travellers through the Gemmi Pass.

During six months of the year it is inhabited by its owner, Jean Hauser, and his family, but as soon as the snow begins to get deep in the valley, so that the road to Loèche is only just practicable, the father and mother with their daughter and three sons leave their little mountain home in charge of the two guides, an old man named Gaspard Hari, and young Ulrich Kungsi, and Sam, the huge mountain dog.

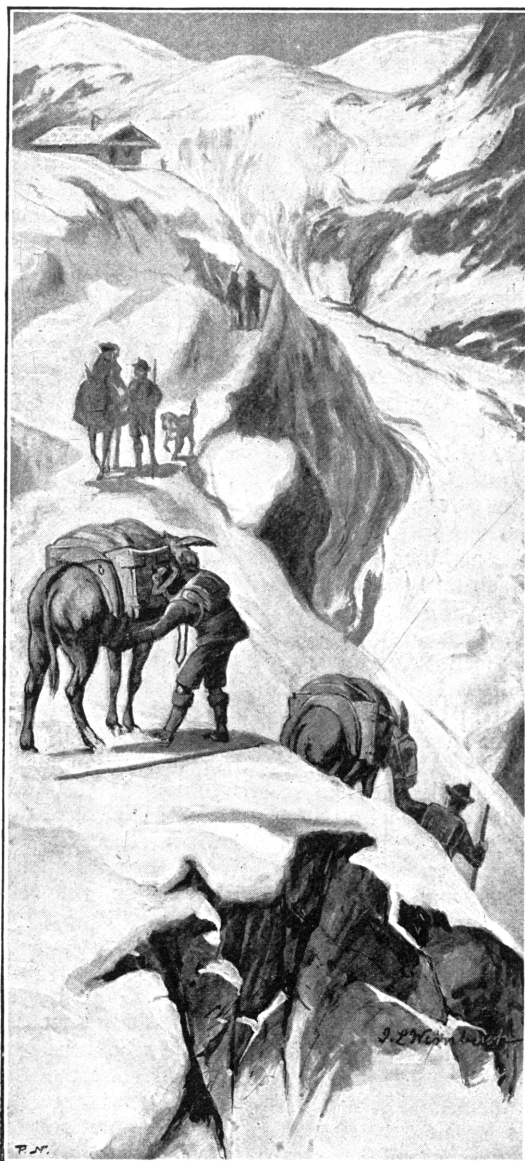
The two men with their faithful keeper remain until the following spring in their snowy prison, having no other view than the immense white slope of the Balmhorn, surrounded by pale, glittering mountain peaks, until they are finally shut up, blocked, as it were, buried under the snow, which heaps itself up around them, and then presses close round the little house, bars the door, reaches the windows, and, in fact, wraps the inn round completely in its white mantle, and then falls thickly on the roof.

On the day when Hauser and his family set out on their journey back to Loèche, the winter had set in, and the descent was not without danger. The three sons went on first with the mules laden with luggage; then came Jeanne Hauser and the daughter, Louise, mounted on another mule.

The two guides walked behind with the father, for they were going to escort the little family to the beginning of the descent.

They passed by the frozen lake which is between the great rocks near the inn, and then they continued along the valley, which looked like an immense white sheet, on each side of which rose the snowy peaks. A flood of sunshine fell on the white, shining, frozen desert, lighting it up with a cold, blinding flame. There was no sign of life in this ocean of mountains, no movement in this vast, measureless solitude, not a sound broke the profound silence.

Gradually the young guide Ulrich Kungsi, a tall, strong-looking Swiss with long legs, got ahead of Hauser and old Gaspard Hari, and overtook the mule on which the two women were riding. The younger of them watched him advancing, and a happy light shone in her eyes. She was a pretty young girl, but her fair hair and her pale cheeks looked as though they had lost their colour



"THE DESCENT WAS NOT WITHOUT DANGER."

through these long sojourns in the mountains surrounded by ice and snow. When Ulrich had overtaken them he slackened his pace and walked alongside of them, his hand resting on the crupper.

The Mère Hauser began at once to go over again all the details she had given him about the precautions necessary for the long winter season in the little inn. It was his first winter up there, whilst old Gaspard had for the last fourteen years spent his winter months under the snow in the Schwarenbach inn.

Ulrich Kungsi listened, but his eyes were fixed on the young girl, and he did not take in the sense of the words which fell on his ears. Every now and then he nodded his head and answered, "Yes, Madame Hauser," but his thoughts were far away, though his tranquil-looking face remained impassable. They arrived at the Daube Lake, the long surface of which, all frozen as it was, stretched out smooth and flat as far as the end of the valley.

On the right the dark rocks of the Daubenhorn rose up perpendicularly by the enormous moraines of the Lämmeren glacier upon which the Wildstrubel looked.

As they approached the Gemmi Pass, which is the beginning of the descent to Loeche, they suddenly came in sight of the immense horizon of the Valais Alps, from which they were separated by the deep, wide valley of the Rhône. It looked, in the distance, like a whole world of white, irregular mountain-tops, some flat and some pointed, and all glittering in the sunshine. There was the Mischabel, with its two horns; the huge mass of the Weisshorn; the heavy-looking Bruneckhorn; the high, formidable pyramid of the Matterhorn, the man-slayer; and that monstrous coquette, the Dent Blanche. Then, down below them in a hole at the bottom of a frightful abyss, they could see Loeche, the houses of which looked like so many grains of sand thrown down into that enormous crevice which the Gemmi Pass closes, and which begins over on the other side on the Rhône. The mule stopped at the beginning of the path which goes winding along, turning back and going on again, fantastic and marvellous the whole length of the mountain on the right until it reaches the almost invisible village at its foot.

The two women dismounted on to the snowy ground and waited until Hauser and Gaspard came up with them.

"Well, good-bye," said Hauser, shaking hands with the two guides, "and keep up your courage till we meet next year."

"Yes, good-bye till next year," said old Gaspard.

The Mère Hauser then shook hands with the guides, and then it was Louise's turn. Ulrich Kungsi whispered, as he held her hand in his: "Don't forget us up there under the snow," and she answered, "No"; but so quietly that he guessed what she said rather than heard it.

"Good-bye again, then," said Jean Hauser, "and take care of yourselves up there, you know," and shaking hands once more with the guides, he stepped on in front of his wife and daughter to lead the way down to the village. In a short time they were out of sight, hidden by the turn of the winding path.

The two men then retraced their steps and walked slowly back in the direction of the Schwarenbach inn. They went along, side by side, without speaking. They would be alone now—face to face with each other for the next four or five months.

Presently, Gaspard Hari began to tell about his life the previous winter. He had had with him Michael Canol, who was now too old to venture it again, as, of course, there is no knowing what may happen during those long months of solitude. It had not been so monotonous after all, for the chief thing is just to make up one's mind to it from the very first day, and then, too, they had found all kinds of things to do, and had played at various indoor games when they wanted a change.

Ulrich Kungsi listened mechanically to the old man's words, but his thoughts were with the little family on their way down to the village along the winding path of the Gemmi Pass. Soon the two men caught sight of the little inn, which was only just visible like a tiny black speck at the foot of the monstrous wave of snow. When at last they arrived at their destination and opened the door, the large dog with his curly hair began to jump up and frolic round them.

"Now, then, my lad," said old Gaspard, "we've got no woman here now to cook our dinner; you set to work and peel the potatoes, and we'll soon have something ready between us."

The following morning the time seemed to go very slowly; at least, so thought Ulrich Kungsi. Old Gaspard sat by the fire smoking his pipe, whilst the young man gazed out of the window at the dazzling white mountain opposite the house.

In the afternoon he went out for a walk and amused himself with following the tracks of the mule on which the two women had

ridden the day before. When he reached the Gemmi Pass he lay down on the ground at the edge of the abyss, and looked down at Loeche.

The village in its rocky well was not yet hidden by the snow, which, however, had nearly reached it, but was stopped by the pine forests which sheltered the environs. Its low houses, as seen from that height, looked like so many stones in a meadow. Louise Hauser was down there now in one of those grey houses. In which one, though? Ulrich Kungsi could not tell, as he was too far away to be able to distinguish them separately. How he did wish he could go down to the village, now, before it was too late.

The sun had by this time disappeared behind the high crest of Wildstrubel, and the young man wended his way once more back to the inn. Gaspard was still smoking, but on seeing his companion he proposed a game of cards. They sat down to the little table facing each other and played for a long time, and then had their supper and went to bed.



"THEY PLAYED FOR A LONG TIME."

The next few days were just like that first one—clear and cold, but no fresh snow. Old Gaspard would spend his afternoons looking out for the eagles and the rare birds which ventured on these icy summits, whilst Ulrich took his favourite walk down to the Gemmi Pass in order to have a glimpse of the village, and then on his return they would play at cards or dominoes, and stake some trifling object in order to add to the interest.

One morning Gaspard, who was up first, called out to his companion. A moving

cloud, thick but light, of white foam was falling on them and all round them noiselessly, and was burying them gradually under a heavy, mossy mattress. This continued for four days and four nights, and the two men had, to keep the door and windows clear, to hollow out a passage and cut some steps in order to get up on to this icy powder which, after twelve hours' frost, was harder than the granite of the moraines. They had to live now almost like prisoners, scarcely venturing outside of their dwelling, and each of them accomplished regularly the everyday household tasks which he had from the first undertaken. Ulrich Kungsi did all the cleaning and the washing, and he also cut and carried the wood, whilst Gaspard's share of the work was the cooking and seeing to the fire.

Their regular, monotonous tasks were relieved by their games at cards and dominoes, and both of them being very quiet and placid, they never quarrelled by any chance. There were never any impatient or sharp words, and they were never even bad-tempered, for they had both taken in a good stock of resignation in order to be able to endure this winter sojourn on the top of the mountain. Sometimes old Gaspard would take his gun and go out

chamois hunting, and whenever he had luck there was great feasting in the little Schwanenbach inn.

One morning he set out on one of these expeditions. The thermometer was eighteen degrees below freezing-point, and as the sun was not yet up the wily huntsman hoped to surprise his prey round about the Wildstrubel.

Ulrich, finding himself alone, did not get up till towards ten o'clock. He was naturally a good sleeper, and would often have liked to stay in bed in the morning, but was

ashamed to give way to his laziness when Gaspard was there, as the old guide was such an early riser and so energetic always. On the morning in question Ulrich took his breakfast in a leisurely way and gave the dog his. Sam, too, spent nearly all his time now, night and day, in front of the fire sleeping.

When the young man got up from the table a strange, sad kind of feeling came over him, a sort of horror of the solitude, and he wished that Gaspard were there to have their customary game of cards. He missed it, as it had become quite a habit now to sit down after breakfast and have their game until it was time to prepare for the next meal.

Later on, as he could not settle down to anything, he set out to go and meet Gaspard, who was to be back home towards four o'clock. The snow had levelled the deep valley, filled up all the crevices, hidden the two lakes entirely from sight, and covered the rocks so that there was nothing to be seen now between the two immense mountains but an enormous smooth white basin, all dazzling and frozen.

For the last three weeks Ulrich had not been down to the edge of the precipice to look at the little village. He wanted to go there before climbing the mountain slopes which led to Wildstrubel. Loeche was now also under the snow, and the houses were scarcely visible at all, buried as they were under this pale mantle. Turning to the right, Ulrich reached the Lämmeren glacier. He went on with his long, mountaineer strides, his iron-tipped staff striking the snow, which was as hard as stone, whilst, with his eagle glance, he looked round in search of a black moving speck in the distance on this measureless sheet of snow.

When he had arrived at the edge of the glacier he stopped suddenly, wondering to himself whether Gaspard had taken this road, and then he walked on along the moraines with a quicker step and a feeling every minute more and more anxious. It began to get dusk, a pink shade came over the snow, and a dry, frosty wind blew in gusts over its crystal surface. Ulrich called out in a shrill voice that vibrated through the air and broke the death-like silence in which the mountains were wrapped. It could be heard for a long distance over the deep, still waves of the frozen foam, just like the cry of a bird over the waves of the sea, and then it died away again and there was no answer. Ulrich walked on and on, and the sun was sinking gradually lower and lower behind the

mountain crests, which were still purple from the reflection of the sky ; but the deep valley itself was turning a leaden grey.

Suddenly the young man was seized with a strange, nameless fear. It seemed to him as though the silence, the cold, the solitude, and the winter death of these mountains were entering his very soul, and as though they would stop his blood and freeze it in his veins, as though they would stiffen his limbs and make of him a motionless, frozen being. This idea took possession of him, and he set off running as fast as he could go towards their dwelling. "Gaspard must have come back by now," he said to himself ; the old man had doubtless taken another road, and he would find him seated before the fire with his dead chamois at his feet.

Presently he came in sight of the inn. There was no smoke from the chimney. Ulrich hurried on faster and faster, but when he opened the door there was only Sam, who jumped up to greet him ; Gaspard Hari had not yet returned. Terrified at the old man's long absence, Ulrich turned round as though he expected to see him hiding in one of the corners. He then busied himself with lighting the fire and making the soup, hoping that by the time the evening meal was ready Gaspard would be back. Every few minutes he would go to the door and look out to see whether he were not in sight.

It was night now, a pale, wan sort of night such as one has on the mountains, a livid dusk, lighted up from the edge of the horizon by a clear, yellowish crescent, which was just ready to fall behind the mountain-tops. The young man went back into the house, sat down and warmed his hands and feet at the fire, while he turned over in his own mind all the accidents which were possible.

Gaspard might have fallen and broken his leg, he might have slipped into a hole, or stumbled and twisted his foot. If so, he would be lying there in the snow, chilled through and through, and stiff with the cold ; he would be in utter despair, shouting for help, calling out with all the strength he had left, and his voice would fall on the silent air, and there would be no one to answer him.

Where was he, though ? The mountain was so vast, so rugged, and so dangerous to explore, especially at this season of the year, that ten or twenty guides might search in every direction for a whole week before finding a man in that immensity. Ulrich Kunsli, however, decided that if Gaspard Hari were not back by midnight, he would set out with Sam to search for him.

He began to make preparations for his expedition. He put enough food to last for two days in a knapsack, took his steel *crampons*, and fastened a long, stout cord round and round his body, and examined his iron-tipped crook and his axe, with which he would probably have to cut steps in the ice. He then sat down and waited. The fire was blazing in the grate and the dog snoring away on the hearth, whilst the clock was beating time regularly within its wooden case like the heart of a human being. Ulrich sat there waiting, listening intently for any sound in the distance, shuddering when the wind rustled over the roof and against the walls.

The clock struck midnight, and the first stroke startled him. Then feeling that he was all unnerved, he put some water on the fire to boil in order to make himself a cup of strong coffee before setting out. When the clock struck again he roused Sam and then, opening the door, started in the direction of Wildstrubel. For over five hours he continued his ascent, scaling rocks, cutting footholds in the ice, advancing slowly, and sometimes having to haul up the dog after him with his cord.

It was nearly six o'clock when he arrived on the top of one of the peaks where he knew Gaspard was in the habit of coming to hunt the chamois. Ulrich waited now for the daylight. The sky was getting paler over his head, and suddenly a strange light flashed

Gradually the highest peaks in the distance changed to a delicate, fleshy-pink hue, and then the red sun appeared behind the heavy giant heights of the Bernese Alps.

Ulrich Kunsli now started on his way once more. He walked along like a huntsman, with his head bent, looking out for tracks, and encouraging the dog every now and then with a "Search, Sam! Search! Good dog!"

He began to descend the mountain again, now gazing down at every precipice, and now and again calling out; but his voice always died away in the dumb immensity, and there was no answer on any side. Sometimes he would kneel down, with his ear on the ground to listen, and he would imagine he heard a voice, and would set off again quickly, calling all the way; but not another sound would he hear, and he would have to sit down to rest, exhausted and despairing.

Towards mid-day he took some refreshment and fed the dog, who was as worn out as his master, and then they started once more on their search. When night came on they were still going along, although they must have walked over thirty miles of mountain road. As they were too far from the little inn to think of getting back, and too tired to be able to continue their way, Ulrich hollowed out a hole in the snow and crouched down in it, with the dog, under a rug that he had brought with him slung over his shoulders.

They lay down together, the young man and



"THEY LAY DOWN TOGETHER."

over the immense ocean of the pale mountain-tops which stretched for a hundred leagues around him. It was as though this strange, weird light had risen from the snow itself, to fall again into space.

the dog, trying to warm themselves by huddling close together, but frozen to the very marrow of their bones, both of them. Ulrich scarcely slept at all; he was haunted by all kinds of visions and shivering all over in every limb.

The day was just beginning to dawn when he got up. His legs were as stiff as bars of iron, and he was so low-spirited that he could have cried out in his anguish, whilst his heart beat so fast that he felt it would stop altogether at the slightest sound he might now hear.

The idea suddenly came to him that he too was going to die of cold in this terrible solitude, and the very horror of such a death roused him to action. He began to descend the mountain, this time in the direction of the inn. He stumbled and fell several times, and the poor dog lagged behind, limping along on his three paws. They reached Schwarenbach towards four o'clock in the afternoon, and found the house empty just as they had left it. Ulrich made a fire, and after he and the dog had eaten something, he was so worn out that he fell asleep, for he was absolutely incapable of thinking about anything.

He slept for a long time—a very long time—completely overmastered by invincible slumber. Suddenly the sound of a voice, of a cry of his own name, "Ulrich!" roused him, and he got up hastily. Had he been dreaming? Was it one of those strange cries which one hears in dreams when one's mind is ill at ease? No; he heard it again, now distinctly—that cry which vibrated, and which seemed to have entered into his very soul.

Most certainly someone had called, and it was his name he had heard—"Ulrich!" Someone was there near to the house, there was no doubt about it.

He rushed to the door, opened it, and shouted with all his might:—

"Gaspard, Gaspard, are you there?"

There was no answer, not a sound, not a murmur, not a moan, nothing. It was dark, but the snow could be seen as white as ever.

The wind had risen, that bitter, icy wind which cracks the stones and leaves nothing alive on those deserted heights. It swept along in sudden gusts, more withering and more deadly even than the fiery wind of the desert.

Ulrich cried out again: "Gaspard! Gaspard! Gaspard!"

Then he waited again and listened. All was dumb on the mountain. And now a mortal terror took possession of him, and he shook in all his bones. He rushed back into the house, closed the door, and fastened the bolts, and then sank down on a chair, shivering all over from head to foot.

He was certain, absolutely certain, that his comrade had just now called him with his dying breath. Of that he was sure, just as

one is sure that one is alive or that one is eating a piece of bread. Gaspard Hari must have been slowly dying during two days and three nights down in some hole, in one of those deep, immaculate-looking ravines, the whiteness of which is more sinister than the dense gloom of the subterranean passages.

He had been dying during those two days and three nights, and now a few minutes ago he had drawn his last breath as he thought of his young comrade, and his soul was no sooner free than it had taken its flight towards the inn where Ulrich had been sleeping. and it had called him by virtue of that mysterious and terrible power which the souls of the dead have of haunting the living. It had cried out, this voiceless soul, to the soul of the young man as he slept; it had uttered its last farewell, or its reproach, or perhaps its curse, on the man who had not sought long enough on the mountain.

And Ulrich felt as though it was there with him, this soul, near him, behind the wall on the other side of the door which he had just bolted. It was roaming about like a night-bird which rustles against the lighted windows with its feathers, and the young man almost shrieked aloud in his awe and terror. He wanted to get up and rush away, but he dared not open the door; he dared not now, and he never would dare to from henceforth, for the phantom would remain there day and night, hovering round the inn, until the old man's body had been found and placed in consecrated ground in some cemetery.

It began to get light, and Ulrich felt more reassured at the return of the brilliant sunshine. He prepared his meal, fed the dog, and then he sat down again in despair and torture at the thought of the old man lying amongst the snow.

When once more the darkness began to cover the mountain, fresh terrors assailed him. He walked about in the dark kitchen, lighted only by one flickering candle. He walked backwards and forwards from one side to the other, taking long strides and listening—listening intently to hear whether the fearful cry of the previous night came across the gloomy stillness of the mountain. And he felt himself alone, the wretched man, more alone than any human being had ever been!

He was alone in the midst of this immense snowy desert, alone more than six thousand feet above any inhabited dwelling, right up above the world of human beings—alone in this frozen land. A wild idea took possession

of him, to get away at all costs—to get away, no matter where, no matter how, to rush down to Loeche, to throw himself down the precipice! But, alas!—he did not even dare to open the door, so sure was he that the other one, the dead man, would bar the road for him, in order not to stay up here alone either.

Towards midnight, tired of pacing up and down, overwhelmed with anguish and terror, he sat down on one of the kitchen chairs, for he dreaded his bed just as one dreads a haunted spot.

Suddenly, once more, the strident cry of the night before fell upon his ears, and this time so piercing, so shrill, that Ulrich instinctively put up his arms to ward off the spirit, and in doing so lost his balance and fell over.

Sam, the dog, roused by the noise, began to howl, as dogs do when they are terrified, and began to walk round the dwelling to discover the danger. At the door he bent his head and sniffed along the ground, his ears pricked up and his tail straight out.

Ulrich, wild with terror, had risen from the ground and, holding the chair in his hand as a weapon, he called out, "Stay there! Do not come in: I will kill you if you come in." And the dog, more and more excited by his master's threatening tone, barked furiously at the invisible enemy who was daring to defy Ulrich.

Gradually, however, Sam began to calm down, and at last went back to his place on the hearth. He did not go to sleep again though, but just lay there looking anxious, his eyes shining, and growling every now and then. Ulrich, too, managed to master his terror, but feeling unnerved he opened the cupboard, and taking out a bottle of brandy, he drank several glasses one after the other.

His thoughts began to get confused, but his courage came back and a fever began to burn in his veins. The following day he scarcely touched any food; but he drank more brandy; and for several days he went on like this—drinking like some brute.

Every time the thought of Gaspard Hari came to him he would go to the brandy-bottle and drink until he fell down intoxicated. He would then remain there, his limbs feeble, his face against the ground, in a kind of drunken stupor.

No sooner, however, had the burning liquor lost its effect than the same terrible cry, "Ulrich!" roused him like some pistol-shot through his brain, and he would get up and stagger along, calling Sam to help him.

The poor dog seemed to be losing his senses too, like his master, for he would dart to the door, scratch with his paws, and gnaw at it with his long, white teeth, whilst the young man would go back to the brandy and drink a draught of it like water, so that it might once more deaden his terror and lull him to sleep. At the end of three weeks the stock of brandy had come to an end, and this continual intoxication had only calmed at intervals his terror, which now became more and more awful.

It had become a monomania with him, and his month's intoxication had exaggerated it so that now, in the midst of this absolute solitude, it increased day by day.

He paced up and down in his dwelling



"ULRICH THREW HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE OAK SIDEBORD."

like a wild beast in his cage, putting his ear to the keyhole of the door at times to listen whether the other were still there and defying him in angry tones through the wall. At night, no sooner did he begin to doze, worn out as he was by fatigue, than the sound of the voice would make him spring to his feet.

At last one night, in sheer desperation, he rushed to the door and opened it, so that he might see who was calling him and oblige him to be silent. A gust of icy wind met him and seemed to freeze him through and through, and he banged the door to and bolted it again, without seeing that Sam had bounded out.

Then, shuddering, he threw some wood on the fire and sat down to get warm again. Presently he heard a scratching noise at the wall which made him start, and then there was a sound like a human voice wailing.

"Go away!" he shrieked, and a long, sad moan answered him.

All the reason which he had left gave way now in the face of this new horror.

He kept repeating his loud cry, "Go away," and wandered about looking for some corner in which to take refuge.

The moaning continued, and the other one wandered round and round the house outside scratching against all the walls. Ulrich threw all his weight against the oak sideboard, full as it was of provisions and of china, and with almost superhuman strength he managed at length to push it against the door as a barricade. Then piling up everything that remained in the way of furniture, to the very mattresses off the beds, he stopped up the window just as though the enemy were besieging the house. Some terrible, dismal groans were now heard from outside, and Ulrich answered by groans also.

Some days and nights passed like this: the one outside the house roaming round and round it, scratching at the walls and the door with such force, that it seemed as though the wood-built building would be demolished; and all the time the other one inside the house listened to every movement and answered the terrible, lingering moans by fearful shrieks of terror.

At last one night there was silence again outside the house. Ulrich could hear nothing, and, thoroughly exhausted as he was, he lay down on the floor and fell asleep. When he awoke he had no memory of anything: not a thought came to him, it was as though his very brain had been emptied by that overpowering slumber. He was hungry, and he found some food and ate it.

Winter was over and the Gemmi Pass was once more practicable, so the Hauser family set out from the village to go back to their inn on the mountain. When they reached the top of the pass, the two women got on to their mules to continue the ascent, and they began to talk of the two guides who had been shut up on the mountain all the winter. As soon as the inn was in sight they saw that it was still well covered with snow, but there was smoke rising from the chimney, and this reassured Jean Hauser.

As they came nearer, they discovered on the very threshold of the inn the skeleton of an animal which had been torn to pieces by the eagles—a huge skeleton it was, and lying on its side.

They all examined it, and the Mère Hauser exclaimed, "It must be Sam!"

"Gaspard!" called out the father, and he was answered by a cry from inside the house, but it was a strange, piercing cry, and sounded more like the utterance of some animal than that of a human being. The Père Hauser called again: "Gaspard! Halloa!" and another cry like the first one was the only answer.

The father and sons then tried to open the door, but it resisted their efforts. They went into the empty stable and fetched a long piece of wood, which, with all their strength, they managed to push in. The door cracked and finally gave way, the wood breaking in pieces. Then there was a fearful noise, which seemed to shake the house, and there inside, behind the sideboard, which had turned over on to the floor, they saw a man standing up glaring at them—a man with long hair falling on to his shoulders and a long, wild-looking beard, and his clothes hanging in rags on his body.

The others did not recognise him, but Louise Hauser exclaimed, "Oh, mother, it's Ulrich!" and then the Mère Hauser saw that it was indeed Ulrich, although his hair was snow-white. He let them come up to him; he let them touch him; but he did not answer any of their questions.

They took him down to Loeche, and the doctors there pronounced him mad. His case, however, was not hopeless, though his recovery must of necessity be slow.

No one ever knew what had become of his companion, the old guide, Gaspard Hari. Louise Hauser nearly died that summer. She had a long illness, the cause of which was attributed to the cold on the mountain.

The Romance of the Museums.

III.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

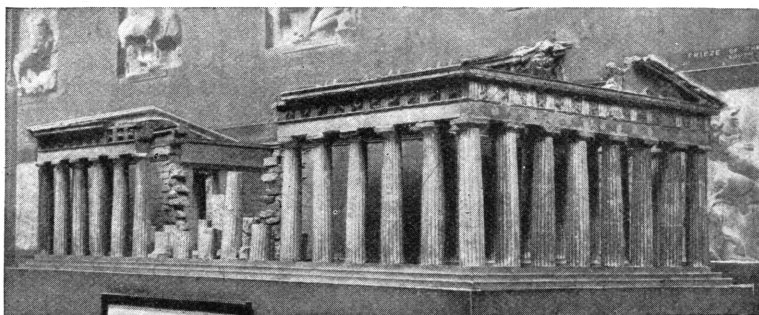
IN spite of a big army of astrologers, palmists, phrenologists, physiognomists, and other modern magicians with aristocratic addresses and high tariffs, men have embarked, and doubtless will continue to embark, blindly on big undertakings, whose only appreciable results are vexation and black ingratitude on the part of potential beneficiaries. Were it possible for the veil of the future to have been lifted for Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin, I doubt very much whether that painstaking, much-abused diplomatist would ever have ventured upon the acquisition of those exquisite, but mutilated, Greek sculptures which bear his name in the Elgin Room at the British Museum.

Lord Elgin was born on the 20th of July, 1766, and he attained the rank of major-general in our army. His diplomatic career began in 1790; and nine years later he was appointed to the Embassy at the Ottoman Porte. Just before Lord Elgin left England, however, his architect in Scotland—a Mr. Harrison—reminded his lordship that he would presently be in a position to procure, for the benefit of British students, some casts of the far-famed Greek sculptures at Athens. Thereupon Lord Elgin communicated with the Government, feeling, however, totally disinclined to embark upon such a costly and hazardous enterprise himself.

On his voyage to Constantinople, Elgin touched at Palermo, where he consulted Sir William Hamilton on the subject of procuring casts and drawings from the works of the Greek architects and sculptors. Sir William not only encouraged the idea, but applied forthwith to the Government of Naples for permission to engage His Majesty's painter, Giovanni Battista Lusieri, who in turn "collected" five other eminent artists in

Rome, and with them prepared to accompany Lord Elgin to Turkey. In the summer of 1800 these six artists were dispatched to Greece, and were at first chiefly employed in making drawings—though, of course, every conceivable obstacle was thrown in their way by the iconoclastic Turk. After a year's hammering at the Porte, the necessary firman was granted, permitting scaffolding to be fixed round the ruined Parthenon, mouldings to be made of ornamental sculptures, and the removal of "any pieces of stone with old inscriptions thereon."

It should be noted here that the actual removal of any of the sculptures formed no part of Lord Elgin's original plan, which was only modified when he saw how the priceless marbles were being knocked about by the devout "men in possession." At this time the wondrous Temple on the Acropolis was in a bad way. Could Phidias have seen his *chef d'œuvre* when the British Ambassador to



MODEL OF THE PARTHENON, SHOWING EFFECTS OF BOMBARDMENT.

Turkey commenced operations on it, the greatest of Greek sculptors must have wept in impotent wrath. As early as 1687 the Parthenon was used as a Turkish powder-magazine; and this is how it looked after Morosini, the Venetian, had dropped a shell into it during the siege of Athens from the neighbouring hill named, curiously enough, the Musæum.

I really must mention two or three things in order to convey some notion of the appalling task poor Lord Elgin had set himself. In 1759, the Ionic temple on the Ilyssus was in decent trim; whereas, when our diplomatist arrived on the spot, it was a

matter of infinite difficulty even to trace the foundations. In truth, the Turks worked extremely hard to complete the destruction commenced by their whilom enemies, the Venetians. Throwing off the traditional lethargy of their kind, and heedless of the potential thunderbolts of Jove, they climbed nimbly up the remaining walls of the Parthenon, and knocked off the heads and limbs of sundry gods and goddesses—as the veriest Cockney may see for himself in the Elgin Room at this day.

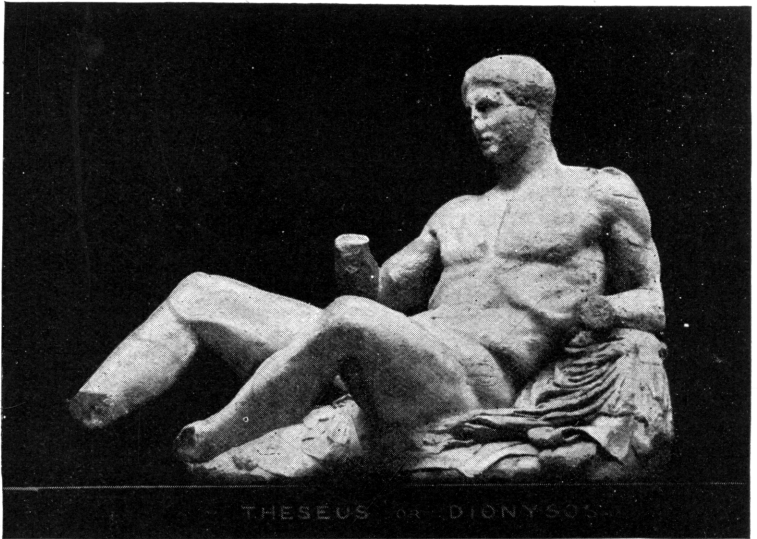
Such sculptures as were quite beyond reach were perseveringly shot at, while marbles that chanced to be at a more convenient altitude were actually ground up for cement (being nice and white) or built into the houses of the Turks. On one occasion Lord Elgin bought outright the house of one of the Turkish janisseries that happened to be built immediately under the portico of the Parthenon. This house he presently had demolished, and in the foundations the greater part of the draped statue of Victory turned up, also the torso of Jupiter, a bit of the redoubtable Vulcan, and several other fragments that revealed the extent of the ignominy that had been heaped upon the gods.

After a tremendous lot of persuasion and negotiation, another Turkish official was induced to hand his dwelling over to the "house-breaker." This same house had been built close to where a great wall, bearing a magnificent frontispiece that depicted a contest between Minerva and Neptune, had been blown down by the force of the explosion that destroyed the temple.

The house was pulled to pieces, but much to Lord Elgin's mortification, nothing was found. The former owner watched the men at work and made no sign; he just smoked calmly and, like the renowned Tar-baby, "kept on sayin' nuffin'." When the work was over, however, that aggravating Turk blandly stepped in and volunteered to conduct everybody concerned to a certain part

of the modern fortifications, where the very statues our Ambassador was in search of would be found figuring as cement in the interstices of the stones. The mighty were indeed fallen; fancy Mars and Minerva as mortar! No wonder that Lord Elgin resolved then and there to rescue the remaining treasures from a similar fate.

The marbles of the Parthenon are considered by artists and critics to be absolutely the finest series of sculpture in the world. Before them Canova went into raptures, and their exquisite beauty of pose caused Mrs. Siddons to melt into tears. Foremost among the Elgin Marbles comes the apocryphal Theseus, shown in this picture. This far-famed figure is the most perfect of all in the collection; which does not say much for the others, seeing that the hero is, as Shakespeare



ELGIN MARBLES—THE THESEUS.

would say, *sans* nose, *sans* hands, and *sans* feet. Theseus is half reclined upon a rock which is covered with a lion's skin; wherefore did Visconti conclude that this is a Hercules. The figure is 5ft. 8in. long, and 4ft. high. Anatomically and technically it is perfect—barring bullet marks; and for this reason it is seldom without its devotee in the form of an aspiring art student.

There must be some unknown value in ancient Greek sculptures as defensive material; at any rate, the subject is worthy the attention of our military strategists. Look at the Turks. Into the walls of their fortifications and magazines they built whole columns, groups, and friezes; and their

officers seemingly liked nothing better than a couple of Venuses as door-posts.

On the right hand of the Propylæa was a temple dedicated to unwinged Victory, built from spoils won in the glorious struggles for freedom at Marathon, Salamis, and Platea. The sculptures on its frieze represented many incidents of these memorable battles, but the only fragments that had escaped the ravages of the unspeakable Turk formed part of the wall of a big powder-magazine that was established near the site of the temple. The finest block had been carelessly inserted wrong way up; but, of course, our indefatigable Ambassador rescued the whole—not, however, without incredible difficulty.

Lord Elgin also secured several of the metopes from the Parthenon. These represent the battles of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, at the nuptials of Perithous—*Anglice*, a glorious row at a wedding. The original ran all round the entablature of the temple and formed ninety-two groups.

The next illustration shown here depicts the head of one of the horses attached to the chariot of Selenè, goddess of Night, who discreetly disappeared below the horizon at the birth of Athenè, which auspicious event took place at dawn. This head far surpasses anything of the kind ever seen, in the truth and spirit of its execution. The nostrils are distended, the mouth open, the ears erect, and the veins swollen—one might almost say throbbing; and the high-bred animal seems to neigh with conscious pride. The head is 2ft. 6in. long and 1ft. 7½in. high.

Never did a man devote himself so earnestly to the accomplishment of a mission as Lord Elgin did to the acquisition of these mutilated marbles. The vestibule of the Temple of Neptune was—seemingly, like every other available square inch of Athens—converted into a powder-magazine; and there was no other access to it than by a little hole in the wall between the columns. Through this our accredited Ambassador wriggled,

almost on his stomach, but—thrice blessed is he that expecteth little—he found nothing. Notwithstanding this, Lord Elgin commenced to ramble round the town, for a strange rumour had reached him. He learned that the peasants of Athens were in the habit of placing in niches over their doors sundry fragments of sculpture which they discovered when ploughing. By the way, as instancing how lively things were in Turkish dominions at this time, I may mention that the very ploughmen carried a musket over their shoulder while at work in the fields. His lordship there selected and purchased for cash quite a number of curious antique votive tables, with sculpture and inscriptions. Again, during his peregrinations in the plains of Troy, Lord Elgin fortuitously lighted upon the famous Boustrophedon inscription, then forming the chief attraction (in the shape of a seat) at the door of a Greek chapel, and resorted to by individuals troubled with ague of long standing. It must have been efficacious, for afflicted pilgrims rolled on the thing until there was next to no inscription.

It seems that every other Ambassador from Christendom to the Porte had been after this identical inscription, but, probably finding something else to occupy their time in Pera, they were unable to go exploring in Greece.

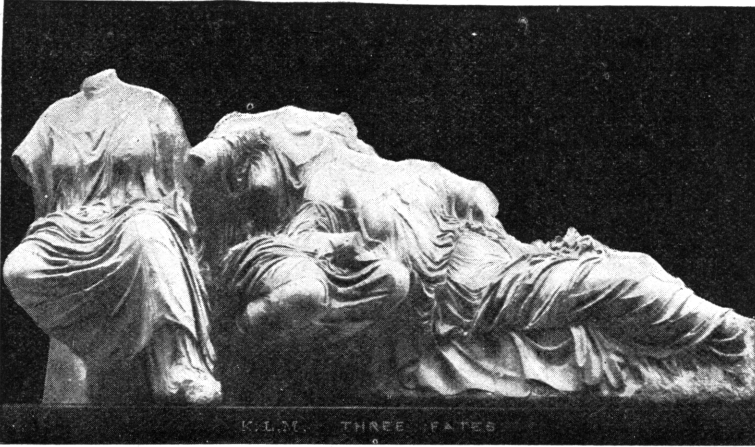
By no means the least important item in the Elgin collection is the group known as the

Three Fates, next shown here. According to Visconti and Greek mythology, they preside over birth as well as death. They were the companions of Ilithyia, the goddess of Child-birth, and they sang the destiny of new-born infants. One wonders if they ever sang their own, which—in this particular instance, at any rate—was to have their heads knocked off by unsympathetic Moslems.

In the former Elgin Room one of these figures was separated from the other two; but its adjustment, and other circumstances, indicated that the three originally formed one group. Besides, they appear together in the



ELGIN MARBLES—THE HORSE'S HEAD.



ELGIN MARBLES—THE THREE FATES.

drawings of the pediments of the Parthenon, executed in 1674, by Jacques Caney, who ought to know, seeing that he was on the spot before the big explosion took place. These figures are spoken of in terms of high eulogium. The grace of the attitude and the disposition of the draperies are equally deserving of admiration. The necks and wrists exhibit traces of ornaments; and the separate figure is 4ft. 6in. in height. The breadth of the group is 8ft. 9in., and the height 3ft. 7in.

On Elgin's departure from Turkey in 1803, he withdrew all his artists from Athens, except Lusieri, whom he directed to remain in charge of the excavations. It was not, however, until 1806 that the Ambassador arrived in England, having been "detained" in France after the rupture of the peace of Amiens.

In 1803, part of the Elgin collection was prepared for embarkation for England, tremendous difficulties having to be encountered at every stage of its transit. A special ship with a suitably serious name—the *Mentor*—was chartered, and Mr. W. R. Hamilton (afterwards British Minister at Naples) was put in charge of the precious cargo. Lord Elgin's troubles, however, were very far from being over. That ship sank in ten fathoms, off Cythera, now called Cerigo. After many weeks of maddening anxiety, Mr. Hamilton got together a few Greek divers from the distant islands of Syme and Calymna, and these gentry, after *two or three years' work*, actually brought up the unfortunate sculptures uninjured from the hold of the sunken vessel before it had completely broken up.

This was bad enough, but even worse

followed. On his return, Lord Elgin was fairly howled at on every side. It was "regretted that he had removed these sculptures from the spot where they had for ages remained"; he had stripped the temples of Greece of their noblest ornaments, and was, therefore, accused of vandalism and rapacity. The very method

of obtaining the antiquities was termed dishonest and flagitious. The House of Commons was reminded that when the firman was delivered to the Vaivode of Athens presents of value were admitted to have been delivered to that exalted lover of bakhshish—a complaint that betrayed grievous ignorance of Oriental life. And this after the unfortunate nobleman had spent £62,440 out of his own pocket for the benefit of an ungrateful public. This sum, by the way, presently mounted up to £74,000 when all expenses had been paid—maintenance of artists, scaffoldings, packing-cases, workmen's wages for several years, compensation for houses demolished, transport, loss of the *Mentor*, and wages of divers.

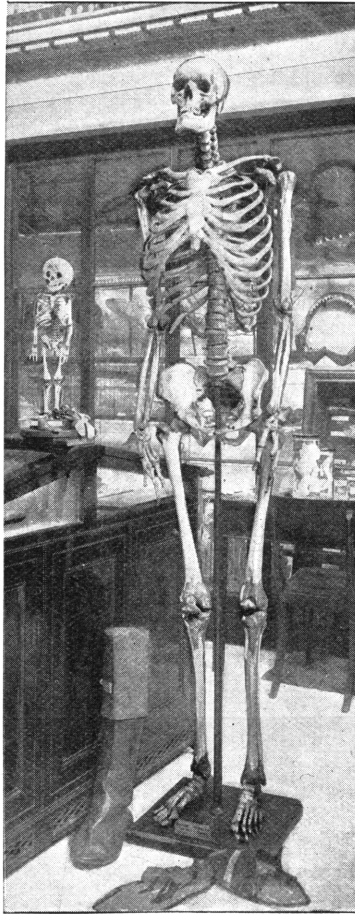
The unkindest cut of all, though, was an attempt to minimize and depreciate the artistic value and importance of the sculptures. Upon this, Lord Elgin determined to throw open his collection to public view, and this he did by arranging the sculptures in a big temporary shed near his house in Park Lane.

In 1811 Mr. Perceval was disposed to recommend that the sum of £30,000 be given for the Elgin Marbles, but this offer was declined, and his lordship continued to add to his treasures. A year later eighty fresh cases of antiquities arrived in London; and in 1815 Lord Elgin offered, in a petition to the House of Commons, to transfer the property to the nation upon such conditions as the House might deem advisable, after an inquiry upon evidence as to its merits and value. Be it noted here that the House had in the meantime absolved Lord Elgin from all blame, and even magnanimously approved his conduct. Two independent valuations were made. Mr. Richard Payne assessed

the valuation of the marbles at £25,000; while Mr. W. R. Hamilton priced them at £60,800. In the end the very Select Committee appointed to sit upon these antiquities oracularly declared that in their opinion £35,000 was a fair price. The act of Legislature, whereby the Elgin Marbles were secured to the public, was dated July 1st, 1816; and it is well worthy of note as a significant fact that, in view of a further collapse of negotiations, the King of Bavaria had lodged £30,000 with an English banking house; for he, too, longed to possess the contents of the Elgin Room at the British Museum.

In the next illustration shown here, we see the skeleton of Charles Byrne, the famous Irish giant, who went by the name of O'Brien, and died in 1783 at the age of twenty-two. O'Brien was 8ft. 4in. in height. He lived in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, and his death is said to have been due to excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted, but more particularly since the loss of all his property, which he had guilelessly invested in a single bank-note of £300.

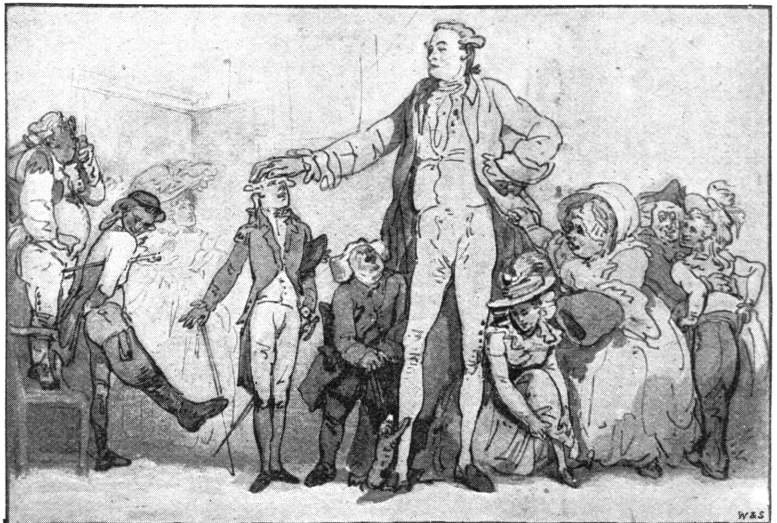
There is a most curious story about this skeleton. It seems that O'Brien had known for a long time that Hunter, the famous surgeon, was anxious to obtain his body for medical examination. Accordingly, the giant made a bargain with some



SKELETON OF BYRNE, THE IRISH GIANT,
AND OF THE SICILIAN DWARF.

fishermen, whereby his body after death was to be taken out into the Irish Channel and dropped overboard. Hunter must have been very keen on this particular "specimen," for he set detectives to work who found out about O'Brien's gruesome compact. The great surgeon then promised the same fishermen another £100 note to fulfil their previous instructions, but to attach a rope to the body, and drag it up again after it had been immersed, in accordance with the giant's wishes. This was done, and Hunter himself set up the skeleton, which may be seen to this day in the magnificent, but somewhat depressing, Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. At the side of this great skeleton is seen one of the giant's boots and a pair of his slippers.

Also, in the foregoing illustration is seen the skeleton of a female child, of extraordinary stunted growth. This is all that remains of Caroline Cra-chami, the Sicilian dwarf,



ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURE OF THE IRISH GIANT AND HIS ADMIRERS.

who was exhibited as an Italian Princess in London, in 1824. The child did not grow after birth, and died at the age of about nine years. Signorita Crachami's thimble, ring, slippers, and stockings are also preserved, together with a cast of the dwarf's face.

The last picture on the preceding page was reproduced from an original caricature by Rowlandson, which hangs in the private office of Professor Stewart—a gentleman who maintains surprising vivacity and geniality amid the peculiarly gruesome surroundings of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The drawing shows the giant we have just alluded to, surrounded by his admirers. O'Brien has his hand on the head of a stalwart soldier, while another old gentleman, standing on a chair, is surveying the giant's imposing proportions. One young lady has wriggled herself into O'Brien's boot; another is comparing her own Trilby-like foot with his; while a third individual is surveying the giant's second boot on his own very ordinary leg. The caricature is, of course, very much exaggerated.

The next illustration depicts what is known as the Durham Book, or St. Cuthbert's

of Lindisfarne, who succeeded to the see in the year 698, and died in 721. His successor, Æthelwald, caused it to be splendidly bound and adorned with gold and gems. Thus completed, it was preserved in the Monastery of Lindisfarne till about the year 875, when on account of the renewed devastations of the Danes, Bishop Eardulf and Abbot Eadrid carried away from the monastery the bones of St. Cuthbert and other saints, together with the precious volume shown in the picture. Now, having proposed to go over to Ireland, they set sail from the River Derwent, but encountered a terrific storm, in which their ship was thrown on one side by the violence of the waves and St. Cuthbert's Gospels carried away into the vasty deep. A book of such value, however, was not permitted to be lost; and it is interesting to note that, in a dream, it was shortly afterwards revealed to one of the monks that, on their arrival at Whitehaven, or Whiterne, as it was then called, they would find the precious volume at the ebb of the tide. To their great joy this actually happened, and the Durham Book was picked up at a distance of three miles

from the haven. The historian, Simeon — good, easy man — records it as a miracle that the pages of the manuscript were not in the slightest degree injured by the salt water; and although the visitor to the British Museum at this day may discern occasional stains upon the vellum, yet the illuminations are throughout in the most perfect preservation. Beyond this nothing more is known of the



THE DURHAM BOOK.

Gospels. This manuscript is a folio volume written on 258 leaves of thick vellum, and containing the four Gospels in the Latin version of St. Jerome, to which are prefixed as usual the Canons of Eusebius. The manuscript was written and illuminated—according to a note at the end of the book—in honour of St. Cuthbert by Eadfrith, Bishop

famous book, except that it was preserved at Durham at the time of the Reformation, when it was despoiled of its cover for the sake of the gold and jewels which adorned it, and which constituted quite a respectable little property. Subsequently the Durham Book came into the hands of one Bowyer, clerk to the Parliament in the reign of King



THE BRONZE MERCURY.

James I., and later on it found its way into the library of Sir Robert Cotton, with whose magnificent collection it was presented to the nation in 1753.

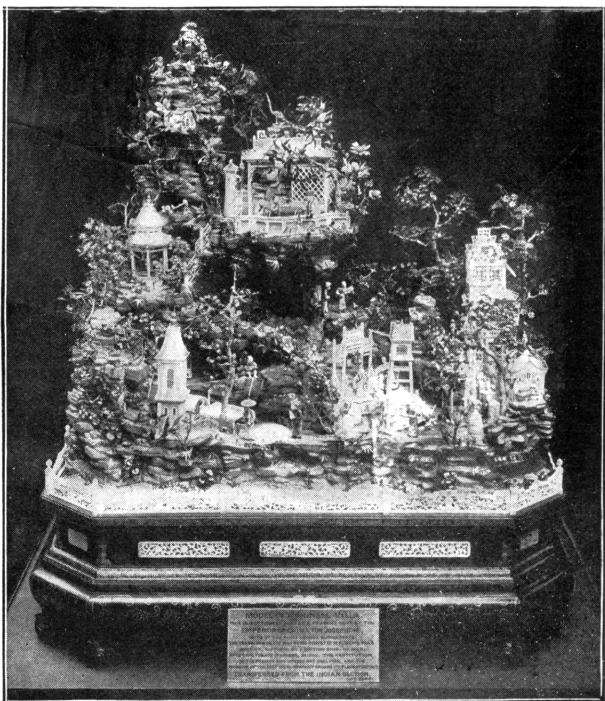
Next is shown a bronze Mercury of the same period as the Jupiter which was found in 1792 at Paramythia, in Epirus. One peculiarity of this figure which has never been observed in any other of Mercury, or of any deity who had the desirable gift of perpetual youth, is the marking of the veins, which are distinct and prominent as in the figure of Jupiter aforesaid. Figures of Mercury are among the most common; but in none

o t h e r

is there any indication of veins, either in the limbs or body; and, therefore, is this characteristic considered proof of the high antiquity of the figure. The finishing is throughout in a degree of perfection unknown in anything else. Listen to the rhapsody of the art lover, speaking of this identical figure: "Though every lock of hair is accurately composed, it seems movable with every breeze; and though the lines of the lips, brows, and eyelids are perfectly finished, no magnifier could trace any sign of a tool in any part of the surface. Every muscle appears elastic, and the countenance absolutely speaking with a beauty and sweetness of character positively more than human." The drapery, too, is composed and finished with the same happy mixture of breadth, lightness, sharpness, and delicacy, and has been cast with the left arm and shoulder, which it covers,

in a second piece, fastened to the rest with a gold stud, which was drawn out and the drapery removed to allow of the figure being moulded some years ago in Paris. The right arm, too, of which the hand holds a purse made of the entire skin of some small animal, has been cast and wrought separately and very neatly joined to the body a little below the shoulder.

This exquisite figure was found exactly as it is here represented, on its ancient pedestal elegantly enriched with the lotus, inlaid with silver and enamel, and with a votive gold torque hung loosely round its neck, on the 19th of February, 1732, at a place called Pierre Luisit (*absit omen!*), near Huis, Lyons. Two labourers being driven from their work by a shower of rain, observed a small cave near a cascade, the mouth whereof was stopped up by a large stone. This they removed with their pickaxes, and inside they found this figure, which they at once carried to a bourgeois of Huis, named Janin, in whose possession it remained until 1747, when it was purchased of Janin by the almoner of the Chapter of Belleville, who had the interesting story of its finding recorded in a *procès verbal* before a notary. The figure remained at Belleville in the almoner's possession until the year 1788, when he died, leaving it to his friend, the Abbé Tersant, at



MODEL OF A CHINESE VILLA.

Paris. The latter, upon realizing the dangers which threatened all the French clergy in 1792, sold it for a few francs.

In the preceding reproduction is shown a beautiful little model of a Chinese villa—occupants, grounds, and all. It formed part of a present sent by the Emperor of China for Josephine, wife of the first Consul, Buonaparte. It never reached its destination, however, for the vessel in which the model was being conveyed to Europe was captured by one of the ubiquitous British ships of war. After the treaty of Amiens in 1802 the restitution of this interesting present was offered, but refused; and subsequently it passed into the museum belonging to the East India Company. The thing may now be seen in the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum.

In 1873, the Prince of Wales presented to the British Museum—or, to be quite correct, to the department of Greek and Roman antiquities—a quadrangular stèle or pillar of white marble, on the four sides of which is inscribed a decree of the City of Rhodes, recording the raising of a voluntary loan for the defence of the city in some great emergency. The names of the contributors of the loan, and the sums subscribed by each, are recorded on the marble—for all the world like the subscription list of a Mansion House fund. But fancy Rhodes raising a loan! One wonders whether there were any troublesome Outlanders to be dealt with. And the Rhodesian horse, what of that famous fighting body? But I am digressing. The stèle from Rhodes is shown in the picture. It seems that three transcripts of this same decree were ordered to be inscribed on stelæ and set up in as many public places in the city.

Experts have for generations fought frantically over the inscription, and here is the latest result: "From the character of the paleography, this decree may be referred to the third century before Christ; and from internal evidence (can they have turned the thing inside out?) it is probable that the emergency for which the loan was raised was the celebrated siege by Demetrius Poliorcetes (305–304 B.C.)." This, of course, leaves us strangely calm. Why fight over it? The

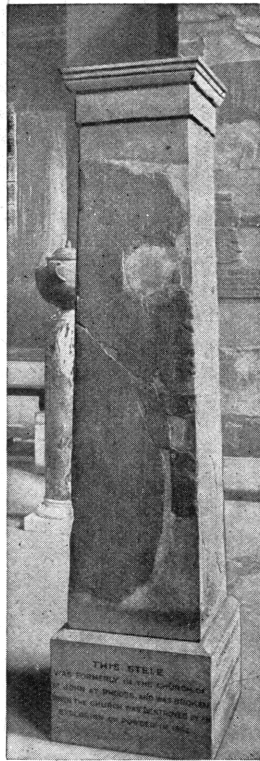
"emergency for which the loan was raised" was probably one which cometh to every man among us.

This inscription was formerly embedded in the pavement of the Church of St. John, in Rhodes. After the Turkish conquest this church became a mosque, and the vaults under it were used as a powder-magazine—which will surprise no one who has attentively read the former part of this article dealing with the Elgin Marbles. In 1856 the powder exploded—why, deponent knoweth not—and the church was destroyed. As a natural sequence, the stèle was broken into a number of fragments, but the principal part, when found, was fortunately uninjured.

And the pilgrim who makes his way to the Reading Room of the British Museum among the *habitués* thereof—a race apart—may turn aside on the left into the parts filled with antique bits of sculpture and things, and may examine the stèle from Rhodes at his leisure. But, believe me, he will be an impressionable man who views the thing with emotion.

The picture reproduced on the next page is from a photograph of that famous Rembrandt etching, "Christ Healing the Sick," more popularly known as the "Hundred Guilder Piece," because tradition says that an impression was sold for that sum—rather less than £8 of our money—during the artist's lifetime. This etching is probably the most famous in existence; and of the "first state" only eight impressions are known to exist. At least six of these are in public collections, and two are in the Print Room of the British Museum.

An original impression was offered for public sale in 1893, and as it was known to be the last that could come into the market, it realized the large sum of £1,750. In the year 1799, the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, who died in that year, bequeathed his library to the British Museum, including a large number of etchings and drawings, which comprised Rembrandt etchings of the highest quality. The romantic story attached to the "Hundred Guilder" etching commenced with the year 1808. At that time



THE STELE FROM RHODES.



"CHRIST HEALING THE SICK"—ONE OF THE REMBRANDT ETCHINGS STOLEN FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

permission to visit the Print Room of the Museum was extremely difficult to obtain.

Just previous to that year, however, one Dighton, a caricaturist, who kept a fruit shop at Charing Cross, did obtain such permission by an order from no less a personage than the Prince of Wales. At this time, Mr. Beloe, the assistant librarian, was in charge of the Print Room; and relying on the Prince's introduction, he neglected his duties by leaving the supposed student unattended in the department. Now, the latter availed himself of the opportunity to steal a large number of fine prints—especially the Rembrandt etching. Some of these he offered for sale to Messrs. Woodburn, who were then the leading dealers in pictures and prints, and had their establishment in St. Martin's Lane. Among the etchings offered by Dighton was the one reproduced here; and having doubts of its origin, Mr. Samuel Woodburn immediately took it to Great Russell Street, to compare it with the original in the Museum. Of course, he held that original in his hand, and on missing it from its place he presently discovered the robbery from certain imperfectly obliterated marks on the mounting of the impression. Woodburn at once communicated with the trustees, who, as promptly,

procured a search-warrant and proceeded to Dighton's establishment, where they seized all the prints they could find, whether belonging to the Museum or not. Dighton himself was taken into custody, but, amazing as it may seem, it was subsequently ascertained that, as there were no marks upon the Museum prints sufficient to establish their identity, no prosecution could be sustained, and Dighton was accordingly set at liberty, the prints only being retained—another Portland Vase case, in fact. These exquisite Rembrandt etchings are known to collectors by the imprint of a palette and brushes which Dighton had coolly stamped upon them to mark them as his own. Mr. Beloe, the custodian of the Print Room, resigned his appointment in consequence of this affair, while Dighton himself fell into disgrace and poverty, dying miserably some two or three years afterwards.

The man had certainly hit upon an ingenious method of stealing the prints. Beneath his arm he brought his own portfolio, filled with blank paper, returning each time with a priceless lot of etchings. In 1817, Dibdin wrote about the incident, referring elegantly to the thief as a "bipedal serpent," and denouncing bitterly his release from imprisonment, "to be set loose among other print-

collectors without a hair of his head being touched."

An indirect appeal was made to the various purchasers of the stolen treasures, and to the credit of most of them, be it said, they were promptly returned to the Museum.

The entrance to the Nimroud Gallery of the British Museum is flanked by a lion and a bull, winged and man-headed. These were brought by the well-known explorer, Sir Henry Layard, from the north-west palace of Ashur-nasir-pal, at Nimroud. They formed part of Sir Henry Layard's discoveries at Nineveh. Having traversed Asia Minor and Syria, Sir Henry felt an irresistible desire to penetrate to the regions beyond the Euphrates; but when he reached Mosel, to secure Mohamed Pasha's permission to make the necessary excavations, he met with every conceivable obstacle. On one occasion it was found that the Cadi was endeavouring to stir up the people against the explorer on the grounds that he was carrying away treasures—which in a sense was true. Another rumour was bruited abroad that Sir Henry was unearthing inscriptions which proved beyond doubt that the Franks had once held the country, and yielding evidence whereby the unbelievers would be enabled to resume possession and exterminate all devout Moslems. The lion was given five legs in order that, from whatever point of view it was regarded, the spectator could behold the perfect animal.

For various reasons, the Arabs who assisted Sir Henry Layard in his excavations gave peculiar, and at times violent, demonstrations of their interest in the work. The moment certain pieces of sculpture turned up they were promptly beaten and spat upon, while others were devoutly kissed. At times, too, the fiery fellows dashed into the trenches like madmen with streaming hair, and

removed the baskets of earth with surprising celerity, shouting at the same time the war-cry of their particular tribe.

In spite of all this display of feverish energy, however, these discoveries were made under very trying conditions. Sir Henry's health was rapidly giving way; nor is this to be wondered at seeing that he had to pass many hours in the trenches when the thermometer registered from 112deg. to 115deg. in the shade. Hot winds swept over the devoted band like furnace blasts during the day, and clearly were not conducive to sleep

at night. Being at this time without the necessary means for removing these huge sculptures in safety, Sir Henry Layard was advised by the trustees of the British Museum to leave them where they were discovered until some favourable opportunity presented itself for transporting them. Naturally, the explorer did not like to forsake the treasures he had recovered, so he resolved upon attempting the removal and embarkation of two of the smallest and best preserved. Accordingly, he fixed upon this bull and its companion the lion. Then a new difficulty arose, because no wood but poplar was conveniently available for the construction of a cart. A carpenter was, therefore, dispatched to the



SIR HENRY LAYARD'S MAN-HEADED BULL FROM NIMROUD.

neighbouring mountains to fell mulberry trees, and in due time a rude conveyance was built upon which were enthroned, so to speak, the bull and the lion. This cart was then dragged down to the river by the Arabs, where it remained with its precious cargo until Sir Henry had succeeded in persuading a raftsman from Baghdād to construct a raft for each piece of sculpture. Eventually this was done, the rafts being held together by 600 dried sheep and goat skins. Both bull and lion were in this way floated down to Baghdād, whence they were transported direct to England.

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

BUCK TREGELLIS.



NOW that I was in my seventeenth year, and had already some need for a razor, I had begun to weary of the narrow life of the village, and to long to see something of the great world beyond. And the craving was all the stronger because I durst not speak openly about it, for the least hint of it brought the tears into my mother's eyes. But now there was the less reason that I should stay at home, since my father was at her side, and so my mind was all filled by this prospect of my uncle's visit, and of the chance that he might set my feet moving at last upon the road of life.

As you may think, it was towards my father's profession that my thoughts and my hopes turned, for from my childhood I have never seen the heave of the sea or tasted the salt upon my lips without feeling the blood of five generations of seamen thrill within my veins. And think of the challenge which was ever waving in those days before the eyes of a coast-living lad! I had but to walk up to Wolstonbury in the war time to see the sails of the French *chasse-marées* and privateers. Again and again I have heard the roar of the guns coming from far out over the waters. Seamen would tell us how they had left London and been engaged ere nightfall, or sailed out of Portsmouth and been yard-arm to yard-arm before they had lost sight of St. Helen's light. It was this imminence of the danger which warmed our hearts to our sailors, and made us talk, round the winter fires, of our little Nelson, and Cuddie Collingwood, and Johnnie Jarvis, and the rest of them, not as being great High Admirals with titles and dignities, but as good friends whom we loved and honoured above all others. What boy was there through the length and breadth of Britain who did not long to be out with them under the red-cross flag?

But now that peace had come, and the fleets which had swept the Channel and the Mediterranean were lying dismantled in our harbours, there was less to draw one's fancy

seawards. It was London now of which I thought by day and brooded by night: the huge city, the home of the wise and the great, from which came this constant stream of carriages, and those crowds of dusty people who were for ever flashing past our window-pane. It was this one side of life which first presented itself to me, and so, as a boy, I used to picture the City as a gigantic stable with a huge huddle of coaches, which were for ever streaming off down the country roads. But, then, Champion Harrison told me how the fighting-men lived there, and my father how the heads of the Navy lived there, and my mother how her brother and his grand friends were there, until at last I was consumed with impatience to see this marvellous heart of England. This coming of my uncle, then, was the breaking of light through the darkness, though I hardly dared to hope that he would take me with him into those high circles in which he lived. My mother, however, had such confidence either in his good nature or in her own powers of persuasion, that she already began to make furtive preparations for my departure.

But if the narrowness of the village life chafed my easy spirit, it was a torture to the keen and ardent mind of Boy Jim. It was but a few days after the coming of my uncle's letter that we walked over the Downs together, and I had a peep of the bitterness of his heart.

"What is there for me to do, Rodney?" he cried. "I forge a shoe, and I fuller it, and I clip it, and I caulken it, and I knock six holes in it, and there it is finished. Then I do it again and again, and blow up the bellows and feed the forge, and rasp a hoof or two, and there is a day's work done, and every day the same as the other. Was it for this only, do you think, that I was born into the world?"

I looked at him, his proud, eagle face, and his tall, sinewy figure, and I wondered whether in the whole land there was a finer, handsomer man.

"The Army or the Navy is the place for you, Jim," said I.

"That is very well," he cried. "If you go into the Navy, as you are likely to do, you go as an officer, and it is you who do the

ordering. If I go in, it is as one who was born to receive orders."

"An officer gets his orders from those above him."

"But an officer does not have the lash hung over his head. I saw a poor fellow at the inn here—it was some years ago—who showed us his back in the tap-room, all cut into red diamonds with the boatswain's whip. 'Who ordered that?' I asked. 'The captain,' said he. 'And what would you have had if you had struck him dead?' said I. 'The yard-arm,' he answered. 'Then if I had been you that's where I should have been,' said I, and I spoke the truth. I can't help it, Rod! There's something here in my heart, something that is as much a part of myself as this hand is, which holds me to it."

"I know that you are as proud as Lucifer," said I.

"It was born with me, Roddy, and I can't

help it. Life would be easier if I could. I was made to be my own master, and there's only one place where I can hope to be so."

"Where is that, Jim?"

"In London. Miss Hinton has told me of it, until I feel as if I could find my way through it from end to end. She loves to talk of it as well as I do to listen. I have it all laid out in my mind, and I can see where the playhouses are, and how the river runs, and where the King's house is, and the Prince's, and the place where the fighting-men live. I could make my name known in London."

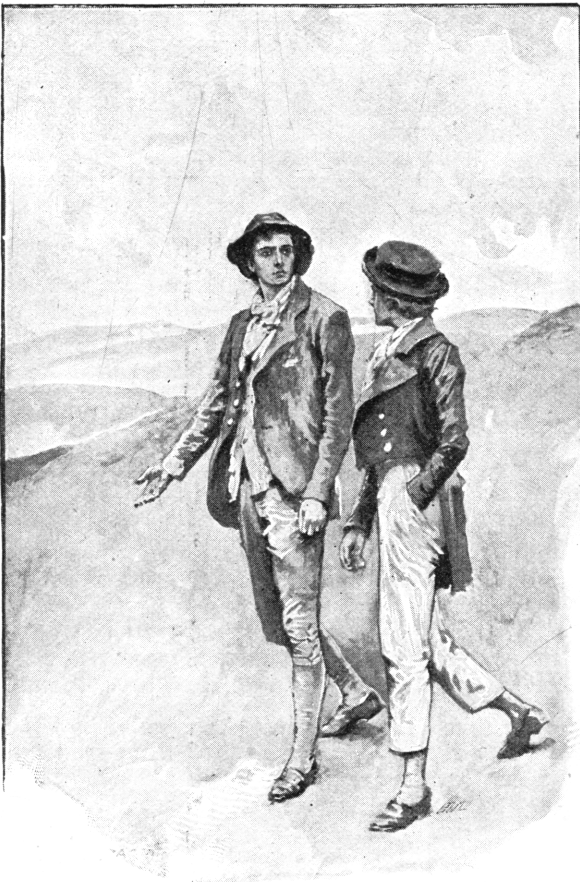
"How?"

"Never mind how, Rod. I could do it, and I will do it, too. 'Wait!' says my uncle. 'Wait, and it will all come right for you.' That is what he always says, and my aunt the same. Why should I wait? What am I to wait for? No, Roddy, I'll stay no longer eating my heart out in this little village, but I'll leave my apron behind me and I'll seek my fortune in London, and when I come back to Friar's Oak, it will be in such style as that gentleman yonder."

He pointed as he spoke, and there was a high crimson curricie coming down the London road, with two bay mares harnessed tandem fashion before it. The reins and fittings were of a light fawn colour, and the gentleman had a driving-coat to match, with a servant in dark livery behind. They flashed past us in a rolling cloud of dust, and I had just a glimpse of the pale, handsome face of the master and of the dark, shrivelled features of the man. I should never have given them another thought had it not chanced that when the village came into view there was the curricie again, standing at the door of the inn, and the grooms busy taking out the horses.

"Jim," I cried, "I believe it is my uncle!" and taking to my heels I ran for home at the top of my speed. At the door was standing the dark-faced servant. He carried a cushion upon which lay a small and fluffy lapdog.

"You will excuse me, young sir," said he, in the suavest, most soothing of voices, "but am I right in supposing that this is the



"IT WAS BORN WITH ME, RODDY, AND I CAN'T HELP IT."

house of Lieutenant Stone? In that case you will, perhaps, do me the favour to hand to Mrs. Stone this note which her brother, Sir Charles Tregellis, has just committed to my care."

I was quite abashed by the man's flowery way of talking, so unlike anything which I had ever heard. He had a wizened face and sharp little, dark eyes, which took in me and the house and my mother's startled face at the window all in the instant. My parents were together, the two of them, in the sitting-room, and my mother read the note to us.

"My dear Mary," it ran, "I have stopped at the inn, because I am somewhat *ravagé* by the dust of your Sussex roads. A lavender water bath may restore me to a condition in which I may fitly pay my compliments to a lady. Meantime, I send you Fidelio as a hostage. Pray give him a half-pint of warmish milk with six drops of pure brandy in it. A better or more faithful creature never lived. *Toujours a toi*.—Charles."

"Have him in! Have him in!" cried my father heartily, running to the door. "Come in, Mr. Fidelio. Every man to his own taste, and six drops to the half-pint seems a sinful watering of grog—but if you like it so, you shall have it."

A smile flickered over the dark face of the servant, but his features re-set themselves instantly into their usual mask of respectful observance.

"You are labouring under a slight error, sir, if you will permit me to say so. My name is Ambrose, and I have the honour to be the valet of Sir Charles Tregellis. This is Fidelio upon the cushion."

"Tut, the dog!" cried my father, in disgust. "Heave him down by the fireside. Why should he have brandy, when many a Christian has to go without?"

"Hush, Anson," said my mother, taking the cushion. "You will tell Sir Charles that his wishes will be carried out, and that we shall expect him at his own convenience."

The man went off noiselessly and swiftly, but was back in a few minutes with a flat brown basket.

"It is the refecton, madam," said he. "Will you permit me to lay the table? Sir Charles is accustomed to partake of certain dishes and to drink certain wines, so that we usually bring them with us when we visit." He opened the basket, and in a minute he had the table all shining with silver and glass and studded with dainty dishes. So quick and neat and silent was he in all that he did, that my father was as taken with him as I was.

"You'd have made a right good foretop-man if your heart is as stout as your fingers are quick," said he. "Did you never wish to have the honour of serving your country?"

"It is my honour, sir, to serve Sir Charles Tregellis, and I desire no other master," he answered. "But I will convey his dressing-case from the inn, and then all will be ready."

He came back with a great, silver-mounted box under his arm, and close at his heels was the gentleman whose coming had made such a disturbance.

My first impression of my uncle as he entered the room was that one of his eyes was swollen to the size of an apple. It caught the breath from my lips, that monstrous, glistening eye. But the next instant I perceived that he held a round glass in front of it which magnified it in this fashion. He looked at us each in turn, and then he bowed very gracefully to my mother and kissed her upon either cheek.

"You will permit me to compliment you, my dear Mary," said he, in a voice which was the most mellow and beautiful that I have ever heard. "I can assure you that the country air has used you wondrous well, and that I should be proud to see my pretty sister in the Mall. I am your servant, sir," he continued, holding out his hand to my father. "It was but last week that I had the honour of dining with my friend, Lord St. Vincent, and I took occasion to mention you to him. I may tell you that your name is not forgotten at the Admiralty, sir, and I hope that I may see you soon walking the poop of a 74-gun ship of your own. So this is my nephew, is it?" He put a hand upon each of my shoulders in a very friendly way and looked me up and down.

"How old are you, nephew?" he asked.

"Seventeen, sir."

"You look older. You look eighteen, at the least. I find him very passable, Mary, very passable, indeed. He has not the *bel* air, the *tournure*—in our uncouth English we have no word for it. But he is as healthy as a May-hedge in bloom."

So within a minute of his entering our door he had got himself upon terms with all of us, and with so easy and graceful a manner that it seemed as if he had known us all for years. I had a good look at him now as he stood upon the hearth-rug, with my mother upon one side and my father on the other. He was a very large man, with noble shoulders, small waist, broad hips, well-turned legs, and the smallest of hands and feet. His face was pale and handsome, with a prominent



"I FIND HIM VERY PASSABLE, MARY."

chin, a jutting nose, and large blue staring eyes, in which a sort of dancing mischievous light was for ever playing. He wore a deep brown coat with a collar as high as his ears and tails as low as his knees. His black breeches and silk stockings ended in very small, pointed shoes, so highly polished that they twinkled with every movement. His vest was of black velvet, open at the top to show an embroidered shirt-front, with a high, smooth, white cravat above it which kept his neck for ever on the stretch. He stood easily with one thumb in his armpit, and two fingers of the other hand in his vest pocket. It made me proud as I watched him to think that so magnificent a man, with such easy, masterful ways, should be my own blood relation, and I could see from my mother's eyes as they turned towards him that the same thought was in her mind.

All this time Ambrose had been standing like a dark-clothed, bronze-faced image by the door, with the big silver-bound box under his arm. He stepped forward now into the room.

"Shall I convey it to your bed-chamber, Sir Charles?" he asked.

"Ah, pardon me, sister Mary," cried my uncle, "I am old-fashioned enough to have principles—an anachronism, I know, in this lax age. One of them is never to allow my *batterie de toilette* out of my sight when I am travelling. I cannot readily forget the agonies which I endured some years ago through neglecting this precaution. I will do Ambrose the justice to say that it was before he took charge of my affairs. I was compelled to wear the same ruffles upon two consecutive days. On the third morning my fellow was so affected by the sight of my condition, that he burst into tears and laid out a pair which he had stolen from me."

As he spoke his face was very grave, but the light in his eyes danced and gleamed. He handed his open snuff-box to my father, as Ambrose followed my mother out of the room.

"You number yourself in an illustrious company by dipping your finger and thumb into it," said he.

"Indeed, sir!" said my father, shortly.

"You are free of my box, as being a relative by marriage. You are free also, nephew, and I pray you to take a pinch. It is the most intimate sign of my goodwill. Outside ourselves there are four, I think, who have had access to it—the Prince, of course; Mr. Pitt; Monsieur Otto, the French Ambassador; and Lord Hawkesbury. I have sometimes thought that I was premature with Lord Hawkesbury."

"I am vastly honoured, sir," said my father, looking suspiciously at his guest from under his shaggy eyebrows, for with that grave face and those twinkling eyes it was hard to know how to take him.

"A woman, sir, has her love to bestow," said my uncle. "A man has his snuff-box. Neither is to be lightly offered. It is a lapse of taste; nay, more, it is a breach of morals. Only the other day as I was seated in Watier's, my box of prime macouba open upon the table beside me, an Irish bishop thrust in his intrusive fingers. 'Waiter,' I cried, 'my box has been soiled! Remove it!' The man meant no insult, you understand, but that class of people must be kept in their proper sphere."



"HE HANDED HIS OPEN SNUFF-BOX TO MY FATHER."

"A bishop!" cried my father. "You draw your line very high, sir."

"Yes, sir," said my uncle; "I wish no better epitaph upon my tombstone."

My mother had in the meanwhile descended, and we all drew up to the table.

"You will excuse my apparent grossness, Mary, in venturing to bring my own larder with me. Abernethy has me under his orders, and I must eschew your rich country dainties. A little white wine and a cold quail—it is as much as the niggardly Scotchman will allow me."

"We should have you on blockading service when the levanters are blowing," said my father. "Salt junk and weevil biscuits, with a rib of a tough Barbary ox when the tenders come in. You would have your spare diet there, sir."

Straightway my uncle began to question him about the sea service, and for the whole meal my father was telling him of the Nile and of the Toulon blockade, and the siege of Genoa, and all that he had seen and done. But whenever he faltered for a word, my uncle always had it ready for him, and it

was hard to say which knew most about the business.

"No, I read little or nothing," said he, when my father marvelled where he got his knowledge. "The fact is that I can hardly pick up a print without seeing some allusion to myself: 'Sir C—— T—— does this,' or 'Sir C . . . T . . . says the other,' so I take them no longer. But if a man is in my position all knowledge comes to him. The Duke of York tells me of the Army in the morning, and Lord Spencer chats with me of the Navy in the afternoon, and Dundas whispers me what is going forward in the Cabinet, so that I have little need of the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*."

This set him talking of the great world of London, telling my father about the men who were his masters at the Admiralty, and my mother about the beauties of the town, and the great ladies at Almack's, but all

in the same light, fanciful way, so that one never knew whether to laugh or to take him gravely. I think it flattered him to see the way in which we all three hung upon his words. Of some he thought highly and of some lowly, but he made no secret that the highest of all, and the one against whom all others should be measured, was Sir Charles Tregellis himself.

"As to the King," said he, "of course, I am *l'ami de famille* there, and even with you I can scarce speak freely, as my relations are confidential."

"God bless him and keep him from ill!" cried my father.

"It is pleasant to hear you say so," said my uncle. "One has to come into the country to hear honest loyalty, for a sneer and a gibe are more the fashions in town. The King is grateful to me for the interest which I have ever shown in his son. He likes to think that the Prince has a man of taste in his circle."

"And the Prince?" asked my mother. "Is he well-favoured?"

"He is a fine figure of a man. At a

distance he has been mistaken for me. And he has some taste in dress, though he gets slovenly if I am too long away from him. I warrant you that I find a crease in his coat to-morrow."

We were all seated round the fire by this time, for the evening had turned chilly. The lamp was lighted, and so also was my father's pipe.

"I suppose," said he, "that this is your first visit to Friar's Oak?"

My uncle's face turned suddenly very grave and stern.

"It is my first visit for many years," said he. "I was but one-and-twenty years of age when last I came here. I am not likely to forget it."

I knew that he spoke of his visit to Cliffe Royal at the time of the murder, and I saw by her face that my mother knew it also. My father, however, had either never heard of it, or had forgotten the circumstance.

"Was it at the inn you stayed?" he asked.

"I stayed with the unfortunate Lord Avon. It was the time when he was accused of slaying his younger brother and fled from the country."

We all fell silent, and my uncle leaned his chin upon his hand, looking thoughtfully into the fire. If I do but close my eyes now, I can see the light upon his proud, handsome face, and see also my dear father, concerned at having touched upon so terrible a memory, shooting little slanting glances at him betwixt the puffs of his pipe.

"I daresay that it has happened with you, sir," said my uncle at last, "that you have lost some dear messmate, in battle or wreck, and that you have put him out of your mind in the routine of your daily life, until suddenly some word or some scene brings him back to your memory, and you find your sorrow as raw as upon the first day of your loss."

My father nodded.

"So it is with me to-night. I never formed a close friendship with a man—I say nothing of women—save only the once. That was with Lord Avon. We were of an age, he a few years perhaps my senior, but our tastes, our judgments, and our characters were alike, save only that he had in him a touch of pride such as I have never known in any other man. Putting aside the little foibles of a rich young man of fashion, *les indescrétions d'une jeunesse dorée*, I could have sworn that he was as good a man as I have ever known."

"How came he, then, to such a crime?" asked my father.

My uncle shook his head.

"Many a time have I asked myself that question, and it comes home to me more to-night than ever."

All the jauntiness had gone out of his manner, and he had turned suddenly into a sad and serious man.

"Was it certain that he did it, Charles?" asked my mother.

My uncle shrugged his shoulders. "I wish I could think it were not so. I have thought sometimes that it was this very pride, turning suddenly to madness, which drove him to it. You have heard how he returned the money which we had lost?"

"Nay, I have heard nothing of it," my father answered.

"It is a very old story now, though we have not yet found an end to it. We had played for two days, the four of us: Lord Avon, his brother (Captain Barrington), Sir Lothian Hume, and myself. Of the Captain I knew little, save that he was not of the best repute and was deep in the hands of the Jews. Sir Lothian has made an evil name for himself since—'tis the same Sir Lothian who shot Lord Carton in the affair at Chalk Farm—but in those days there was nothing against him. The oldest of us was but twenty-four, and we gamed on, as I say, until the Captain had cleared the board. We were all hit, but our host far the hardest.

"That night—I tell you now what it would be a bitter thing for me to tell in a court of law—I was restless and sleepless, as often happens when a man has kept awake over-long. My mind would dwell upon the fall of the cards, and I was tossing and turning in my bed, when suddenly a cry fell upon my ears, and then a second louder one, coming from the direction of Captain Barrington's room. Five minutes later I heard steps passing down the passage, and, without striking a light, I opened my door and peeped out, thinking that someone was taken unwell. There was Lord Avon walking towards me. In one hand he held a guttering candle and in the other a brown bag, which chinked as he moved. His face was all drawn and distorted—so much so that my question was frozen upon my lips. Before I could utter it he turned into his chamber and softly closed the door.

"Next morning I was awakened by finding him at my bedside.

"'Charles,' said he, 'I cannot abide to think that you should have lost this money in my house. You will find it here upon your table.'

"It was in vain that I laughed at his squeamishness, telling him that I should most certainly have claimed my money had I won, so that it would be strange indeed if I were not permitted to pay it when I lost.

"Neither I nor my brother will touch it," said he. "There it lies, and you may do what you like about it."

"He would listen to no argument, but dashed out of the room like a madman. But perhaps these details are familiar to you, and God knows they are painful to me to tell."

My father was sitting with staring eyes and his forgotten pipe reeking in his hand.

"Pray let us hear the end of it, sir," he cried.

"Well, then, I had finished my toilet in an hour or so—for I was less exigent in those days than now—and I met Sir Lothian Hume at breakfast. His experience had been the same as my own, and he was eager to see Captain Barrington, and to ascertain why he had directed his brother to return the money to us. We were talking the matter over when suddenly I raised my eyes to the corner of the ceiling and I saw—I saw——"

My uncle had turned quite pale with the vividness of the memory, and he passed his hand over his eyes.

"It was crimson," said he, with a shudder, "Crimson with black cracks, and from every crack—but I will give you dreams, sister Mary. Suffice it that we rushed up the stair which led direct to the Captain's room, and there we found him lying with the bone gleaming white through his throat. A hunting knife lay in the room—and the knife was

Lord Avon's. A lace ruffle was found in the dead man's grasp—and the ruffle was Lord Avon's. Some papers were found charred in the grate—and the papers were Lord Avon's.

Oh, my poor friend, in what moment of madness did you come to do such a deed?"

The light had gone out of my uncle's eyes and the extravagance from his manner. His speech was clear and plain, with none of those strange London ways which had so amazed me. Here was a second uncle, a man of heart and a man of brains, and I liked him better than the first.

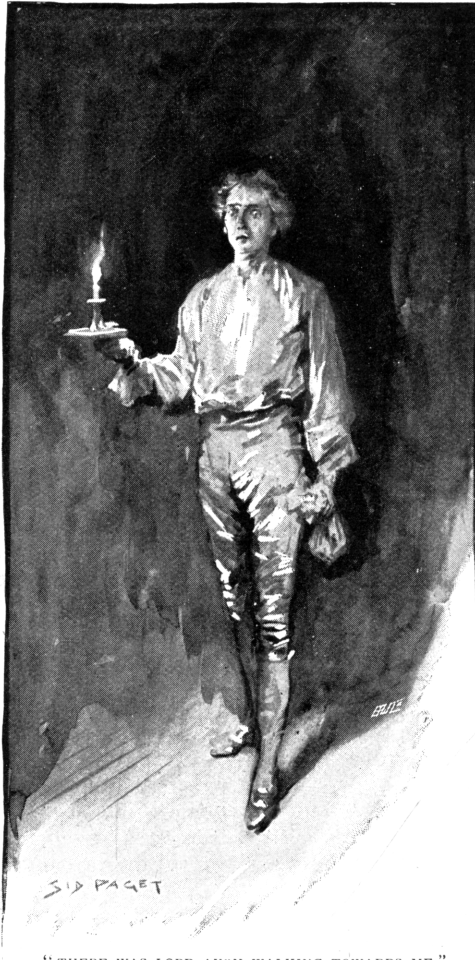
"And what said Lord Avon?" cried my father.

"He said nothing. He went about like one who walks in his sleep, with horror-stricken eyes. None dared arrest him until there should be due inquiry, but when the coroner's court brought wilful murder against him, the constables came for him in full cry. But they found him fled. There was a rumour that he had been seen in Westminster in the next

week, and then that he had escaped for America, but nothing more is known. It will be a bright day for Sir Lothian Hume when they can prove him dead, for he is next of kin, and till then he can touch neither title nor estate."

The telling of this grim story had cast a chill upon all of us. My uncle held out his hands towards the blaze, and I noticed that they were as white as the ruffles which fringed them.

"I know not how things are at Cliffe Royal now," said he, thoughtfully. "It was not a cheery house, even before this shadow fell upon it. A fitter stage was never set



"THERE WAS LORD AVON WALKING TOWARDS ME."

forth for such a tragedy. But seventeen years have passed, and perhaps even that horrible ceiling——”

“It still bears the stain,” said I.

I know not which of the three was the more astonished, for my mother had not heard of my adventures of the night. They never took their wondering eyes off me as I told my story, and my heart swelled with pride when my uncle said that we had carried ourselves well, and that he did not think that many of our age would have stood to it as stoutly.

“But as to this ghost, it must have been the creature of your own minds,” said he. “Imagination plays us strange tricks, and though I have as steady

a nerve as a man might wish, I cannot answer for what I might see if I were to stand under that blood-stained ceiling at midnight.”

“Uncle,” said I, “I saw a figure as plainly as I see that fire, and I heard the steps as clearly as I hear the crackle of the fagots. Besides, we could not both be deceived.”

“There is truth in that,” said he, thoughtfully. “You saw no features, you say?”

“It was too dark.”

“But only a figure?”

“The dark outline of one.”

“And it retreated up the stairs?”

“Yes.”

“And vanished into the wall?”

“Yes.”

“At what part of the wall?” cried a voice from behind us.

My mother screamed, and down came my father’s pipe on to the hearth-rug. I had sprung round with a catch of my breath, and there was the valet, Ambrose, his body in

the shadow of the doorway, his dark face protruded into the light, and two burning eyes fixed upon mine.

“What the deuce is the meaning of this, sir?” cried my uncle.



“HIS DARK FACE PROTRUDED INTO THE LIGHT.”

It was strange to see the gleam and passion fade out of the man’s face, and the demure mask of the valet replace it. His eyes still smouldered, but his features regained their prim composure in an instant.

“I beg your pardon, Sir Charles,” said he. “I had come in to ask you if you had any orders for me, and I did not like to interrupt the young gentleman’s story. I am afraid that I have been somewhat carried away by it.”

“I never knew you forget yourself before,” said my uncle.

“You will, I am sure, forgive me, Sir Charles, if you will call to mind the relation in which I stood to Lord Avon.” He spoke with some dignity of manner, and with a bow he left the room.

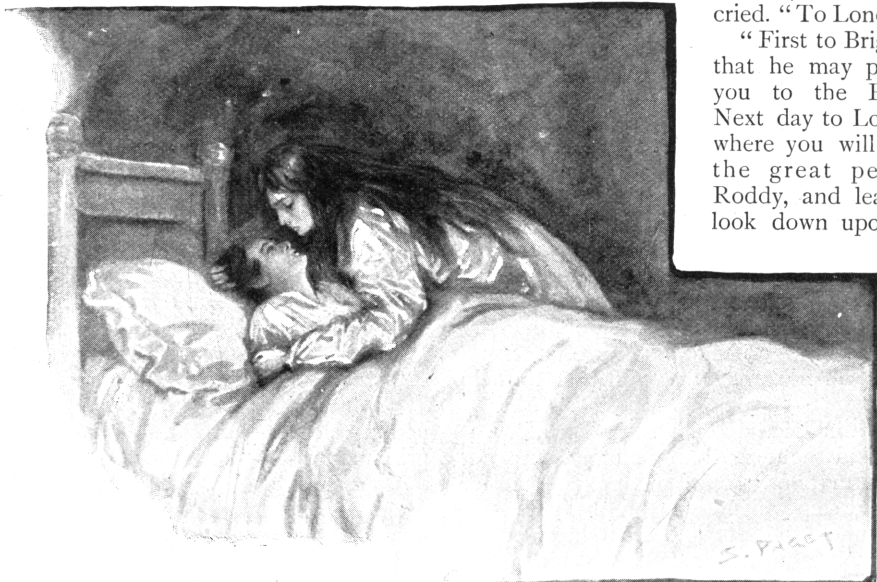
“We must make some little allowance,” said my uncle, with a sudden return to his jaunty manner. “When a man can brew a dish of chocolate, or tie a cravat, as Ambrose does, he may claim consideration. The fact is that the poor fellow was valet to Lord Avon, that he was at Cliffe Royal upon the

fatal night of which I have spoken, and that he is most devoted to his old master. But my talk has been somewhat *triste*, sister Mary, and now we shall return, if you please, to the dresses of the Countess Lieven, and the gossip of St. James."

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

My father sent me to bed early that night, though I was very eager to stay up, for every word which this man said held my attention.



"YOU WON'T FORGET US, RODDY?"

His face, his manner, the large waves and sweeps of his white hands, his easy air of superiority, his fantastic fashion of talk, all filled me with interest and wonder. But, as I afterwards learned, their conversation was to be about myself and my own prospects, so I was dispatched to my room, whence far into the night I could hear the deep growl of my father and the rich tones of my uncle, with an occasional gentle murmur from my mother, as they talked in the room beneath.

I had dropped asleep at last, when I was awakened suddenly by something wet being pressed against my face and by two warm arms which were cast round me. My mother's cheek was against my own, and I could hear the click of her sobs, and feel her quiver and shake in the darkness. A faint light stole through the latticed window,

and I could dimly see that she was in white, with her black hair loose upon her shoulders.

"You won't forget us, Roddy? You won't forget us?"

"Why, mother, what is it?"

"Your uncle, Roddy—he is going to take you away from us."

"When, mother?"

"To-morrow."

God forgive me, how my heart bounded for joy, when her's which was within touch of it was breaking with sorrow!

"Oh, mother!" I cried. "To London?"

"First to Brighton, that he may present you to the Prince. Next day to London, where you will meet the great people, Roddy, and learn to look down upon—to

look down upon your poor, simple, old-fashioned father and mother."

I put my arms about her to console her, but she wept so that, for all my seventeen years and pride of manhood, it set me weeping also, and with such a hiccupping noise, since I had not a woman's knack of quiet tears, that it finally turned her own grief to laughter.

"Charles would be flattered if he could see the gracious way in which we receive his kindness," said she. "Be still, Roddy, dear, or you will certainly wake him."

"I'll not go if it is to grieve you," I cried.

"Nay, dear, you must go, for it may be the one great chance of your life. And think how proud it will make us all when we hear of you in the company of Charles's grand friends. But you will promise me not to

gamble, Roddy? You heard to-night of the dreadful things which come from it."

"I promise you, mother."

"And you will be careful of wine, Roddy? You are young and unused to it."

"Yes, mother."

"And play-actresses also, Roddy. And you will not cast your underclothing until June is in. Young Master Overton came by his death through it. Think well of your dress, Roddy, so as to do your uncle credit, for it is the thing for which he is himself most famed. You have but to do what he will direct. But if there is a time when you are not meeting grand people, you can wear out your country things, for your brown coat is as good as new, and the blue one, if it were ironed and re-lined, would take you through the summer. I have put out your Sunday clothes with the nankeen vest, since you are to see the Prince to-morrow, and you will wear your brown silk stockings and buckle shoes. Be guarded in crossing the London streets, for I am told that the hackney coaches are past all imagining. Fold your clothes when you go to bed, Roddy, and do not forget your evening prayers, for, oh, my dear boy, the days of temptation are at hand, when I will no longer be with you to help you."

So with advice and guidance both for this world and the next did my mother, with her soft, warm arms around me, prepare me for the great step which lay before me.

My uncle did not appear at breakfast in the morning, but Ambrose brewed him a dish of chocolate and took it to his room. When at last, about midday, he did descend, he was so fine with his curled hair, his shining teeth, his quizzing glass, his snow-white ruffles, and his laughing eyes, that I could not take my gaze from him.

"Well, nephew," he cried, "what do you think of the prospect of coming to town with me?"

"I thank you, sir, for the kind interest which you take in me," said I.

"But you must be a credit to me. My nephew must be of the best if he is to be in keeping with the rest of me."

"You'll find him a chip of good wood, sir," said my father.

"We must make him a polished chip before we have done with him. Your aim, my dear nephew, must always be to be in *bon ton*. It is not a case of wealth, you understand. Mere riches cannot do it. Golden Price has forty thousand a year, but his clothes are disastrous. I assure you that I

saw him come down St. James's Street the other day, and I was so shocked at his appearance that I had to step into Vernet's for a glass of orange brandy. No, it is a question of natural taste, and of following the advice and example of those who are more experienced than yourself."

"I fear, Charles, that Roddy's wardrobe is country-made," said my mother.

"We shall soon set that right when we get to town. We shall see what Stultz or Weston can do for him," my uncle answered. "We must keep him quiet until he has some clothes to wear."

This slight upon my best Sunday suit brought a flush to my mother's cheeks which my uncle instantly observed, for he was quick in noticing trifles.

"The clothes are very well for Friar's Oak, sister Mary," said he. "And yet you can understand that they might seem *rococo* in the Mall. If you leave him in my hands I shall see to the matter."

"On how much, sir," asked my father, "can a young man dress in town?"

"With prudence and reasonable care, a young man of fashion can dress upon eight hundred a year," my uncle answered.

I saw my poor father's face grow longer.

"I fear, sir, that Roddy must keep his country clothes," said he. "Even with my prize-money——"

"Tut, sir!" cried my uncle. "I already owe Weston something over a thousand, so how can a few odd hundreds affect it? If my nephew comes with me, my nephew is my care. The point is settled, and I must refuse to argue upon it." He waved his white hands as if to brush aside all opposition.

My parents tried to thank him, but he cut them short.

"By the way, now that I am in Friar's Oak, there is another small piece of business which I have to perform," said he. "I believe that there is a fighting-man named Harrison here, who at one time might have held the championship. In those days poor Avon and I were his principal backers. I should like to have a word with him."

You may think how proud I was to walk down the village street with my magnificent relative, and to note out of the corner of my eye how the folk came to the doors and windows to see us pass. Champion Harrison was standing outside the smithy, and he pulled his cap off when he saw my uncle.

"God bless me, sir! Who'd ha' thought of seein' you at Friar's Oak? Why, Sir

Charles, it brings old memories back to look at your face again."

"Glad to see you looking so fit, Harrison," said my uncle, running his eyes over him. "Why, with a month's training you would be as good a man as ever. I don't suppose you scale more than thirteen and a half?"

"Thirteen ten, Sir Charles. I'm in my forty-first year, but I am sound in wind and limb, and if my old woman would have let me off my promise, I'd ha' had a try with some of these young ones before now. I

"I remember you too well, Sir Charles Tregellis," said she. "I trust that you have not come here to-day to try to draw my husband back into the ways that he has forsaken."

"That's the way with her, Sir Charles," said the Champion, resting his great hand upon the woman's shoulder. "She's got my promise, and she holds me to it! There was never a better or more hard-working wife, but she ain't what you'd call a patron of sport, and that's a fact."



"SHE AIN'T WHAT YOU'D CALL A PATRON OF SPORT."

hear that they've got some amazin' good stuff up from Bristol of late."

"Yes, the Bristol yellowman has been the winning colour of late. How d'ye do, Mrs. Harrison? I don't suppose you remember me?"

She had come out from the house, and I noticed that her worn face—on which some passed terror seemed to have left its shadow—hardened into stern lines as she looked at my uncle.

"Sport!" cried the woman, bitterly. "A fine sport for you, Sir Charles, with your pleasant twenty-mile drive into the country and your luncheon basket and your wines, and so merrily back to London in the cool of the evening, with a well-fought battle to talk over. Think of the sport that it was to me to sit through the long hours, listening for the wheels of the chaise which would bring my man back to me. Sometimes he could walk in, and sometimes he was led in, and some-

times he was carried in, and it was only by his clothes that I could know him——”

“Come, wife,” said the Champion, patting her on the shoulder. “I’ve been cut up in my time, but never as bad as that.”

“And then to live for weeks afterwards with the fear that every knock at the door may be to tell us that the other is dead, and that my man may have to stand in the dock and take his trial for murder.”

“No, she hasn’t got a sportin’ drop in her veins,” said Harrison. “She’d never make a patron, never! It’s Black Baruk’s business that did it, when we thought he’d napped it once too often. Well, she has my promise, and I’ll never sling my hat over the ropes unless she gives me leave.”

“You’ll keep your hat on your head like an honest, God-fearing man, John,” said his wife, turning back into the house.

“I wouldn’t for the world say anything to make you change your resolutions,” said my uncle. “At the same time, if you had wished to take a turn at the old sport, I had a good thing to put in your way.”

“Well, it’s no use, sir,” said the Champion, “but I’d be glad to hear about it all the same.”

“They have a very good bit of stuff at thirteen stone down Gloucester way. Wilson is his name, and they call him Crab on account of his style.”

Harrison shook his head. “Never heard of him, sir.”

“Very likely not, for he has never shown in the P.R. But they think great things of him in the West, and he can hold his own with either of the Belchers with the muffers.”

“Sparrin’ ain’t fightin’,” said the smith.

“I am told that he had the best of it in a by-battle with Noah James, of Cheshire.”

“There’s no gamer man on the list, sir, than Noah James, the guardsman,” said Harrison. “I saw him myself fight fifty rounds after his jaw had been cracked in three places. If Wilson could beat him, Wilson will go far.”

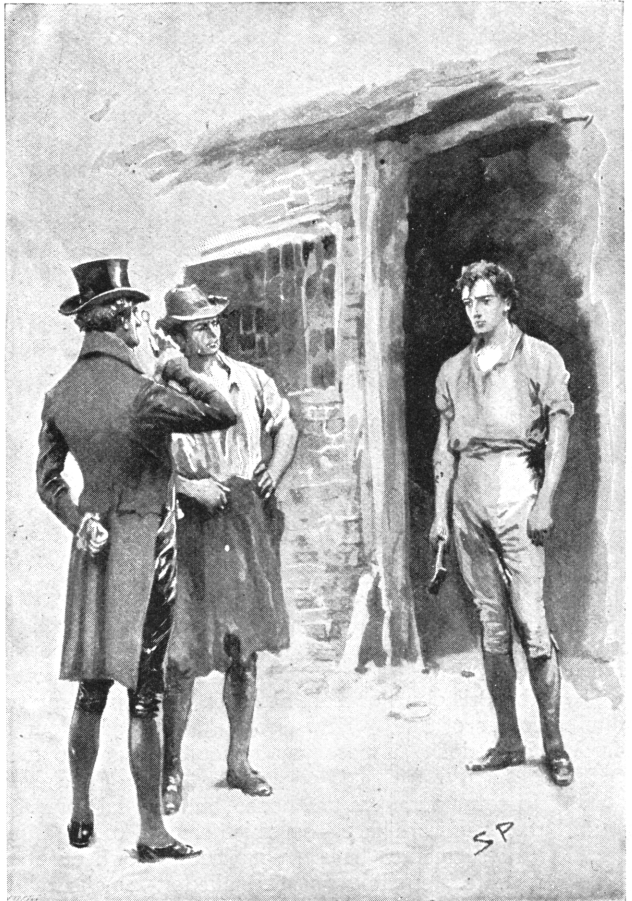
“So they think in the West, and they mean to spring him on the London talent. Sir Lothian Hume is his patron, and to make

a long story short, he lays me odds that I won’t find a young one of his weight to meet him. I told him that I had not heard of any good young ones, but that I had an old one who had not put his foot into a ring for many years, who would make his man wish he had never come to London.

“‘Young or old, under twenty or over thirty-five, you may bring whom you will at the weight, and I shall lay two to one on Wilson,’ said he. I took him in thousands, and here I am.”

“It won’t do, Sir Charles,” said the smith, shaking his head. “There’s nothing would please me better, but you heard for yourself.”

“Well, if you won’t fight, Harrison, I must try to get some promising colt. I’d be glad of your advice in the matter. By the way, I take the chair at a supper of the Fancy at the ‘Waggon and Horses’ in St. Martin’s Lane next Friday. I should be very glad if you will make one of my guests. Halloo, who’s this?” Up flew his glass to his eye.



“HALLOA, WHO’S THIS?”

Boy Jim had come out from the forge with his hammer in his hand. He had, I remember, a grey flannel shirt, which was open at the neck and turned up at the sleeves. My uncle ran his eyes over the fine lines of his magnificent figure with the glance of a connoisseur.

"That's my nephew, Sir Charles."

"Is he living with you?"

"His parents are dead."

"Has he ever been in London?"

"No, Sir Charles. He's been with me here since he was as high as that hammer."

My uncle turned to Boy Jim.

"I hear that you have never been in London," said he. "Your uncle is coming up to a supper which I am giving to the Fancy next Friday. Would you care to make one of us?"

Boy Jim's dark eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"I should be glad to come, sir."

"No, no, Jim," cried the smith, abruptly. "I'm sorry to gainsay you, lad, but there are reasons why I had rather you stayed down here with your aunt."

"Tut, Harrison, let the lad come!" cried my uncle.

"No, no, Sir Charles. It's dangerous company for a lad of his mettle. There's plenty for him to do when I'm away."

Poor Jim turned away with a clouded brow and strode into the smithy again. For my part, I slipped after him to try to console him, and to tell him all the wonderful changes which had come so suddenly into my life. But I had not got half through my story, and Jim, like the good fellow that he was, had just begun to forget his own troubles in his delight at my good fortune, when my uncle called to me from without. The curricie with its tandem mares was waiting for us outside the cottage, and Ambrose had placed the refection basket, the lap-dog, and the precious toilet box inside of it. He had himself climbed up behind, and I, after a hearty handshake from my father, and a last sobbing embrace from my mother, took my place beside my uncle in the front.

"Let go her head!" cried he to the hostler, and with a snap, a crack, and a jingle, away we went upon our journey.

Across all the years how clearly I can see that spring day, with the green English fields, the windy English sky, and the yellow, beetle-browed cottage in which I had grown from a child to a man. I see, too, the figures at the garden gate: my mother with her face turned away and her handkerchief waving; my father, with his blue coat and his white shorts, leaning upon his stick with his hand shading his eyes as he peered after us. All the village was out to see young Roddy Stone go off with his grand relative from London to call upon the Prince in his own palace. The Harrisons were waving to me from the smithy, and John Cummings from the steps of the inn, and I saw Joshua Allen, my old schoolmaster, pointing me out to the people, as if he were showing what came from his teaching. To make it complete, who should drive past just as we cleared the village but Miss Hinton, the play-actress, the pony and phaeton the same as when first I saw her, but she herself another woman; and I thought to myself that if Boy Jim had done nothing but that one thing, he need not think that his youth had been wasted in the country. She was driving to see him, I have no doubt, for they were closer than ever, and she never looked up, or saw the hand that I waved to her. So as we took the curve of the road the little village vanished, and there in the dip of the Downs, past the spires of Patcham and of Preston, lay the broad blue sea and the grey houses of Brighton, with the strange Eastern domes and minarets of the Prince's Pavilion shooting out from the centre of it.

To every traveller it was a sight of beauty, but to me it was the world, the great wide, free world, and my heart thrilled and fluttered as the young bird's may when it first hears the whirr of its own flight, and skims along with the blue heaven above it and the green fields beneath. The day may come when it may look back regretfully to the snug nest in the thorn bush, but what does it reck of that when spring is in the air and youth in its blood, and the old hawk of trouble has not yet darkened the sunshine with the ill-boding shadow of its wings?

(To be continued.)

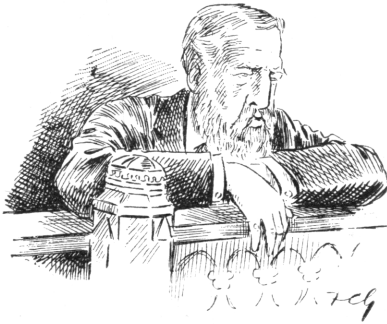
From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXVI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

A
SHIFTING
SCENE.

THE Duke of Devonshire sitting in the Peers' Gallery the other day, looking down on the still new House of Commons, was probably unconscious of a circumstance that is in its way startling, not to say appalling. It is just thirty-nine years since he, then in his twenty-fourth year, walked up to



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

the table to take the oath on being returned member for North Lancashire. The House was in those days composed of 652 members. To-day there are 670. Supposing at a full muster of the House all the members save those who had seats in the Chamber when the Duke of Devonshire was privileged to enter it were to rise and walk out, how many does the gentle reader think would be left behind?

One, a solitary one, and he, by reason of his ancient standing and advanced age, regarded as the Father of the House. Of the host that then filled the Chamber with more or less portly presence, one only sits there still.

Mr. Villiers was at that time in the prime of life, as life is counted among statesmen. He had already sat for Wolverhampton through an uninterrupted period of twenty-three years. Regarding the sedate position in politics into which, throughout the experience of the present generation, he has crystallized, there is something almost reckless in his description of himself in the *Dod* of the day. "A Liberal," he said, "long known for his annual motions against the Corn Laws, is in favour of the ballot, and against Church rates."

In those days the force of Radicalism could no further go.

Of Mr. Villiers' colleagues on the "ALL, ALL Treasury Bench, where he sat as ARE GONE." Judge Advocate-General, not one is now alive. Lord Palmerston was Premier; Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir George Grey, Home Secretary; the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere (not our Henry, but another) was Colonial Secretary; Sir Charles Wood was First Lord of the Admiralty; Ralph Osborne (better known in later years by his second Christian name, Bernal) was Secretary to the Admiralty; Sir Richard Bethel was Attorney-General, with Sir Henry Keating Solicitor-General; Mr. Lowe combined the offices of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Paymaster-General of the Forces, and Treasurer of the Navy; whilst Mr. E. P. Bouverie was President of the Poor Law Board. The Chief Secretaryship of Ireland was held by an Irishman, representative of the Herberts of Muckross. By a curious coincidence, the Chief Secretary of that day was connected by marriage with a still more famous Irish Secretary, then in jacket at Eton. Mr. Herbert married a daughter of Mr. James Balfour, of Whittinghame.

LORD
ROBERT
CECIL.

Amongst the few survivors outside the House of the Parliament to which the future Duke of Devonshire came is the Marquis of Salisbury. The Prime Minister of to-day



LORD SALISBURY.

was then known as Lord Robert Cecil, represented Stamford, and modestly lived far outside the range of Mayfair. No. 9, Park

Crescent, N.W., was his town address, and he had no country one. He ranked himself as "a Conservative, ready at all times to support measures to increase the usefulness of the Church; opposed to any system of national education not based upon the truths of the revelation; unwilling to disturb the balance of power in the Constitution by tampering with our representative system"—all which shows that Lord Salisbury at least has not strayed from the path he trod when he first entered the field of politics.

The Duke of Devonshire, at this time known as Lord Cavendish, described himself: "A Liberal; a firm supporter of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy; in favour of an extension of suffrage." Mr. Dodson (now Lord Monk Bretton) was returned to Parliament in the same year as the Duke of Devonshire. Amongst the few other men still living, though not in the House, who may have watched young Lord Cavendish march up the floor were Mr. Gladstone, member for Oxford University, describing himself as "a Liberal-Conservative"; Richard Ashton Cross, at the time not dreaming of Grand Cross, much less of a peerage; Mr. Whitbread, and Sir John Mowbray.

Most of the SOME OLD names on the FRIENDS. muster-roll are unfamiliar to the ear of the politician of to-day. But one comes across a few old friends. There were Tom Collins—"junior," he added in those salad days—"a Liberal-Tory," representing Knaresborough; Tom Connelly, who in the Parliament of 1874-80 used to stir up with a long pole his Home Rule compatriots on the other side of the House; Mr. Dillwyn, lately passed away; Mr. Horsman,



LORD MONK BRETTON.

short, a real Radical Tare'em. Samuel Warren, still going the Northern Circuit and sitting as Recorder of Hull, "author of many well-known works in legal and general literature, including 'The Diary of a Late Physician'"; Lord John Russell, benevolently

regarding his former colleagues on the Treasury Bench, from which, for a while, he had retired; Lord Stanley, afterwards fifteenth Earl of Derby, at the time ranking as "a Liberal-Conservative," and regarding with distrust Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, member for Bucks, "author of 'Coningsby,' and numerous other works of imagination," living in town at "No. 1, Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, W.," and in the country at "Hughenden Manor, Bucks."

The Parliament was not without both a Harcourt and a Marjoribanks, but neither was also a member of the House that saw Home Rule passed through the Commons.



SIR JOHN MOWBRAY.

Mr. Marjoribanks, representing Berwick-on-Tweed, was father of the popular Liberal Whip of the last Parliament, and was subsequently raised to the peerage as Lord Tweedmouth. The George Granville Vernon Harcourt who sat for Oxfordshire in Palmerston's prime went much farther back to the parent Plantagenet stem than does the late Leader of the House of Commons. He was the eldest son of the Archbishop of York, was born in 1785, and married in the Waterloo year.

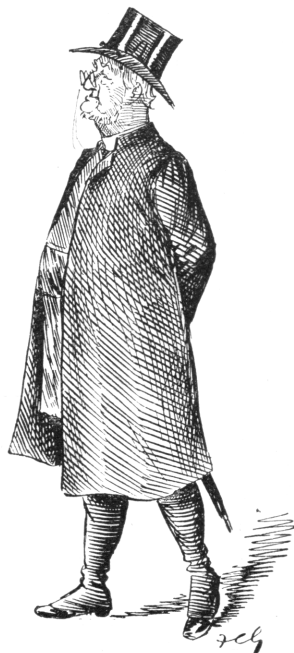
Here is a far-stretching chain, showing how the Duke of Devonshire, still hale and hearty, sat in the House of Commons with a member who, returned for Lichfield in 1806, just missed seeing Mr. Pitt in his place, was a member of the House when it lost Charles James Fox, and was getting to be quite an old member when he may have heard the report of the pistol-shot that killed the Prime Minister, Mr. Perceval, as he was passing to his seat in the House of Commons.

WILLIAM
ROUPELL,
ESQ., M.P.,
AND
FORGER.

Amongst Lord Cavendish's colleagues, in this fifth Parliament of Queen Victoria, was Mr. William Roupell. Born in Lambeth in 1831, Roupell was in his twenty-sixth year when he entered the House of Commons, and is noted in *Dod* as "unmarried." He boldly avers himself "a member of the most advanced section of the Liberal Party; is in favour of the ballot; is against Church rates; is impressed with the necessity of a most liberal and comprehensive system of education; will give Lord Palmerston a general support; and, above all, is opposed, on principle, to every form of grant of public money for religious purposes."

Unfortunately, as all the world knows Roupell did not carry this stern principle to the extent of precluding him from making to himself liberal grants of public money. Five years later the ex-member for Lambeth, tried at the Central Criminal Court before Mr. Justice Byles, pleaded guilty to a charge of forgery, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. He temporarily emerged from his

retirement a year later, when, discovery of fresh forgeries having been made, he appeared in the dock in convict's garb, and in detail, over which he seemed lovingly to linger, related how he had also forged his father's name to this new deed. The counsel on the other side declined to cross-examine him, declaring his belief that he was "absolutely unworthy of credence." Which seems the unkindest cut of all, and shows to what low estate an ex-member of Parliament might fall in those remote days.



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AS
ARCHBISHOP.

THE QUEEN AND PARLIAMENT. It is not probable that ever again will the Queen be seated on the Throne in the House of Lords, taking part in the opening ceremony of a new Session. Since the death of the Prince Consort, Her Majesty has never thoroughly enjoyed the situation. It was one of the most marked testimonies of her gracious favour towards Lord Beaconsfield that, thrice at critical periods of his administration, the Queen broke

through her rule and came down to Westminster to open Parliament in person. That was an honour never done to Mr. Gladstone through his successive Premierhips. In earlier days not only was this sovereign function never omitted, but the Monarch was usually also present to decree the dissolution.

It is a pity, with a nation and in a capital whose pageants are so sparse, that this particular one should be foregone. There are few spectacles finer than that which glitters in the House of Lords on the occasion when the Queen is present at the opening of Parliament. The whole aspect of the place is changed, notably inasmuch as a considerable proportion of the sitting accommodation is allotted to peeresses who come down in full evening dress, radiant in jewels. The peers array themselves in their quaint scarlet cloaks, ermine trimmed. The Foreign Ministers wear all their orders, glistening on uniforms strangely fashioned, and for the most part much gold laced. The Throne (really an ordinary gilt chair) is covered with an ermine cloak, lined with Royal purple. The Queen,

on entering, is preceded by the Pursuivants and Heralds clad in cloth of gold. In 1877, the year which saw Benjamin Disraeli transformed into the Earl of Beaconsfield, the new peer walked before his Sovereign, clasping in both hands the hilt of the sword of State.

Considering the enormous preparation



LORD BEACONSFIELD.

made for the ceremony, and in view of the notable throng packed closely in the Chamber, the business occupies disappointingly few minutes. I remember how, in the Session of 1876, the Queen managed to open Parliament without uttering a single word, either *aside* or in public. At other times, in more genial mood, Her Majesty has stopped on her passage outward to talk with the Prince of Wales or other members of the Royal Family grouped round the Throne.

WHEN I have a curious book in which CHARLES II. is set forth what is probably the first detailed account of the opening day of a new Session of the Parliament at Westminster. It goes back to a date beyond two centuries, long before the morning newspapers framed "Pictures in Parliament," even before newspapers were. The journalist was the Comte de Cominges, Ambassador of the French King at the Court of Charles II. "The King," he writes, "was adorned with the Royal cloak and wore his crown. He took his seat. The Lords and Bishops did the same, and then he ordered the members of the Lower House to be called. They rushed tumultuously into the House and remained on the other side of the barrier which closes

the pit, where the Lords sit, their Speaker standing in the middle."

Those familiar with procedure in the House of Lords on occasions when the Queen opens Parliament in person will recognise how precisely is followed at this day the course of procedure established in Stuart times. It is all the same, even to the rush of members of the House of Commons when bidden by Black Rod to attend. The Count does not take note of the presence of the Serjeant-at-Arms with Mace on his shoulder standing by the Speaker, with the gowned chaplain on the other side, the group swept in by the rush of the tide from the Commons. But there is no doubt the Speaker was thus enflanked on the day the Comte de Cominges looked on the scene.

The King himself spoke what the Frenchman calls "a harangue." "One thing I did not like," adds the critical observer, "he had it already written in his hand, and very often looked at his paper almost as if he had read it."

It appears that the manuscript was an innovation accidentally following upon the illness of an eminent person. "If the Chancellor, prevented by gout from being present, had been able to perform his duty, the King," adds the French Minister, "would have been prompted by him from behind."

Here is a pretty scene called up before the pleased vision by this simple record. Fancy Charles II., in his Royal cloak, with the golden crown on his head, reciting his speech, whilst behind the Throne lurks the Lord Halsbury of the day prompting the Royal memory when it failed, and, it



KING CHARLES II. AND LORD HALSBURY.

is to be hoped, not happening upon the misadventure common to amateur prompters of allowing his voice to be heard by the

audience in the stalls or in the pit, where the Speaker stood hemmed in by a crowd of commoners.

In Stuart days the King, doubtless, had much to do with the composition of the Speech, as well as everything to do in its delivery. When a change was wrought and Parliament was opened by Royal Commission, particular care was taken to insist upon assertion of the Sovereign's personal responsibility for the Speech from the Throne. The Lord Chancellor, presiding over the Commission, is ever careful to announce that he is about to read the Queen's Speech "in the Queen's own words." In the earlier days of her reign, up to the commencement of her widowhood, Queen Victoria always read her speech herself, and, I have heard from those who listened, read it exceedingly well, in a sweet, clear voice that penetrated the utmost recesses of a chamber whose lack of acoustical properties has defeated many a robust orator.

What happened in the temporary revival of the Royal presence in the Disraelian Parliament was that the Lord Chancellor, advancing to the Throne and making low obeisance, proffered the scroll on which the text of the Speech was written. The Queen, by a gesture, commanded him to retain it. Retiring a pace and standing on the lower step, the Lord Chancellor read the Speech, with suspicious emphasis affirming that it was set forth "in the Queen's own words."

THE FACT that the Sir FOUNDER OF A BARONETCY. day is the third baronet of that name marks how hurried are the footsteps of Time. It seems but a couple of years back that "the bonny pit boy," as he liked to be called, sat for North Durham. He was plain George then, and was, as he remained to the end, a prime favourite on both sides of the House. His speeches, when he was in the vein, were a great attraction. His portly presence, his beaming countenance, his unctuous voice, each added its attraction. Mr. Disraeli was particularly fond of a chat with the member for North Durham, a liking which finally took pleasant and practical form in conferring upon him a baronetcy. Occasionally he had

him as a guest at Hughenden, and doubtless managed to extract from so rich a mine of practical knowledge much useful information.

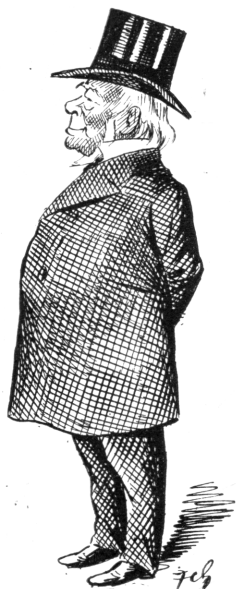
Sir George once told me with pardonable pride how he had, all unconsciously, made an important contribution to political controversy. It was at a time when the state of trade was a subject of anxious consideration. One day at a public meeting, Mr. Disraeli announced that improvement had certainly set in, since statistics provided by the Board of Trade showed that the demand for chemicals was steadily increasing. People, puzzled by the axiom coming from such a source, suspected that some epigram lurked behind the assertion. Upon investigation, it was found that in a single sentence Mr. Disraeli had probed the situation, and had hit upon an infallible proof of reviving trade. In all the staple trades that make England busy and wealthy, the use of chemicals largely enters. A slight increase in the sale of chemicals means a vastly increased output of fabrics.

Everyone marvelled that Mr. Disraeli, immersed in political affairs, should have fathomed this profound trade secret. There it was, tossed to the crowd in an off-hand manner, indicative of there being in stock ever so much erudition of a similar kind. The incident coming up in conversation some time after, Sir George Elliot told me that, at Hughenden, during one of his visits, on the eve of the delivery of this speech, Mr. Disraeli cross-examined him sharply as to how things were going in the manufacturing districts. Sir George thereupon let him into the secret of the bearings of fluctuations in the sale of chemicals, and a few days later the Premier (as Mr. Disraeli was at the time), with accustomed sententiousness and gravity deeper than usual, flashed the truth upon the astonished public, just as in earlier days he had at

Aylesbury instructed the pleased farmers, at the Saturday ordinary, on the intricacies of cross-breeding on sheep farms.

THE
LATEST
DUKE.

Lord Carmarthen's succession to the Dukedom of Leeds removes from the House of Commons a member whose popularity widened with the circle of his acquaintance.



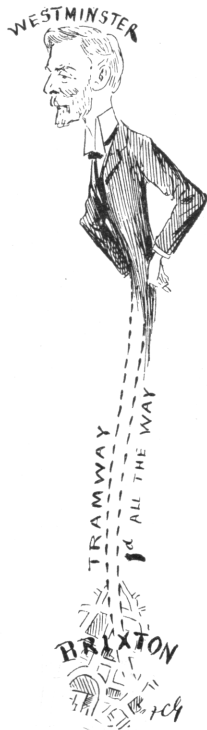
SIR GEORGE ELLIOT.

The late member for Brixton was not among the number who constantly strive to catch the Speaker's eye, a pursuit in which his stature and length of reach gave him some natural advantages. He was in even more useful ways a hard-working member, constant in attendance, faithful to committee engagements, safe for all divisions.

The thoroughness with which he carried on duties pertaining to any state in life to which he might be called was shown by the assiduity of his attendance on the claims of his constituency. Of all seats to hold Brixton is, from one point of view, least desirable. There is, literally, a penny tramway laid on from the doors of the voters to the foot of Westminster Bridge.

Compare this state of things with the condition of, for example, the member for the Wick district. If it occurs to any of Sir John Pender's constituents that he will "just run down and see his member," get him to secure for him a seat in the gallery, and arm his wife and daughters through the library and dining-rooms, he is faced by a costly and prolonged journey. Bang would go many saxpences before he felt the welcoming pressure of his esteemed member's hand, and saw Sir John's face light up with sunny gratification at the mark of attention. Lord Carmarthen's late constituents had merely to step on to the tram or climb up on the 'bus, and there they were in no time. *Per contra*, Sir John Pender has occasionally, especially in view of a General Election, to visit his constituents, and finds it a far cry to Wick; whereas trams and 'buses were at Lord Carmarthen's disposal, and after a quarter of an hour's jaunt he was in the midst of his constituency.

Of these facilities he availed himself with a regularity that endeared him to every family on the register. Not a bazaar, not a hairdressers' ball, not a tea meeting, and very few christenings, stirred the depths of Brixton society without being graced by the presence of the noble lord. Brixton will ever cherish what is certainly the best *mot* electioneering annals record. When, in 1887, Lord Carmarthen presented himself before the electors, his boyish appearance suggested a rude



THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

inquiry to a political opponent in the crowd.

"Does your mother know you're out?" he bawled.

"Yes," said Lord Carmarthen; "and at five minutes past eight on Tuesday evening next she'll know I'm in."

And so it proved, for on that, the election day, Lord Carmarthen was returned at the head of the poll, and has since held an impregnable seat.

During his stay in the House of Commons, Lord Carmarthen's legislative attempts were confined to the introduction of a Bill designed to limit the promiscuous possession and use of pistols. By unflagging industry, and the display of much tact, he got the Bill through some critical stages. But it was finally wrecked in the rush of the Session's business. Doubtless he will present his Pistols Bill at the head of the House of Lords, and we shall hear report of it again in the Commons, where its author's sunny presence will long be missed. When Lord Salisbury's present Government was formed, he invested the Marquis of Carmarthen with the dignity of Treasurer of the Household. This involved duties as Whip for which Lord Carmarthen's personal popularity, and his habit of thoroughly doing whatever fell to his hand, peculiarly fitted him.

The proper style of the late "DOLLY." member for the Brixton division of Lambeth was George Godolphin Osborne, Marquis of Carmarthen. The noble marquis belonged, however, to the favourite class of men who are affectionately known among their friends by a pet name. To these he was always "Dolly." Whereby hangs a tale. On a day in July last, when the *Magnificent* was anchored off the Nore, prepared for her first trial trip of speed, Parliament was still sitting, winding up the business prior to the Dissolution. Lord Charles Beresford, in command of the ship, invited a member of the House of Commons to run down to Chatham Dockyard to dine and sleep, and join the *Magnificent* in the early morning. He included in the invitation Lord Carmarthen and another friend, whose surname was not un-

familiar to Shakespeare. Lord Carmarthen, having a prior engagement, was unable to accept the invitation, and the news was conveyed to Lord Charles Beresford in the following telegram: "*Dolly can't come, but Lucy will.*"

A telegram thus couched, however innocent in intent and real meaning, could not, in ordinary circumstances, have passed about from hand to hand in one of Her Majesty's dockyards without embarrassing comment. Happily it was addressed to so grave and reverend a seigneur as Lord Charles Beresford, and all was well.

The death of Sir Julian Goldsmid, SIR JULIAN after a lingering illness that has GOLDSMID. cut him off whilst still in the prime of life, and at a time when he had achieved high reputation in temporary occupancy of the Chair of Committees, recalls a creepy story. I heard it eighteen years ago, at the time when Sir Francis Goldsmid, long member for Reading, was killed by a railway accident at Waterloo Station. For more than a hundred years, so the story ran, a fatal spell hung over the Goldsmid family. Towards the close of the eighteenth century there died in London the Rabbi de Falk, who, among his tribe, enjoyed high reputation as a seer. He left to Aaron Goldsmid, great - great - grandfather of the late member for St. Pancras, a sealed packet, with injunctions that it was to be carefully preserved but never opened. The old Dutch merchant who founded the branch of the Goldsmid family in this country was warned that as long as this order were obeyed, so long would the Goldsmids flourish like a young bay tree. If it were disregarded, ill-fortune would for all time dog the footsteps of the race.

Aaron Goldsmid kept the packet inviolate for some years. One day, curiosity becoming ungovernable, he opened it. When his servant came to call him he was found dead. By his hand was a piece of parchment, covered with cabalistic figures.

Aaron Goldsmid left a large portion of his fortune to two sons, Benjamin and Abraham. These went into business on the London Stock Exchange, and vastly increased their patrimony. Benjamin founded a Naval College, and performed many acts of less known generosity. He lived long, but the curse of the cabalist overtook him.

Enormously rich, the delusion that he would die a pauper fastened upon him, and to avoid such conclusion of the matter he, on the 15th of April, 1808, being in his fifty-fifth year, died by his own hand. Two years later his brother Abraham, being concerned in a Ministerial loan of fourteen millions, lost his nerve, blundered and bungled, sank into a condition of hopeless despondency, and on the 28th September, 1810, a day on which a sum of half a million was due from him, he was found dead in his room.

The fortunes of the family were restored by Isaac Goldsmid, nephew of the hapless brothers and grandson of the founder of the English house. Like all the Goldsmids, Isaac was a man of generous nature and philanthropic tendencies. He provided much money for Mrs. Fry's enterprises, and helped largely to found University College. With him it seemed that the curse of the cabalist had run its course. It is true that before he died he lapsed into a state of childishness. But he had at the time passed the limit of age of four-score years, after which, as one of the kings of his race wrote centuries back, man's days are but labour and sorrow.

Isaac Goldsmid was succeeded in his fortune and his baronetcy by his son Francis, on whom the curse of the cabalist seemed to fall when he was fatally mangled between the engines and the rails at Waterloo Station. To him succeeded Julian Goldsmid, who, grievously handicapped by failing health, has died at fifty-eight.



SIR JULIAN GOLDSMID.

One Season

BY
PLEYDELL
NORTH

(MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK.)



LUCAS RAYNOR had taken Rosamond Lethbridge down to dinner at Lady Wilmot's, and had been slightly surprised to discover half an hour later that the fair, boyish-looking man near the end of the table on the opposite side was her husband; he had imagined her a *débutante*—pretty enough to justify his cousin's discrimination in assigning her to his care. She had also already interested him on other grounds; she had a way of enforcing the fact that she had distinct characteristics, and formed opinions without being assertive; at nineteen, this was amusing to a man of thirty-five, who cultivated a dilettantism to the effect that experience was the natural death of all opinion.

Within the last half-hour he had heard several of the practices common to the world in which he lived without remonstrance denounced unhesitatingly as "wrong." The term amused him; it always did. The practices in question might not fall in with his own inclinations, nor prove fertile sources of temptation to himself, but he could accord easy toleration to those whose views were more exhaustive.

It was not to be expected—perhaps, from
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his point of view, scarcely desirable—that the ingenuousness of his companion should last; but in the meantime it was refreshing from its rarity. He wondered mildly where she had been educated, and where his cousin Fanny had discovered her. Her views harmonized with a type of beauty that was a trifle *exaltée*, and she was remarkably well-dressed.

When she said: "My husband is so much occupied, I am often obliged to go out alone"—she glanced down the table, and the fair young man at the other end immediately looked up and smiled, as if conscious of some occult influence. Mr. Raynor had his poetic moods, and that flash of seemingly pure recognition and happiness running the gauntlet of a jaded society (he knew with fair correctness the social and domestic history of the greater number of his cousin's guests), cutting the babel of idle tongues, down the whole length of lamp-lit damask and flowers, struck him as visibly as though he had seen it, arrow-like and electric, flash through that heated atmosphere of artificial life. At the same time he decided that this must be an exceedingly foolish young couple, and felt annoyed without quite knowing why.

The girl beside him had evidently forgotten

his presence for the moment, and following her glance he studied with some interest the man who had evoked it. He was a mere boy, not more than two-and-twenty at the most. He owned somewhat delicate features, with a fair, pink and white skin, and a moustache just emerging from down; he was slight in build, certainly a gentleman, but giving some small evidences of rusticity discernible to the initiated.

After dinner Mr. Raynor went so far as to ask his cousin a few questions about these young people.

"My dear boy, I was so delighted to see you so attentive. I felt sure the poor little thing would be quite safe and happy with you. Aunt Jane asked me to call—to show them some attention."

"But who are they?"

"Why, *he* is young Lethbridge—you know Philip Lethbridge—son of the parson—Aunt Jane's pet parson at Lowminster; and she was Rosamond Beauclerc—her mother, Lady Mary, the widow, took Fir Cottage; she is Aunt Jane's great friend. The girl has made a shocking bad match, and that's a fact. If Aunt Jane had only sent her to me before she was married! I can't imagine what Lady Mary was thinking about to allow it; but she always was romantic—ideal—that sort of thing."

Glancing across at young Mr. Lethbridge, Raynor smiled. He fancied that the girl's own will had had something to do with the mother's decision.

"What does he do—this young Lethbridge?"

"My dear boy, only think of it! He is in some sort of office—tea, I believe. I really don't think he has more than three hundred a year, or some ridiculous sum of that kind."

"You think you have done the child a kindness in bringing her here to-night, Fanny?"

"Well, what could I do? Aunt Jane asked me to be civil. She has met some of the best people, and I sent her in with you—I knew you were safe. I wouldn't have given her to Darcy Langton for the world—he would have made love to her at once——"

"I should imagine Mrs. Lethbridge could take care of herself," said Raynor.

As he walked to his club, however, he mentally indorsed his cousin's opinion, that it was a pity Rosamond Beauclerc had not been given a season in town before she became Mrs. Lethbridge.

Another season had reached its close; nearly everyone had left town; Lady Fanny

was gone, Lucas Raynor was going. He was to start for Norway on the morrow, and he was now on his way, driving through a hot July sun, to say farewell to Rosamond Lethbridge.

He found her at home in the flat in Albemarle Mansions, South Kensington; in fact, she was expecting him. Just fifteen months had elapsed since her first introduction to society and Lucas Raynor—months filled with experience, and consequently with change. Society had found young Mrs. Lethbridge very pretty and very charming, and agreed to forego some of its usual exclusiveness in her favour. Two or three of the best houses had been opened to her, and their owners even occasionally found their way to the Kensington flat; whenever this occurred, they drove home with the pleased consciousness of having done a graceful action.

Not so Lucas Raynor: he went to Albemarle Mansions very frequently, and was, as usual, only conscious of having pleased himself. The Mrs. Lethbridge awaiting him to-day in her pretty shaded little drawing-room was in many respects another person from the Rosamond whose ingenuous opinions had amused him the year before. Being essentially observant and adaptive, she had fully acquired the tone necessary to her position—she even ran the danger of acquiring a little too much; a clever woman needs a good deal of spirit and force to cover the deficiencies of £300 a year. Yet a quarter of an hour ago she had forgotten all about society. She had been playing—a very child herself—with her six-months'-old Rosamond in the little room at the end of the passage which she called her nursery. Now, that after-luncheon hour being over, Mrs. Lethbridge had resigned her baby to the girl in charge, and arrayed herself for the afternoon in a pretty tea-gown, arranged by her own fingers out of a quaint brocade and some old lace that had belonged to her mother. The quaintness of it suited her, and Lucas Raynor, coming out of the scorching sun into the coolness of her darkened room, thought he had never seen her look more charming.

"You are really leaving to-morrow?" she said, after handing him a cup of tea.

"I suppose so. The thought that you—all of you—are remaining to broil in this heat does not enhance the pleasure."

"I am glad you feel like that! Philip looks ill and bothered—for his sake I wish we could go—but we must wait till some

other man comes back—he says nearly another month.”

“It is positively cruel. Couldn’t you go down to Lady Mary, and leave him to follow?”

“Mother wants us; but let us talk of something else—another cup?—no—well, take this more comfortable chair—and let us have one last good

In return—expiation. Child, if you ever want a friend, let me be that friend.”

Lucas Raynor had the gift of a sympathetic voice—it was deep, sincere, eminently sympathetic now. The tears rose in the



“‘YOU ARE REALLY LEAVING TO-MORROW?’ SHE SAID.”

gossip, about everybody and everything.”

Mrs. Lethbridge had her reasons for not entering upon domestic trials, which generally took the form of pecuniary shortcomings with Lucas Raynor. He had more than once hinted at a wish to lighten them, so far as she was concerned.

He sank lazily back in the cushioned chair, but evaded the gossip.

“Mrs. Lethbridge—Rosamond, child—I am going to-morrow. I feel really unquiet, anxious, at leaving you with this boy-husband of yours—you are a couple of children—let me speak to you as an old friend.”

“As old as you please,” she said, pleasantly—“but don’t insult our youth.”

He winced a little. “It would be difficult to do that,” he said. Indeed, she was a picture, laughing at him from her easy chair, her pretty finger-tips pointed and meeting. “You have let me feel your pride and independence often enough; but I must tell you once more I am an idle man without ties, with more dross than I know how to get rid of. You don’t know the world—what troubles your marriage may mean, however full of love,” with a slight inflection of the voice. “For some of the possible difficulties I feel responsible.

eyes of pretty, warm-hearted Rosamond Lethbridge. She held out her hand. “Thank you, Mr. Raynor, for myself and for Philip.”

He held the hand some time, and gazed into the pretty face—all the prettier for the softening of foreshadowed emotion. “I have your promise, Rosamond?”

“You have.” She spoke earnestly, but during the quarter of an hour that he still remained with her, she did not tell him her troubles.

When he was gone her brightness deserted her; she leaned back in her chair idly, hopelessly. What would she not have given to tell him, to let him lift the burden from her shoulders?

But her worldly experience had advanced sufficiently for her to understand that the leap out of Scylla might have landed her in Charybdis.

Lady Mary had educated her daughter very carefully in the ivy-covered cottage at Lowminster.

With extraordinary folly she had not opposed the love match with the rector’s son, Philip. She knew Philip well and believed in him: he was sure to make his way; but she had not counted upon the dangers of the

friendship of such friends as Lady Fanny and Lucas Raynor.

Young Mrs. Lethbridge had thoroughly enjoyed her gaieties and her popularity, and she knew that for a large proportion of both she was mainly indebted to Raynor.

He had unostentatiously placed many of the privileges of wealth at her command, and if Philip made no demur, why should she? She never went into evening society without her husband, and in the daytime it was not difficult to find a companion ready to share the prestige of pretty Mrs. Lethbridge. She was keenly sensitive to external impressions, and a dangerous humility underlaid her vanity. She was always profoundly touched at being loved.

Yet she retained the exactness of her principles. Only on the subject of unpaid bills, perhaps, her horizon had somewhat enlarged.

Raynor never startled her or offended her views; if an expression of resigned hopelessness, a hint of underlying depth of feeling sometimes crept into his attitude, it lent just a shade of considerate gentleness, a fear to wound, to her side of the intercourse. His usual indifference increased the subtle flattery.

It was inevitable that she should feel his departure; in the increasing heat and dulness of town her life seemed flat and colourless, even though Philip remained and the baby. Unfortunately other things remained, notably relics of past joys in the shape of bills for dresses and bonnets, which even her intelligence had been unable to compass at home.

Philip also was a source of disquiet; he was looking careworn and ill; he needed rest from that horrible City; certainly another month in town was not a pleasant outlook.

She might have ended it at once by going down to Lady Mary—who would have been only too delighted to welcome her, and the baby at the cottage—but she had not yet compassed the idea of leaving Philip.

A fortnight—three weeks of the purgation of Mrs. Lethbridge had passed, and she was beginning to look forward to her release. Next week Lucas Raynor was to return from Norway; he would stop for a night or two in town on his way to the moors; after that Philip would be free to go with her to Lowminster.

Rosamond's cheeks were pale and the baby fretful; as for Philip, his wife could not think what ailed him—once or twice he

had been distinctly cross, and he was looking really ill. It must be that they all needed a change.

He came in while she was thinking about him. It was Saturday, and the offices closed early; he had walked through the dry, dusty park in the hot August sun. The change in the fresh, boyish face since the evening his young wife had darted her glance of recognition down the length of Lady Fanny's dinner-table was more apparent, more painful, than the change in her.

Philip Lethbridge was barely twenty-three years of age, but his fair skin had become sallow; premature lines had drawn themselves around the mouth, that was surely too sweet to be strong—round the blue eyes, that had lost all laughter—across the white forehead.

Rosamond rose to meet him as he entered, and passed her hand across the forehead and pushed back the damp, fair hair.

"How tired you look, dear boy."

He tried to smile back at her; and these two children, beginning their voyage of life in a whirlpool, sat down side by side.

Philip leaned back among the sofa cushions with closed eyes.

"Dear, you want rest and change; only one week more, and we can go down to mother's. You will see the rector, and——"

He turned away sharply with something like a sob.

"Philip—what is it? Tell me—I am your wife." She had risen to her feet. She felt that the strength lay with her.

Philip had thrown his arm across the end of the sofa and buried his face. He looked up at last. "Rose, I have tried to bear it alone, hoping help would come. It is no use. I borrowed £150 at the beginning of the year—there were so many expenses. Morson won't renew, and it falls due on Monday. He threatens to go to the chief."

The girl stood aghast. She knew very little about bills and liabilities, but she realized that her husband's need was desperate. She looked around their little home; even if everything were sold up the amount would barely be realized. Philip was not to blame; he spent nothing on himself; Rosamond had been ill a long time before the baby was born; there had been so many expenses. Now there was no one to whom they could apply. Her mother had no power over her own small capital. The rector's large family left him no margin.

If Raynor were only at home! If he would only come—if she but knew where to



"PHILIP—WHAT IS IT?"

telegraph ; but that was impossible—he was travelling constantly.

She knelt down beside her husband and put her arms about his neck, and drew his face down to hers.

"Dear, I will find this money. I will, somehow. Don't fret so ; you did it for me."

She knew Morson slightly. He was the only one of the men at the office whom Philip had ever brought to the house—now she understood why. She disliked him cordially, and suspected him of a grudge against Philip as a younger man placed over his head. Also she knew that an appeal to the chief would be fatal. Masham and Co.—the great tea merchants—boasted that they paid large salaries and retained no clerks who contracted debts. Even her own nest-egg at the bank was gone — £100 — the wedding gift of an uncle who had vituperated her for marrying, and yet not utterly cast her off. So much of it had been needed to make the flat fit for the reception of Lady Fanny's friends ; but, of course, that expense would not occur again. Nothing, however, remained of the £100 but the useless cheque-book. Could she apply now to this old man—her dead father's brother?

She was dreadfully frightened at the thought, and, besides, he lived in Somersetshire. Philip had wasted so much time in useless effort on his own account to raise the money, the hours of respite were terribly short. Nevertheless, this was the only plan that presented itself for the comfort of her husband. She assured him she should be able to meet the immediate need from that quarter. She would telegraph to Somersetshire that afternoon to know if she could come down the following day—Sunday.

The prospect was not a pleasant one. She remembered vividly the scene with

Uncle Dick before her marriage—and the fact of having so speedily justified his warnings and evolved the predicted difficulties was scarcely likely to reinstate her in his favour. But when Rosamond saw the look of relief on her husband's face at the hope of deliverance her courage rose to the point.

She saw him lie back on the sofa, and watched the lines of the fair, gentle face relax until he fell into a calm sleep. Then she stole out softly for her bonnet, that she might send her telegram at once. As she passed the nursery she went in and hugged the baby Rosamond by way of encouragement.

When she returned Philip was awake, but his head was aching terribly, and she persuaded him to go to bed.

Till ten o'clock she sat listening and waiting. She had wired : "Am in great trouble—may I come to-morrow?"

At last, when she knew that the offices were closed and she had still received no answer, she told herself that either Uncle Dick was coming, or she would receive a letter on Monday morning. But the thought failed to secure her a night's rest.

The cry of her heart was :—

"If Raynor were only here! How easy it would be!"

The first hours of that terrible Sunday, hot, still, desolate, passed. After lunch Rosamond got out her "Bradshaw." There was a train which would take her to Bath that night, and she determined to go. The suspense and risk of waiting were unbearable. Philip took her to Paddington; it was their first parting, and Rosamond, watching her husband's haggard, wistful face, strove to show no signs of weakness; but her heart and head were aching. Still, she smiled as she waved her last good-bye; only when the train steamed away from the platform, she buried her face and cried a little. It was the first solitary journey of her life.

When Philip left home for the office on the Monday morning Rosamond had, of course, not returned. He hardly knew how he dragged through his daily routine during the hours of suspense that followed. He thought that had she succeeded she would have come to the City or telegraphed, and when he at length turned westward, he was prepared for the worst.

But she met him on the threshold of his home and threw her arms about his neck before he could question her.

"It is all right, dear," she whispered; "I have got it—only just in time."

"My poor, brave darling—you look utterly worn out."

"Yes, I am tired; I have only just come in."

She said very little then or afterwards about her visit to Bath, from which Philip gathered that her experiences had not been altogether pleasant, and forbore to question her; she evidently shrank from detailing them. She had the money, £150, in notes and gold, which was the main point; and Morson's bill was taken up that night, somewhat to his surprise.

During the first few days that followed this

escape, some of the old careless, light-heartedness seemed restored to the home of the Lethbridges. Rosamond's gaiety under the reaction was, perhaps, a little excessive and forced; she was not looking strong; she was restless and easily tired.

Towards the close of the week she received a letter from Raynor—he had joined another man in a yacht, and they intended cruising along the coast; this would delay his return for a fortnight or three weeks; he mentioned one or two places where they would probably put in for letters, but his plans seemed somewhat vague.

Rosamond seemed disappointed, and this slight check proved enough to change the uncertain flow of her spirits into depression. Philip grew anxious about her, and urged her to go at once to her mother's with the child—he would follow; but she resolutely refused to leave him; yet darkened blue shadows

circled beneath her eyes, and her face became thin and transparent; she neither slept nor ate well.

At the end of the second week she had an attack of low fever. Her doctor attributed it to remaining in town during the summer heat, when already suffering from great nervous exhaustion; but she was now too ill to be moved, and Lady Mary was sent for.

When Raynor at length arrived in town Rosamond was lying unconscious. He called daily at Albemarle Mansions, and on

one occasion Lady Mary received him.

His expressions of sympathy and concern were void of offence, and certainly sincere; but she confided to Philip that he filled her with dislike and distrust, and asked a few questions about his evidently familiar footing in the establishment, which its master seemed rather at a loss to answer. Like her daughter, Lady Mary was impulsive, and her judgment of Raynor was probably irrational and beyond



"SHE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK."

the mark ; he had never given evidence of evil tendencies. He was good-looking and well bred, and generally popular. Philip thought his mother-in-law must have some private reason for her prejudice, and wondered what it might be. The thought dwelt in his mind all that night, distracting it from his wife's danger with the first shadow of jealous disquiet he had ever felt.

On the morrow Raynor failed to call at Albemarle Mansions, and the following morning Philip was surprised to see him enter the tea house in Mincing Lane. His first thought was for Rosamond. Raynor's usually pleasant and easy-going countenance was ominously grave ; it was possible that he had come straight from Kensington with the news of some sudden change. Philip led the way to his private room, and it was at first a relief when Raynor took a cheque from his pocket-book and laid it on the table.

"My business is scarcely pleasant," he said ; "I am forced to ask you if you can explain that."

Philip glanced at the cheque. "What is this?—'pay Philip Lethbridge——' I never saw this until now ; surely it is needless to ask——"

Raynor turned the paper and pointed to the indorsement. "As you see, it has been cashed ; have you any idea by whom ? Is that your writing?"

The red flush which had mounted to Philip's face ebbed back, leaving him deadly white. The signature was there—like his own—badly, hurriedly written.

"Before God, Raynor, no. You can't suspect me. My name has been used as well as yours."

"The date is July 28th—does that suggest anything?—two days before I left town."

"Nothing," said Philip.

"It was not presented, however, until August the 22nd, and then by a woman—apparently a lady."

Philip started visibly ; for the first time a look that might imply consciousness of guilt, or the knowledge of some fatal possibility, swept over his face. It transformed it like a dream of horror.

Raynor was watching him closely.

"I have not yet dishonoured the cheque," he went on, "but I made a few cautious inquiries. I learnt that the lady being a stranger to the clerk, he showed the cheque to the cashier ; but as your name was known at the bank it was cashed without further question. There seemed to have been an

impression, however, that the lady in question was Mrs. Lethbridge——"

"My wife travelled up from Somersetshire on the 22nd. She did not reach town until after four o'clock."

Raynor looked relieved. "Well, that is conclusive, at any rate ; but the mystery is somewhat thickened. I am afraid I can hardly prevent any action the bank may take in the matter."

He replaced the cheque in his pocket-book, and was turning away.

Philip was leaning on the table as though to steady himself ; he avoided Raynor's eyes. "Wait twenty-four hours," he said, huskily. "I will not leave town ; if at the end of that time you do not hear from me, do what you will."

Raynor hesitated. "Very well," he said at length ; "I will do nothing for twenty-four hours."

He left the office convinced not only of Philip's guilt, but that the terms of his guilt effectually isolated him from his wife. The man had virtually confessed. It was a stupid crime, and he could hardly have hoped to escape detection ; probably he had intended leaving the country, but had not counted upon Raynor's examining his banking account during these few days in town ; also, Rosamond's illness had been an unforeseen contingency—delaying his plans by keeping her in town.

It was certainly a relief to ascertain that circumstances, open to proof, completely exonerated Rosamond. Raynor had never dwelt upon her possible complicity, but she might have cashed the cheque at Philip's request, in ignorance of his guilt. Her absence protected her even from suspicion, while it had probably facilitated his opportunities ; nevertheless, Raynor contrived to intercept Mrs. Lethbridge's nursemaid on her way to the Gardens with the baby, that same afternoon, and to learn from her, through inquiries after Rosamond's health, that the time mentioned by Philip for his wife's return was correct. The girl said she dated her mistress's illness from that hurried journey, taken in the heat of the day with no one to look after her. She looked downright ill when she came in, straight from the train at half-past four ; she, the nurse, had made her some tea.

Then Raynor went back to his rooms. He fully believed that Philip would avail himself of the granted twenty-four hours to get clear away. It was, perhaps, the best thing that could happen.

When Philip returned to his home that night he said nothing to Lady Mary of the fresh disaster hanging over it; he made some pretence of dining, and then took his place by his wife's bedside. Rosamond was very ill, and he had arranged to watch that night, while his mother-in-law took a few hours' rest.

If he had intended to make any effort to discover the author of the crime against himself and Raynor, his resolution had apparently deserted him—equally he showed no signs of preparation for flight.

He never left his wife's room through the long hours of the weary night. In the morning, when Lady Mary came to relieve him, he went out to the Gardens, returned, drank a cup of coffee, and learned that Rosamond was quieter. He did not again leave the house until he started as usual for the City. There had come over him a despair, a hopeless dejection, which seemed that of a guilty man who knows that his guilt is manifest and must be atoned before the world.

In the evening he was arrested in the Strand on his way home, on a charge of forgery, at the instance of the London and Surrey Bank.

Whatever doubt might have existed as to his guilt was finally set at rest at the inquiry which followed.

Morson appeared as a witness for the prosecution, and produced the notes paid over to him by Philip Lethbridge on the 22nd August. The numbers tallied with those given by the bank in cash for Lucas Raynor's cheque.

Lady Mary alone, in face of all evidence, refused to lose faith in her son-in-law. When she could leave Rosamond, she went to see

him in Newgate—and came back, white-faced and her eyes dim with weeping—yet without any signs of the indignation she should have felt against the man who had ruined her daughter's life.

She showed far more wrath against Raynor, whom, somewhat irrationally, she credited with all the misery that had befallen them.

His visits irritated her—the fruit, the flowers, constantly arriving, the countless luxuries with which he sought to lighten Rosamond's term of suffering, were an annoyance—yet she feared to refuse his attentions and openly offend him.

So far all this trouble had been successfully kept from Rosamond; the fever and delirium had left her, but she was terribly weak; she had asked several times for Philip, and Lady Mary had been forced to tell her that he had completely broken down under the strain of nursing her, and been ordered into the country so soon as her immediate danger was passed. He was recruiting at Lowminster, and by-and-by they would join him. Her conscience reproached her, but she was assured that the truth, in her daughter's present state, would prove fatal. What could she do?

But soon Rosamond showed another anxiety, not so easily put aside—she must and would see Raynor—his flowers showed that he was in town, and she would take no denial. So soon as she could be lifted to a sofa he was to be admitted. Lady Mary became passive; she seemed to feel that some things were beyond her interference and must take their course—if anything, she rather favoured Rosamond's wish.

Lucas, cool man of the world as he was, felt somewhat un-



"ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY."

nerved at the prospect. Philip had sinned, not only against the law, but against his wife. That her life should be unlinked from such a man would be only merciful justice—the man who still obstinately shielded the shameless woman who had been his accomplice. But all this was a trial still to be faced by the girl who was slowly returning from the jaws of death, and Raynor felt her pain more than he cared to own—more than he had thought he was ever again to feel anything. By-and-by she would rally—he did not believe she had ever deeply loved this Philip—and in all his visions of the future the Rosamond wronged and forsaken was a Rosamond watched over by himself. There lay behind the present darkness a gleam of half-acknowledged joy. There were countries where such crime as Philip's was held legal ground for a divorce, and surely in common reason no one could hold her bound. In the days of her comparative happiness he had been content to leave the future wrapped in convenient obscurity, but now—. On the other hand, he knew something of the perversities of women; it was possible that she might resent Philip's downfall upon himself, and refuse to see reason.

He found her lying among her pillows, painfully worn and fragile. The great eyes looked into his with startling eagerness; he could hardly bear to meet them. She stretched out a thin, trembling hand; it might have been thought that the secret was hers.

"At last!" she said. "Oh, this long, weary waiting. Why did you not come when you promised?"

He did not understand.

"I did not know you were ill," he said, gently, "or I would have come."

"I was not ill then; it was the suspense, the waiting made me ill, because I had something to tell you; every day was torture. Thank God, it is not too late. I think you will forgive."

"What can I have to forgive?" he said. "What—that you could do?"

She had raised herself a little in her eagerness; now she fell back upon her pillows and closed her eyes.

"After all," she said, "it was only that I believed in you, trusted you, acted up to my promise. Let me tell you from the beginning—I never dared to tell Philip."

"Tell me—anything—do not be afraid."

Her eyes were wide open again—gazing at him with an anxious, feverish gaze. He

leaned forward, shielding his face with his hand, he scarcely knew what he feared.

"You know," she said, "you made me promise to turn to you if I ever needed a friend?"

"Yes."

"Well, the time came sooner than I thought. Philip wanted money—£150—if he could not have it we were ruined; he owed it to a man who threatened to speak to Mr. Masham. I said I would go and ask Uncle Dick to help, and I went."

"And he gave you the money?"

Lucas spoke eagerly.

"I never even saw him; he was gone to Normandy for three months. I came back the next morning—"

"In the afternoon, you mean?"

"No, early. Philip had gone to the office; no one saw me come in. I was wild with trouble. I got out my cheque-book—you know I used to have some money in the London and Surrey, Uncle Dick's bank and yours—I knew you banked there—I wrote a cheque—I wrote it in your name to see how it would look first; I had some of your letters—it was quite easy to copy your writing. Then I thought it was only keeping my promise, that you would wish me to do it. I made the cheque payable to Philip to avoid talk, and indorsed it. Then I went out to the bank—they gave me the money; I gave it all to Philip—every penny, and I lied to him—told him Uncle Dick had given it to me. He would hear nothing for three months, then I should have made it right with you. I dared not tell him before. I trusted you—you—Why do you not look at me?" Her voice rose with weak anguish of entreaty.

"Would to God I had come!" said Raynor at last.

"What is the matter? Has anything happened—oh! has anything happened to Philip?—What have I done? You have let them harm Philip!"

"Hush, Rosamond, you will kill yourself. It shall be righted, I swear that it shall be righted; but, for your own sake, how could you do this thing?"

She was sobbing hysterically. Raynor was unnerved; he felt that he must gain time to think and to act. Fortunately, Lady Mary came in, alarmed by the sound of Rosamond's grief.

"Get her to tell you the truth," said Raynor, pointing to the weeping woman. "Reassure her as well as you can; tell her I will do my utmost."



"HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED TO PHILIP?"

"I know the truth," said Lady Mary; "may God help us!"

Raynor went out and walked rapidly through the Park and down Piccadilly. The blow had been sharp and bitter, rather to his own hopes and his own pride than to any ideal he had formed of Rosamond. Had the revelation been made to him in the first instance, he would have condoned it unhesitatingly. He cursed his own folly for not having waited. What use he might have made of the power her secret would have put into his hands he was not prepared to say—he habitually evaded questions that put intention to the test. But it remained certain that he had exalted Philip under the impression that he was exposing his criminal weakness. That was sufficiently bitter, and it was also a question how he was to be righted without exposing Rosamond, and giving publicity to the whole story.

Raynor could only take the error upon himself, acknowledge the signature, and make a fool of himself in that way. It was certain now that, if he did not act, Rosamond would.

Before he reached the Circus he felt there was no escape, and with the determination of getting a bad thing over he commenced action at once. The story by which he accounted to the bank for his sudden recognition of his own signature was never clearly made public, but before long it became

known that Philip Lethbridge was liberated on bail, the principal security being offered by Raynor himself, and later that the charge was withdrawn. So far the matter was not one of great difficulty; the managers had no interest in incurring further expenses, or in prosecuting inquiry into an affair from which they were not to be the losers. But for a time a dread hung over everyone concerned that the Treasury might prove less easily satisfied and instigate proceedings. Gradually, however, Government inaction showed that the secret was to remain a secret, and the affair was allowed to sink into oblivion.

For a time various reports found favour—some hinted at ultimate collusion between Raynor and Lethbridge to shield the woman who had presented the cheque; others asserted that the only woman in the case was Mrs. Lethbridge herself—that she had won the money through a run of luck at Goodwood or the card-table, and probably feared to tell her husband. Various influences, hypnotism and champagne among the number, were held accountable for Lucas Raynor's extraordinary oblivion of his liabilities. But, curiously enough, no one thought of crediting this girl of twenty with the desperate measure which had been the truth. Current reports, however, affected the Lethbridges very slightly, and Raynor bore them with stoical indifference.

Only a few days after Rosamond's confession, Philip returned to Albemarle Man-

sions. Raynor had wired that he was to be expected, and Lady Mary had done her best to strengthen and prepare Rosamond for the meeting. It was some comfort to feel that there were no further revelations to be made. Philip had known his wife's guilt since the night that he had spent by her bedside, and heard the repeated cry of her delirium for Raynor's presence. So much Lady Mary could tell her—why, knowing it, he had chosen to bear the full burden of her sin, and make no effort to appeal to Raynor's forbearance, she left for him to explain.

It seemed impossible to believe that the saddened, haggard-faced man who entered his wife's room so noiselessly and stood beside her, waiting for her to lift her shamed head, could be the Philip Lethbridge of a short eighteen months before.

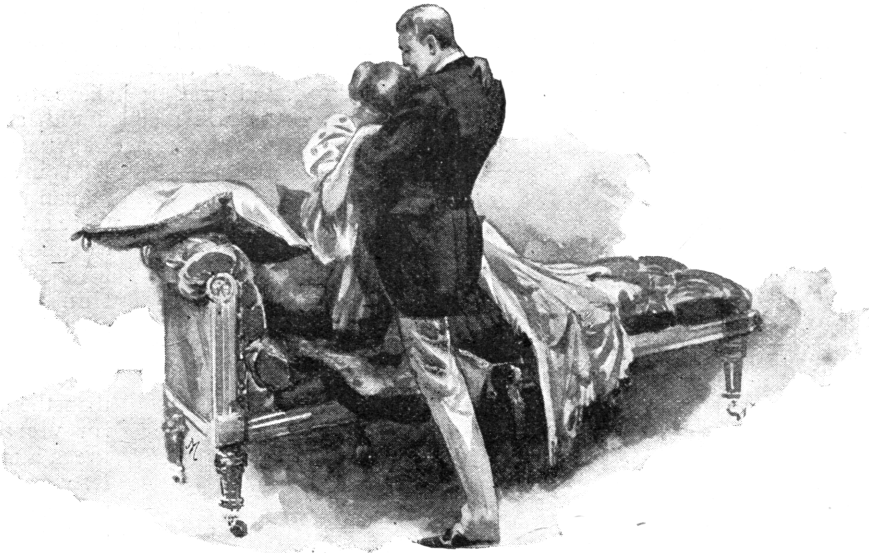
Finding that she lay still, trembling and sobbing in the bitterness of her grief, not daring even to ask his forgiveness, he put his arms about her and lifted her to his heart, in

He felt her cling to him more closely, and for the time he was satisfied and said no more.

Philip Lethbridge lost his position in the tea house, but Mr. Beauclerc, Rosamond's Uncle Dick, got to the bottom of the story through Lady Mary. He felt that the young man had been hardly dealt with, and succeeded in securing him the agency of an estate in Scotland, the property of a friend of his own.

The life was a healthier one for the Lethbridges; and, as they made no further claim upon society, they were allowed to sink into peaceful oblivion.

Raynor also dropped out of their path. Rosamond wrote to him a pretty and pathetic letter of thanks, and Mr. Beauclerc repaid the money; but that was the smaller part of the matter. The zest and interest of befriending Mrs. Lethbridge had collapsed somewhat abruptly, and for nearly a year an increase of cynicism suggested that the demise had scarcely been painless.



"HE LIFTED HER TO HIS HEART."

the strong clasp of a man who has suffered for the thing he loves, and gathered through his suffering the completion of strength.

"Love," he said, presently, "tell me—are you content here—in my arms?"

Then he recovered and married, developing into a not unamiable husband; he professed to find a relief in following the whims of his wife instead of his own, as she could then bear the burden of their futility.

Peculiar Children I Have Met.

BY MAX O'RELL.



FROM 1876 to 1884 I was a master of St. Paul's School, to-day the foremost classical school of England. Whether I should boast of it or not, I do not know.

In England, the schoolmaster stands about on the lowest step of the social ladder, and even if he be the master of one of the great public schools, he obtains practically the same recognition in society that the poor drudge of an usher receives. In France the schoolmaster is a professional man of high standing, and Alphonse Daudet boasts of having been one. Many of our Academicians, Ambassadors, and Ministers have been schoolmasters.

In Holland people touch their hats when they pass a schoolmaster. In Italy the teaching profession is often embraced by the members of the nobility. But, in England, to have been a schoolmaster is well-nigh having a stain on one's character; and when an English critic, in Great Britain or the British Colonies, has wished to be particularly offensive in his remarks about my work and myself, he has thrown it at my face.

I once asked, through the English Press, "What's the matter with schoolmasters? Is there any opprobrium attached to that profession? If so, why?"

This brought about many answers. "Charles Dickens is the cause of it," said some. The

British public saw in Wackford Squeers the typical schoolmaster. "Because teaching is the worst paid of all professions," replied others. Another reason given was that, in the eyes of the public, the schoolmaster is a man who canes little boys, which is not a very dignified occupation. And so on.

Well, I consider things from a rather French point of view. For eight years of my life I was a schoolmaster, and I am rather inclined to be proud of it. I was happy though a schoolmaster; I received a respectable salary; I never used a cane in my life except as a companion in my walks; and felt that I was a useful member of society.

I loved my boys, big or small, clever or stupid; they respected me, and, judging from the expression of their faces when they gathered round me, I believe that their respect for me was mingled with affection. And if a man has any sense of humour and de-

lights in studying human nature, is there in the world for him a better field of observation than the schoolroom? Is there anything more interesting than the struggle for victory between a man and forty or fifty dear young boys full of life and mischief?

I loved them all, and the more wicked they were the more I loved them. I never objected to any, except perhaps the few who aimed at being perfect, especially those who succeeded in their efforts.



"I LOVED MY BOYS."

I must confess, however, to having had a weakness for younger boys. No doubt the work was more interesting in the advanced classes; but a room full of boys from eleven to twelve or thirteen years of age seldom failed to afford me an opportunity to use my glasses with profit.

To watch a young rascal using his ingenuity to shirk his work or avoid detection of a breach of discipline, was a great source of amusement to me. To overhear his remarks about me; to listen to his repartees; to read his "essays"; to admire his resolution to do his work well by writing the first two lines of his exercise with his best hand, and to realize how soon he got tired of it by seeing signs of flagging on the third line; to listen to him swaggering about his social standing—all that made life worth living.

What dear little snobs I met who were not much over ten years of age! What early training they must have had at home! Peculiar children are, as a rule, children of peculiar fathers and mothers—especially mothers.

Once a lady wrote to the head-master:—

"Dear Sir,—It is our intention to place our boy under your care; but before we do so, we should like to know what the social standard of your school is."

The head-master was equal to the occasion. He replied:—

"Dear Madam,—So long as your boy behaves well, and his fees are paid regularly, no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."

And it is something worth hearing, that swaggering of little English boys about their social standing. First the young heirs to titles, then the sons of the gentry, the sons of professional men, the sons of merchants, the sons of clerks, all these are sets perfectly distinct.

"I say, what do you think I have heard?" I once overheard a little boy of ten say to a young schoolfellow. "You know Brown? Well, I have heard to-day that his father keeps a store!"

This seemed to take away the breath of the other little boy; he was staggered, and grew pale with amazement.

"You don't say so!" he ejaculated. "I thought he was a gentleman." And the two young society boys separated with a grave, high hand-shake.

I had great admiration for the ingenuity of boys with a conscience; the one, for instance, who, when he was not quite sure whether it was the second or the third exercise he had to do, did neither, "for fear of doing the wrong one"; the one who did not do his work at home, "because grandmamma died last night"; also the one who explained the

great number of mistakes to be found in his home-work by pleading, "Papa *will* help me."

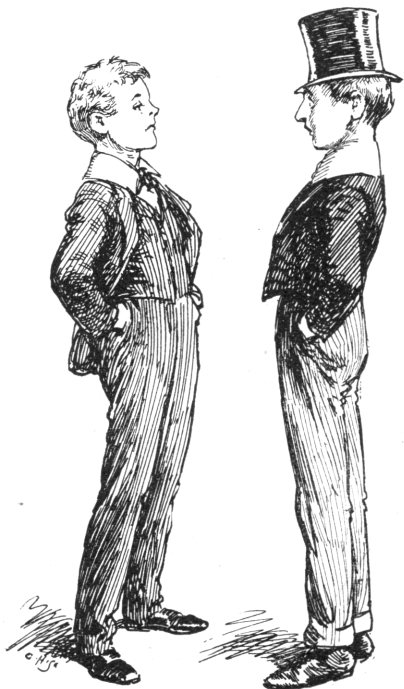
I pass over the one "who had a bad headache last night," and brought a letter from his mother to that effect; the one who did his exercise, but lost it; the one "who knew his lesson," but could not say it; and many others who made excuses that failed to "pay," and will never have a chance of making a living otherwise than by honesty—which is the easiest way, after all.

One, however, I cannot pass over is that ingenious boy who, when he is not quite sure whether the plural of *égal* is *égals* or *égaux*, makes a blot of the word's ending. But what is this boy compared to the one who, being asked for

the plural of *égal*, said "Two gals"?

I always objected to mothers' pets. They might be exemplary, admirable at home; but in spite of their irreproachable linen and their hair parted in the middle, they were, as a rule, very objectionable at school. They had a blind confidence in their mothers, and were taught at home never to trust anybody else. When you made a statement before them, they looked at you suspiciously, as much as to say: "I'll ask mother if all that is right."

These mothers would write to me every day to explain what geniuses their boys were,



"I HAVE HEARD TO-DAY THAT HIS FATHER KEEPS A STORE!"

and how lucky I ought to feel to have to deal with them. These letters were full of hints on teaching and of advice on the subject. Sometimes they contained an invitation to dinner. Much as you love boys, when you have been with them five hours a day, you do not rush for invitations to meet them at dinner.

Among my recollections I will give you a few translations that show great ingenuity on the part of the perpetrators.

A boy, reading from a play that was being translated at sight in class, came across the phrase: *Calvez-vous, Monsieur*. He naturally translated this by "Calm yourself, sir." I said to him: "Now, don't you think this is a little stiff? Couldn't you give me something a little more colloquial; for instance, what you would say yourself in a like case?"

The boy reflected a few seconds and said: "Keep your hair on, old man."

Another having to translate: *Mon frère a raison et ma sœur a tort*, came out with: "My brother has raisins and my sister has tart."

Ingenuity that amounts to genius is shown in the two following cases:—

A boy was asked to give the derivation of the French word *tropique*. His answer was: "It comes from the French word *trop*, which means *too much*, *heat* understood, and *ique*, from the Latin *hic* (*here*), that is: 'It is too hot here.'"

Another, being asked the origin of the word *dimanche*, answered: "It comes from *di* (twice) and *mancher* (to eat), because you generally have two meals on that day."

If boys are remarkable in the way they put French into English, they are still more wonderful in the way they put English into French. When they translate French into English, they do not use the English that serves them to express their thoughts at home with their parents, brothers, and sisters, or at school with their masters or comrades; the English they use is a special article kept for the purpose. And when you remark to them that there is no sense in what they have written, they seem to be of your opinion; but the fault is not with them, it is with the French text that has no sense for them.

When they translate English into French, it is with the help of that most treacherous friend of boys, the dictionary. When several French words are given for one English word, the lazy ones take the first, always; the indifferent ones take any—one is as good as another; the shrewd boys always take the last, to make you believe that they have been

carefully through the whole list, and have made a choice only after long and mature reflection.

Sometimes they are right; as a rule they are wrong. When they are right, Providence alone has to be thanked for it; and it will be so as long as modern languages are taught through the eyes with the help of books, instead of being taught through the mouth and ears without the help of any books, for a couple of years at any rate.

The home is, no less than the school, a fine field of observation. Who could or would imagine a home that is not more or less ruled by children? Victor Hugo once said that he recognised and bowed to one tyranny only, that of children; but "that tyranny," he added, "I proclaim."

Don't talk to me of children who meekly knock at the door as if they were afraid somebody might hear them. Give me those who will soon let you hear another knock if the door is not opened at once. These know they are wanted at home; they know that the moment they are in, they will not hear you say, "Hush! hush!" or "Be quiet, you must not make any noise," but will be allowed the freedom of the house and not be restrained. They know they can say or do what they please, and they will tell you all their little secrets and become open and sincere.

Never will you see the round faces of these little home-rulers grow long and sad. Their eyes will beam with joy and happiness. Whenever I hear parents complain that their children "run" the house, I tell them that it is quite right they should. The best-ordered houses are ruled by little girls from two to five years of age.

I once arrived in a Washington house at half-past seven. I was invited to dinner. On entering the hall, I was received by a little girl three years old and her brother aged five.

The little girl immediately opened her arms and offered me a kiss. This done, she produced a birthday book, and asked me to put my name in it, which, of course, I did on the spot. When I entered the drawing-room, I was told that a few minutes before my arrival the following conversation was overheard in the hall:—

"When he comes, I'll ask him for his autograph," said the little boy to his sister.

"He won't give it to you," she replied, "but he will give it to me."

"Why to you, and not to me?" suggested the little boy.

"Because, when he arrives, I'll let him take a kiss," she said, "and that'll do it."

And this little queen of the house, you see, knew her power already. She just had the proper measure of it. I do not know any pretty little lady three years old who would not get all she wished in return for a kiss.

But let us return to the schoolroom, and examine a few peculiar children, and for that matter I do not think that a schoolroom in England very much differs from a schoolroom in France, in America, or anywhere else. The *genus* boy is pretty well the same all the world over, no better than he should be—a boy.

On the first row, desirous to be near you, is the painstaking, industrious boy who takes in all you say, has a blind confidence in you, and is never caught chatting. He is dull, but well meaning—a respectable boy. He is careful to the extreme. His books are covered with brown paper or American cloth, and when he has finished with them, they are so tidy, so clean, that they have the same market value as they had when he bought them second-hand. He writes his rough copies on the back of old exercises, and invariably wipes his pen when he has done with it.

Near him is the deaf boy—a trial this one, especially if he is deaf of one ear only. He always turns this one to you, and has a pretext for having "not quite heard" what you said when you mentioned what the home-work would be.

Not far off is the sneak, who edifies you by his most exemplary conduct. He is an insult to the rest of the class. Turn your head away for a moment, however, and you will seldom fail to find him at fault. So long as you face the boys, his eyes are directed on you.

Next are sitting side by side two brothers; they are quiet. I always placed brothers next to each other. Brothers will quarrel, but seldom want to have a quiet chat together. A little farther behind is Master Whirligig, who, at the end of the term, will be able to tell you the exact number of flies that passed through the room.

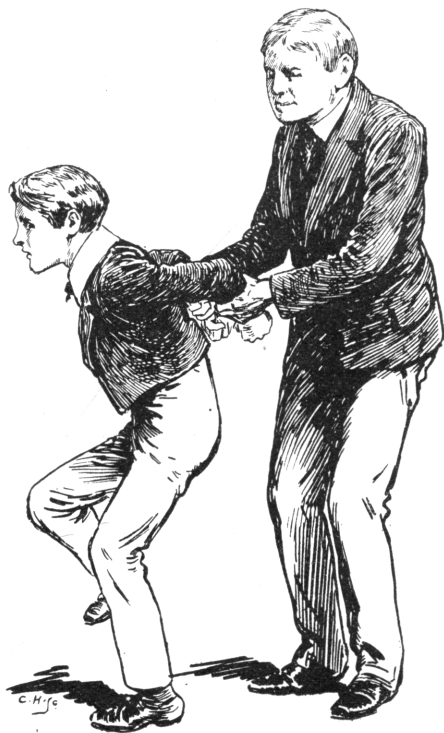
Close by is a pet boy of mine. He is smeared with ink all over. He holds his pen with his five fingers gathered together, and dips the whole right to the bottom of the inkstand, withdrawing it dripping. He sniffs ink, licks it, loves it; he would dive into it if he could. On Monday morning, fresh from home and a good Sunday scouring, he is lovely: a pair of bright eyes, sweet, yet

manly, beaming over with intelligence and mischief.

Is it possible that I am speaking of recollections now more than fifteen years old, and that I met this boy in England a few weeks ago, a captain in the artillery, a beautiful man, 6ft. high, broad-shouldered, every inch a man and a gentleman?

Not far from this charming boy is my pet aversion, the bully, not the bright, mischievous, unruly young rascal that you love, but the dull, heavy, frowning, sulky bully. This one hides from you as much as he can. He is never anxious to be asked questions. He is modest, and tries to escape notice. He hopes that if he does not disturb your peace you will not disturb his. He never shows any jealousy towards any boy who gives you right answers. His look is one of perfect indifference, and his schooldays will be remembered by the number of pants he will have worn out on school benches.

This boy is the terror of the playground,



"THE TERROR OF THE PLAYGROUND."

where he takes his revenge of the class-room. The little boys are afraid of him and have to bribe him with marbles, cakes, and chocolate into neutrality, if not into acts of kindness towards them.

There is the diffident boy who thinks that every question you ask is a "catch," and always keeps on guard. Near him is the confident one who, before he has heard the question, holds up his hand to show you he is ready to answer it. He is always helplessly wrong.

There is also the boy who spends his time trying to catch you at fault. He constantly raises objections to your statements, hoping to discover inconsistencies in them. You explain to him why he is wrong and *you* are right. He acknowledges the truth of what you say. But he is not cured. He hopes to be more fortunate next time. This boy is perhaps the most disagreeable to deal with. Your work is thankless. He can never feel sympathy for you, or gratitude for your attentions to him.

But of all the people engaged in teaching, I think the examiner is the one who gets most amusement out of the profession. His work consists in asking questions and receiving answers—especially receiving answers.

A School Board examiner once asked a class of young girls to say what coastguards were. A little girl answered: "English commerce is honest, but French commerce is not. The English Channel is infested by French pirates, and our good Queen is obliged, at her own expense, to keep men who watch all night to see that the wicked French pirates don't land while it is dark."

An examiner in the French language having

asked, in his paper, why *silence* was the only French word ending in *ence* that was of the masculine gender, received the following reply: "Because it is the only thing that women cannot keep."

I repeat it, a man with a happy disposition and a sense of humour, a man fond of children and of an observing turn of mind, may be extremely happy as a schoolmaster. And if one of the greatest sources of happiness is usefulness—and I hold it is the greatest of all—teaching will afford ample scope for satisfaction in this respect.

If you have, say, eighty boys in a class-room, you have eighty different characters to study, and it is your duty to study them all. It is interesting, and will repay you.

You owe special treatment to every one of your young patients. The disease from which they suffer, ignorance, is the same with them all, but their intellectual constitution will demand different physicks. I have known boys, declared hopeless by some masters, soon develop great abilities under the care of other masters.

You should be firm, but kind to all, discriminating, diplomatic, painstaking, and ever searching. The class-room is a hospital where cheerfulness, kindness, and devotion will perform as many wonders as cleverness and science.

If you do not think so, let me advise you never to become, or to remain, school-masters.



Gymnastics in the Army.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.



It is not too much to say that the brilliant reputation the British Army has attained throughout the world, as an efficient fighting force, is due, in great part, to the splendidly complete and scientific course of gymnastics through which every individual recruit is required to pass. True, the raw material is of the finest, but this does not obviate the necessity for careful, persistent handling and working up towards perfection.

A wholly extraordinary improvement is always noticeable in the "setting-up" of the men after they have completed the regulation course, which, by the way, extends over a period of ten weeks, with compulsory practice lasting an hour and a half every day; this, however, is often supplemented—such is the enthusiasm of the men—by the voluntary attendance of many recruits during the evening.

Virtually from his enlistment, the recruit (who commences drill at the *dépôt* of his regiment) has ample facilities given him for physical exercise in the well-appointed military gymnasium; and the fact that elaborately-fitted establishments of this kind are now also to be found at all *dépôts*, as well as at regimental head-quarters, is plain proof that the authorities are perfectly sensible of the immense importance of this part of a soldier's training.

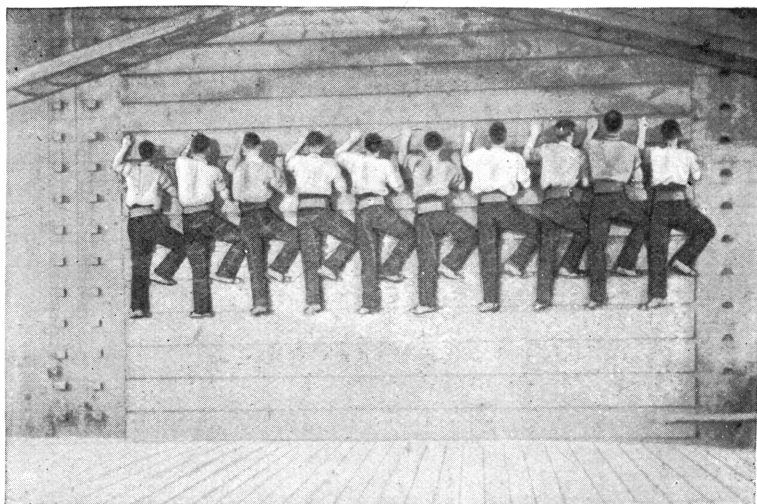
It would be difficult, indeed, to find a more complete military gymnasium than that at Parkhurst, the present station of the 2nd Scottish Rifles, lately returned from India. Here it was that I procured my photographs—faithful snapshots all—together with the necessary information, for which I am greatly indebted to the Regimental Chief Instructor, Staff - Sergeant Skinner. Perhaps

I should mention that a regular monthly inspection takes place in the gymnasium at Parkhurst.

The first reproduction in this article depicts what is known as "escalading practice," which I witnessed at the east end of the Parkhurst Gymnasium. Here we see a series of planks, 9in. wide and 1½in. thick, built on to the wall from floor to ceiling. These pitch-pine boards are placed parallel to, but at intervals from, one another, in order to admit of all the men obtaining a grip and foothold. In the picture, ten men are seen escalading this wooden wall with apparent ease, keeping perfect time with hands and feet as, by word of command, they ascend what does duty for one of the defences of an enemy.

On being permitted to glance at Staff-Sergeant Skinner's well-kept register book, I was surprised to note the amazingly regular attendance of all the men—always excepting, of course, those who were on the sick-list. The sergeant also called my attention to the measurements of the men, taken on joining the class, as compared with those registered upon their dismissal as efficient.

"We take their weights on that machine yonder," remarked the energetic, painstaking officer to me; "also the measurements of the chest, forearm, and upper arm. You will note that in every case the ultimate improvement is more or less striking. Take my last



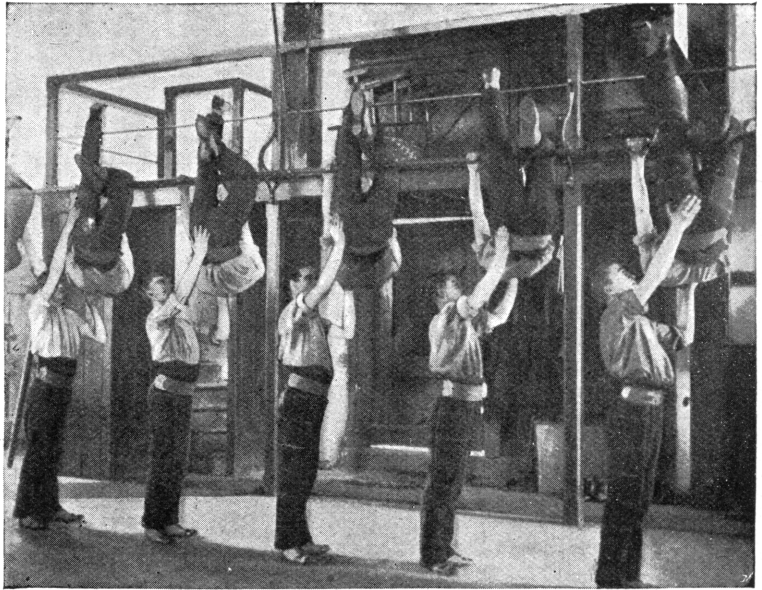
"ESCALADING" PRACTICE.

class. Here you see the increase in each individual weight was $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; chest, $1\frac{1}{4}$ in.; and forearm and upper arm, $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

"I may say, however," added the sergeant, "that this class was hardly up to the average, because, for one thing, it is exceeded by the all-round average struck at the end of the year."

During all the exercises which it was my privilege to witness, I noticed that the men were continually exhorted to keep their bodies erect and their chests thrown well forward. Immediately opposite the escalading wall, at the other end of the building, is an iron bar which extends across the entire width of the gymnasium, but of which only a section is shown in the second photograph here reproduced. In this illustration, one rank is seen assisting the other above the bar. Presently, by a movement termed "right-leg acting," which really means the swinging of that limb, together with a strong pull of the arms, the men raise themselves to a sitting posture on the bar.

I was fortunate enough to see the Parkhurst men go through many picturesque

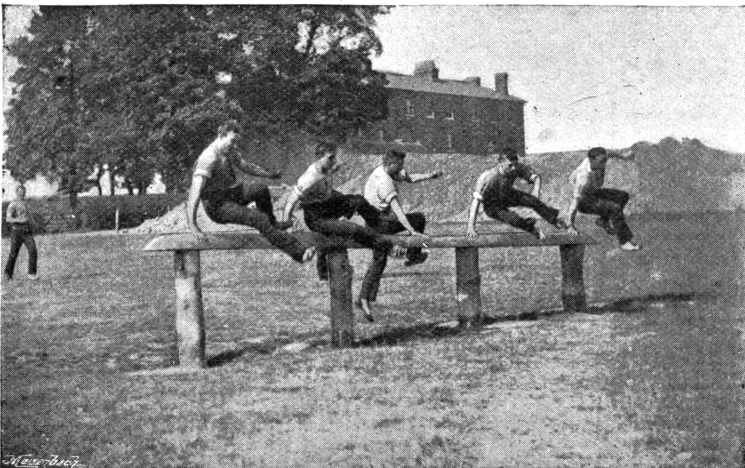


"RIGHT-LEG ACTING" ON THE BAR.

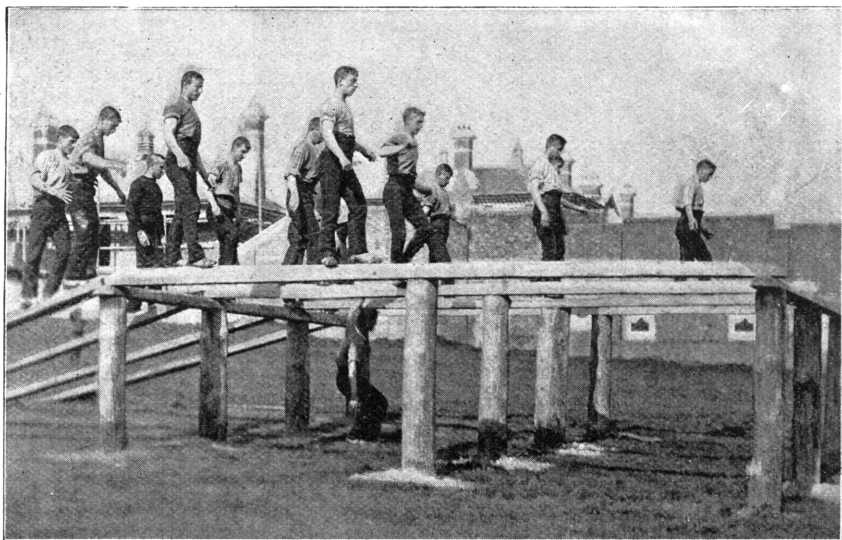
manceuvres, beginning with the simplest exercises upon the parallel bars and going on through dumb-bell and Swedish drill to jumping, obstacle climbing, escalading, and lastly, bayonet "attack and defence" practice.

At the back of the gymnasium at this place is a very large drill-field, and here Sergeant Skinner has lately been furnished with a series of "obstacles," more or less difficult of negotiation, and altogether constituting a very novel and desirable addition to the more ordinary apparatus within the building itself. The first of these consists of the half of a tree-

trunk, placed horizontally about 3 ft. from the ground, and this the men are required to clear without touching. In the next illustration given the men are seen negotiating a similarly constructed obstacle, fixed about 4 ft. 6 in. above the ground. It will be seen that in this instance they are allowed to use one hand, and have a run of about 30 yards. The man at the far end of this



NEGOTIATING THE FIRST OBSTACLE.



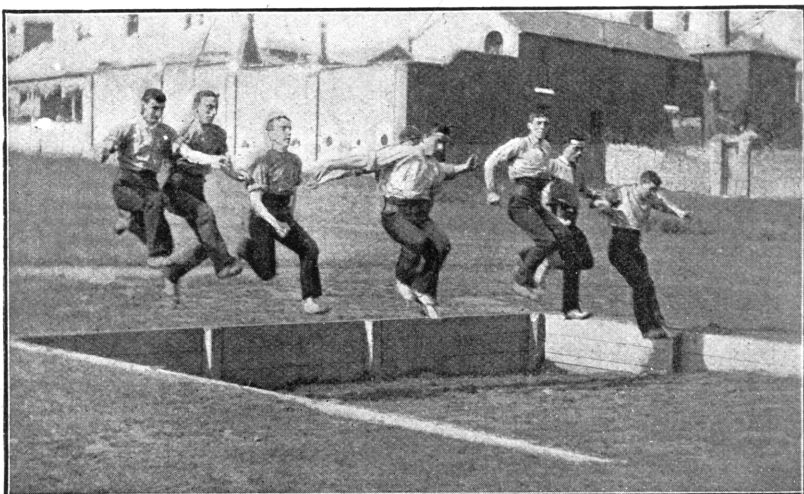
ANXIOUS MOMENTS—CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

obstacle is a recruit of whom great things may be expected. He ran with the rest, but made carefully for the far end of the obstacle, where he placed his right hand and then vaulted easily over something like four feet of wintry atmosphere. Behind will be seen a belated individual who probably came to grief over the first tree-trunk.

Still advancing, the panting pupils are presently confronted by the bridge-like structure shown in this picture. There is a bit of the tight-rope business about this, and for some of the men it becomes a veritable *pons asinorum*. As a fact, the men have to walk across on split tree-trunks, of which the convex barkless part is uppermost. When I took this photograph these recruits had already received four weeks' training, and yet their frantic endeavours to accomplish this slippery peregrination reminded me forcibly of the scene on certain festive occasions when eager rustics

attempted to negotiate a horizontal greasy pole, in the hope of winning an indifferent joint, or a purse containing a wholly inadequate sum. In this illustration it will be seen that one recruit has fallen through—gone under, in fact; yet his fellows are so intent on looking after themselves that no hand is outstretched to help the man below, who, no doubt, is wondering where he is, and how he got there. Wherein is a moral which need not be dwelt upon here.

Now consider attentively the next photograph reproduced in this article. The brave fellows have left behind them what we may call the recruits' Rubicon, and have advanced



THE WATERLESS WATER-JUMP.



SCALING THE WALL.

firmly, though in sadly depleted numbers, towards the next obstacle, a realistic water-jump, lacking only water. Again, note the scramble for the far end. It is very questionable, indeed, whether these energetic fellows would come on with such a show of energy if it were possible to get a dismal ducking in the event of a short jump. However, they cleared the thing in grand form, and advanced as one man upon the last and most formidable obstacle, which is shown in the accompanying illustration. This represents a solid wall rather more than 8ft. in height, and with no foothold worth mentioning. In the photograph the right files of the squad are being helped up by their comrades below, and

then, on being pretty firmly established on the top, they extend a strong helping hand to the left files below. The expression, "a strong helping hand," is mild and euphonious. I regret to say that that same hand is almost invariably applied to the scruff of the neck of the man who is to be helped up. Naturally, then, there is considerable competition as to who shall be first to sit astride the wall, for clearly it is not a pleasant thing to be dragged up by the neck, or even by the hair, on to a wall 8ft. high.

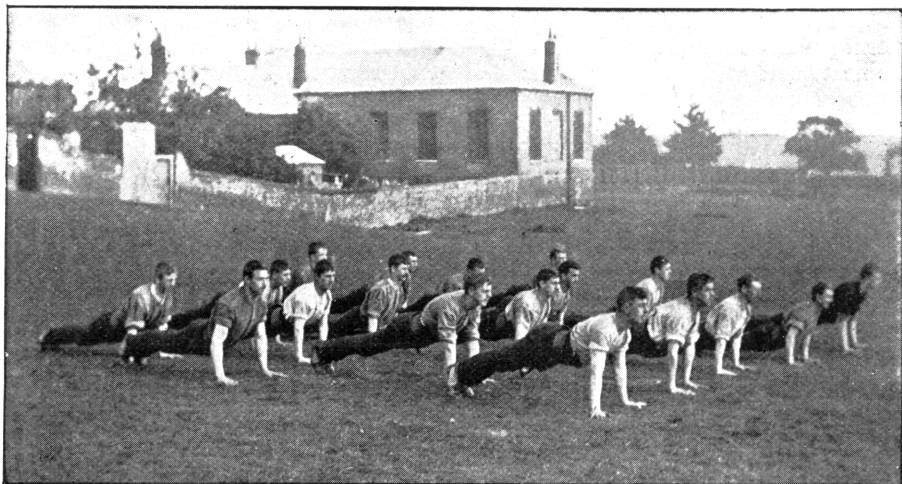
"Facilis Descensus." This picture shows all the recruits leaping down the other side of the last obstacle with evident relish. Of course, the only thing to be avoided in this case is reaching the ground too soon, when, probably, a



THE RIGHT FILES HELPING UP THEIR COMRADES.



SWARMING INTO THE ENEMY'S POSITION.



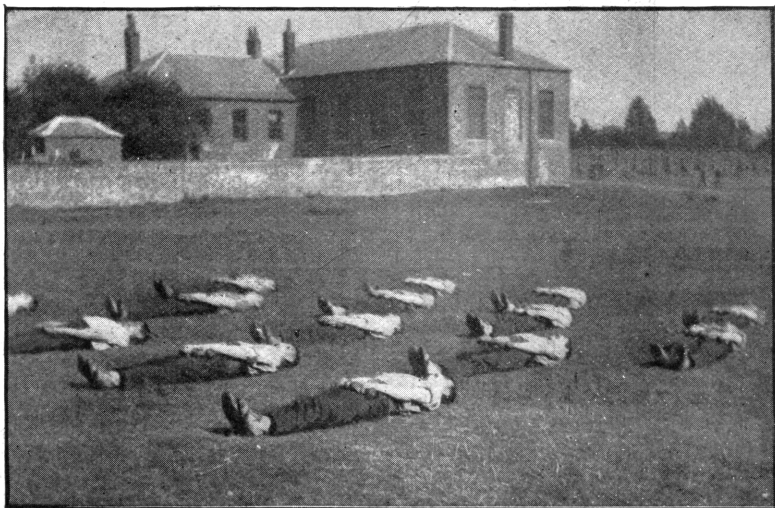
EXERCISE FOR STRENGTHENING THE ARMS.

companion will incontinently descend upon your neck. The men are now supposed to have entered, after a series of vicissitudes and more or less exciting adventures, into a thoroughly well-protected position; and a more practical piece of work than the whole of this obstacle business could not possibly be devised as a part of the recruit's instruction.

After a brief rest, the full squad went through the dumb-bell exercises, this being the merest child's play after the "up hill and down dale" career they had just completed. The standing exercises with dumb-bells held in each hand are mainly designed to strengthen the recruit's arms. These are very varied, but I imagine it would be difficult to arrange any exercise better calculated to strengthen the arms than the one shown in the next reproduction. The men all appear to be looking anxiously ahead, probably awaiting the command to assume another posture; for this kind of thing is not pleasant, especially if the man in front extends himself at great length and places his feet upon the

hands of the recruit behind him. It is equally obvious that the most advantageous position during these exercises — as also during a real, lively battle — is in the rear rank.

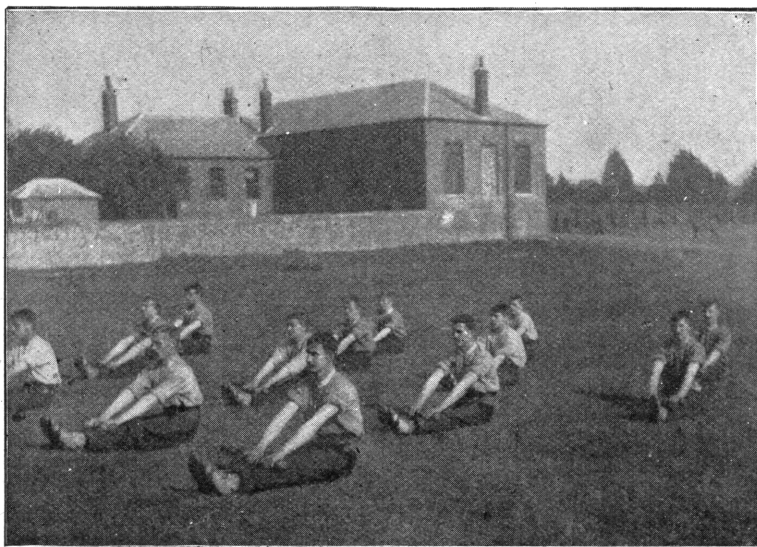
In the next illustration the recruits are laid out as dead men. They are very much alive, however, and are provided with dumb-bells, which, while in this prostrate position, they manipulate in such a way as to strengthen the stomach. Here, again, there is some risk of the dumb-bell slipping from the grasp of one man and alighting upon the nose of his fellow. It is an interesting fact, too, by the way, that the powers that be are indebted to that renowned "strong man," Sandow, for their present system of dumb-bell exercise. For it is well known that Sandow's really



PROSTRATE DUMB-BELL EXERCISE.

enormous strength was mainly developed by persistent practice with these weights.

The next photograph depicts the men in a sitting posture, manipulating the dumb-bells



EXERCISE FOR STRENGTHENING THE BACK.

in such a way as to strengthen the muscles of the back. The Swedish drill, with its endless variety of exercises, is now compulsory at least twice a week, since it works beneficially all the muscles of the body. Some of these positions are so quaint and so picturesque

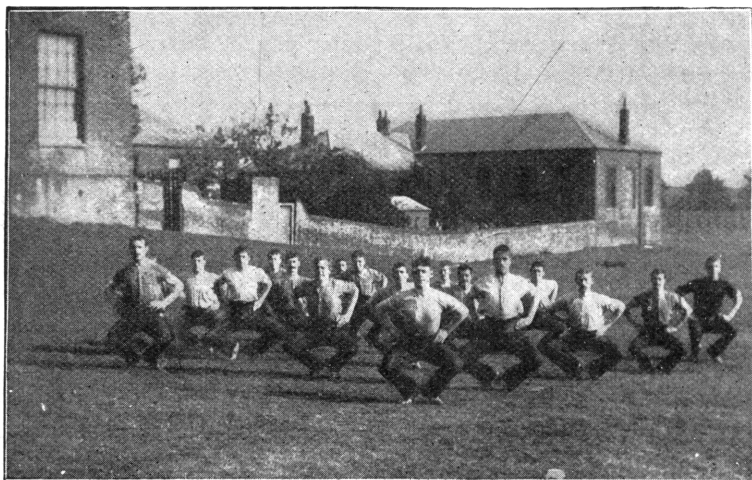
my photographs is quaint, even if it is not picturesque. The men are not performing a grotesque dance, they are merely going through an exercise for bending and stretching the legs.

Having completed for me the last exercise, the men retired to prepare for the bayonet practice; and they presently reappeared attired in grotesque costumes, much to the delight of the small fry from the "married quarters."

For in order to obviate all possibility of accident to the recruits, their heads are encased in a large and very strong wire-fronted mask; the body is protected by a well-padded canvas

jacket, and stout gauntlets are also worn. Moreover, large safety buttons are affixed to the points of the weapons.

I will not stay to dwell upon the bayonet practice, which must be familiar to almost every reader; rather will I pass to the more



EXERCISE FOR BENDING AND STRETCHING THE RECRUIT'S LEGS.

that I can only regret the limit on my space which prevents the insertion of many other interesting pictures.

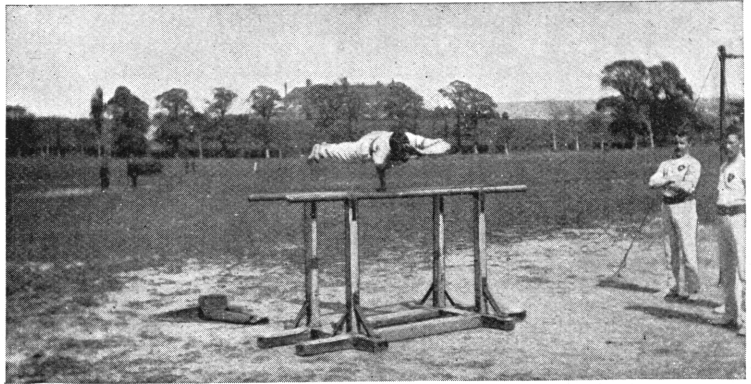
Now the above reproduction from one of

ornate and difficult feats performed by the gymnasts at Parkhurst—where, although having only one regiment on which to draw for crack athletes, I witnessed an exhibition

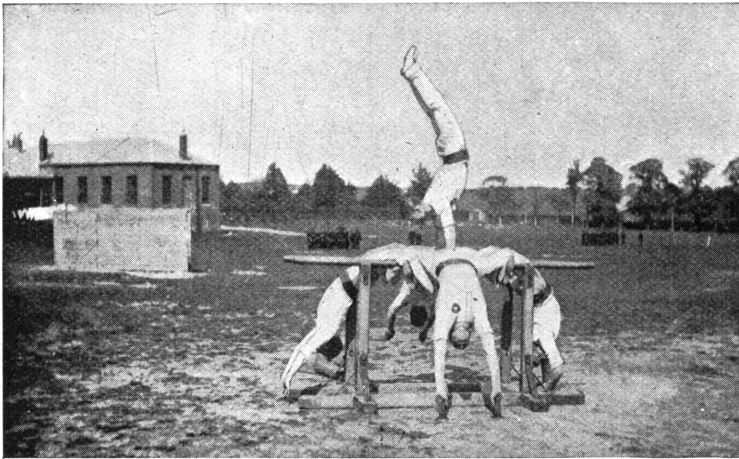
which could not be surpassed, even at Aldershot.

The accompanying illustration shows in progress a very difficult feat known as "the one-armed plant." This is performed on the parallel bars, and I need hardly say it is only accomplished by the few.

Next is shown a



THE "ONE-ARMED PLANT."



A "FOUNTAIN" GROUP.

very effective "fountain group," also formed on the parallel bars. This sort of thing is

placed ready for the reception of the gallant sergeant on his return to *terra-firma*.

obviously calculated to strengthen and harden the muscles, to induce suppleness, and to inspire the men with confidence in themselves.

In the last picture my genial informer, Staff-Sergeant Skinner, is seen leaving the horizontal bar by a back somersault. It would also be a thoroughly expeditious way of leaving this life, were it not for the stout mattresses that are



LEAVING THE HORIZONTAL BAR BY A BACK SOMERSAULT.

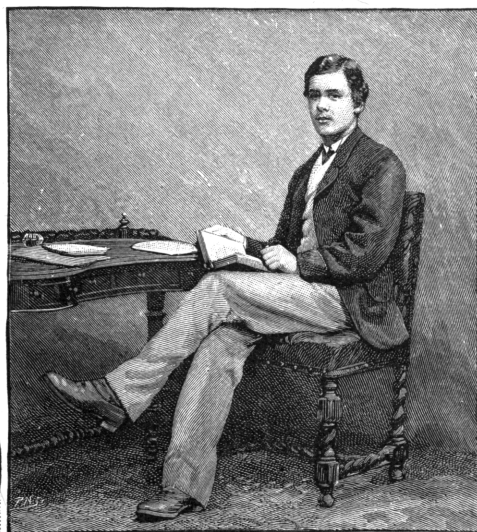
Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

LORD ELGIN, LL.D.,
G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E.

BORN 1849.



CTOR ALEX-
ANDER BRUCE,
ninth Earl of
Elgin and Kin-
cardine, Gover-
nor-General of India,



AGE 19.
*From a Photo. by
Hills & Saunders, Eton.*

First Treasurer of the Household and First Commissioner of Works in Mr. Gladstone's third Administration in 1886. He is a University Commissioner of Scotland, and Lord Lieutenant of Fife. He was appointed Governor-General of India in 1893, and on January 27th, 1894, assumed office as Viceroy. Lord

Elgin is the grandson of the Earl of Elgin whose name will for ever be linked with his discoveries of ancient marbles, to which reference is made in our article on "The Romance of the Museums." Lord Elgin's health has given considerable anxiety to his friends lately, and his medical advisers have ordered him away from Bombay for a time, when it is hoped that a change of climate will soon restore him to his former excellent health.



AGE 21.
*From a Photo. by
Hills & Saunders,
Eton.*



AGE 30.
*From a Photo. by
John Edwards,
Hyde Park Corner.*

*From a Photo. by
J. Thomson,
Grosvenor Street.*



Governor-General of India in 1862-3. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree in 1877. The University of St. Andrews conferred the LL.D. degree upon him in 1886. He was

LL.D., G.M.S.I.,
G.M.I.E., suc-
ceeded his father
in 1863, who was
Viceroy and



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Bourne & Shey, Simla



AGE 10.
From a Photo. by The London School of Photography.

DR. JAMESON, C.B.

BORN 1853.



R. LEANDER STARR JAMESON, C.B., of South African fame, was educated for the medical profession.

In the early seventies he reached the diamond fields, and quickly



From a Photo. by] AGE 20. [Elliott & Fry.

acquired a high professional reputation. "Camp fever" was prevalent, and Dr. Jameson proved most successful in his treatment of it. When about to return to

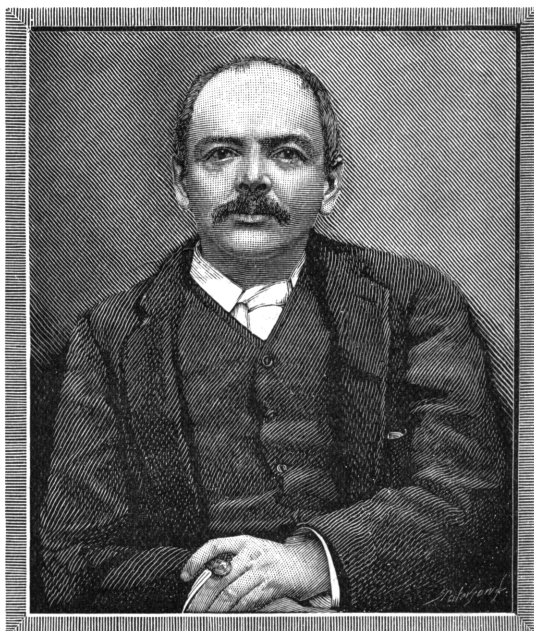
Vol. xi.—39.

Scotland Dr. Jameson was persuaded by Mr. Cecil Rhodes to enter the service of the Chartered Company. He was at the head of affairs in Mashonaland during the Matabele campaign. When the raids of the Matabele had become intolerable, he was asked to



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [J. Trim, South Africa.

"settle once for all the Matabele question," and when the enemy fired on the white police near Fort Victoria, he was ordered by the High Commissioner to take all the necessary steps for the protection of the interests and lives of those under his command. Dr. Jameson was made a C.B. in 1894. His recent action in the Transvaal gives these portraits a peculiar interest.



From a]

PRESENT DAY.

[Photograph.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.
POET LAUREATE. BORN 1835.



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [Window & Bridge.



ALFRED AUSTIN, poet, critic, and journalist, took his degree at the University of London in 1853, and in 1857 was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. But the publication, though anonymously, of a poem called "Randolph," at the age of eighteen,



From a Photo. by] AGE 36. [Montabone.

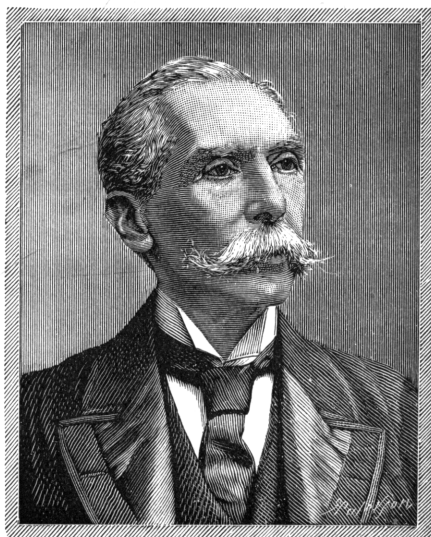
showed the bent of his disposition to devote his life mainly to literature. In 1861 he quitted the Northern Circuit and went to Italy. His first acknowledged volume of verse, "The Season: a Satire," appeared in

1861. His other poetical productions are: "The Human Tragedy: a Poem," 1862; "The Golden Age: a Satire," 1871; "Interludes," 1872; "The Tower of Babel," a drama, 1874; "Savonarola," a tragedy, 1881; "At the Gate of the Convent," "Love's



From a Photo. by] AGE 45. [Garraatt.

Widowhood, and Other Poems," "Prince Lucifer," and "English Lyrics," all published between the years 1881 and 1890. He has produced three novels, and has written much for the *Standard* and for the *Quarterly Review*, while his political writings are well known. In 1892, Messrs. Macmillan issued a collected edition of his poems, since which time they have published "Fortunatus the Pessimist," "England's Darling, and Other Poems," and a prose work, entitled "The Garden that I Love." Mr. Austin was appointed Poet Laureate in January of this year.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Russell & Sons.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 3.

[Falk, New York.

ZELIE DE LUSSAN.



MLE. ZELIE DE LUSSAN is not only a singer of the first rank, with a voice full of feeling, but she is an admirable actress. Although born and bred in New York, both

her parents are French. To her mother,

Madame Eugénie de Lussan, she owes her lyric talent and education. She came to London in 1888, and sang the part of *Carmen* at Covent Garden, and with such success that she was at once engaged for the coming season. In 1889, she made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Colonel Mapleson's management, as *Marguerite*. The beauty of her voice, the charm of her acting, together with her youth and good looks, at once made her a favourite with the British public. Over 500 times has she played



From a]

AGE 12.

[Photograph.



AGE 17.

From a Photo. by Rockwood, New York.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Anne Dupont, New York.

Carmen, in English, French, and Italian. Mlle. de Lussan has had the honour of appearing in opera before Her Majesty at Balmoral and Windsor Castle as *Marie*, in "The Daughter of the Regiment"; Dec. 3rd, 1892, as *Carmen*, and again in 1893, as *Zerlina* in "Fra Diavolo." At the time of writing, Mlle. de Lussan delights the select spectators who patronize the Carl Rosa Company at Daly's matinées.

The Palaces and Stables of the German Emperor

I.—THE PALACES.

BY MARY SPENCER-WARREN.

THEIR Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Germany have graciously given me special permission to see their various palaces on behalf of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE; and as nearly everyone is interested in the son and daughter-in-law of our Princess Royal, some account of their home may be welcome.

When, owing to the untimely death of the Emperor Frederick, the Crown Prince William ascended the throne, various and conflicting were the prognostications as to the course he would pursue and the future of his country. All this is fresh in most memories, and you know just how these prophecies have been fulfilled. Germany is still at peace, and however much of a martinet the Emperor is with his troops, he has not yet sent them offensively into his neighbour's country.

He is certainly every inch of a soldier himself, and though I have seen him many times, yet only on one occasion has he been out of regimentals. In spite of the weakness of one arm, he makes a fine figure on horseback, riding always animals specially trained to answer to knee pressure, as one hand is, of course, generally wanted for carrying his sword. He rides extremely well; swims and fences; is a first-rate yachtsman; and is, indeed, an adept in most outdoor exercises. Plain living suits him best, his tastes in that direction being altogether simple. One of his hobbies—and he has several—is collecting autographs. Another is music. He sings, and plays the violin, which in-

strument he learned, when away from home, to surprise and please his father. Some of his compositions are in print; notably a song which was lately given at a Berlin concert, and which has been much written of. Another of his hobbies is being photographed; and it is said he has a keen eye for position.

The Empress is tall, fair, and healthy-looking, with a very kind aspect that insensibly attracts those with whom she comes in contact. Though domesticated, fond of home life, and a devoted mother, she is none the less an Empress, and can fully enter into all State and political affairs, possessing a tentative memory and a quick perception. At the same time,



THE THREE SONS SALUTING THEIR EMPEROR AND FATHER.
From a Photo. by Arthur Junger, Berlin.

Her Majesty prefers to leave these questions to those who make it their business.

The children—six boys and one girl—have all nice faces, and the eldest ones are reputed to be clever in their studies. Three of them are nearly always in uniform, and it is good to see them exercising with their regiment.

The Crown Prince is gifted in a more than ordinary manner, is a good musician and linguist, and quite as enthusiastic a soldier as is his Imperial father.

I have journeyed to Berlin, and am wending my way along the famous Unter den Linden, a place of many palaces. Indeed, so numerous are they, that I find some must be altogether omitted, and others must be only briefly mentioned. Taking them as I come to them, the palace of the late Emperor William I. is first, situated on the right-hand side of the famous thoroughfare above named.

This palace is of a comparative modern date, being erected from 1834-1836. It is small and plain-looking, with a freestone exterior, a portico entrance supported by plain columns; the side exterior having a balcony resting on four columns. Looking at the front, the end window on the left of the portico is the famous historical one, where the Emperor was in the habit of daily taking up his position, to watch the troops as they marched to and from barracks and guard-house in the vicinity; and in this room he habitually sat engaged in State and other business.

Now I go to the principal room of the palace, namely, the one I have pointed out to you on the exterior view. To attempt anything like a description of the contents of this apartment would be altogether impossible, so crowded is it with articles of every fashion. Many, without



From a Photo. by]

THE KAISER AND HIS FAMILY.

[Carl Brack & Keller, Berlin.

doubt, have been presents from personages of celebrity, for they are very costly and beautiful. The walls, covered in blue, are hung with a fine collection of oil paintings and portraits of Royalties. Very evidently the warlike Emperor was something more than a soldier: the paintings which he had gathered round him speak the cultivated artist. Some of the portraits are, of course, members of the German Imperial family, prominent and chief amongst them being the two or three of the Empress Augusta, taken at different periods of her life. Here is the late Kaiser's chair in front of the writing-table where he spent so many busy hours. On it lie the pens, paperweights, paper-knives, etc., which he had used, left just as they were when he last got up from the chair. At the back of the table stands a marble bust of Frederick the Great, the predecessor he had so much admired, and had perhaps insensibly copied. These



CROWN PRINCE (WILLIAM).
From a Photo. by Selle & Kuntze, Potsdam.

two Emperors have formed conspicuous figures in German history, each having done more than any other ruler to advance the interests and welfare of the country and the people over whom they reigned. Marble busts are in all directions of the room, as well as bronze military figures. In one corner, in a stand, is a collection of walking-sticks used by the Emperor; on a table is seen his Bible and Church Service; here are albums full of portraits, also a large number of the latter in various positions on every table and inserted in screens. There are many vases and candelabra of exquisitely carved marble, also several beautiful mar-

ble and bronze timepieces of delicate workmanship. The principal furniture of the room is carved, and upholstered in blue. I noticed as I stood at the window from which the Emperor daily looked out, how the carpet was worn just in the one place which he had occupied; and standing here, one cannot help



From a Photo. by]

PALACE OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM--BERLIN.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.



From a Photo. by]

THE EMPEROR'S ROOM—BERLIN.

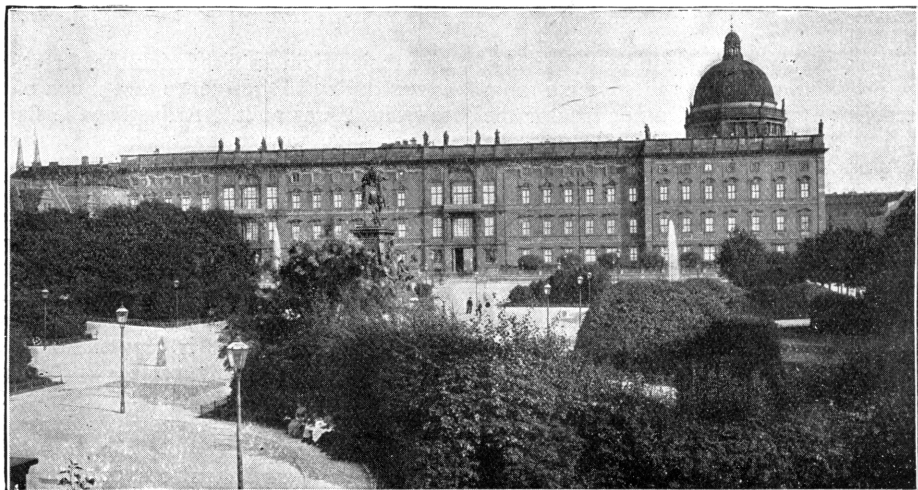
[Mary Spencer-Warren.

recalling the time just previous to his death ; how, up to the last, when he could no longer stand, he sat at this window, watching as usual his troops defile past, and the thousands of people who came silently up just to gaze—many of them for the last time—upon the Emperor they so much revered, and then went away again as silently as they came. The whole place is full of reminiscences of a mournful period in the history of the country.

Leaving this palace, and passing that of

the Empress Frederick, we come to the old palace in the Lustgarten. This is a magnificent pile of buildings, in the form of a rectangle, between 600ft. and 700ft. in length, and about 400ft. in depth ; it is four stories high, with a large dome about 230ft. in height.

One of the most beautiful of its rooms perhaps is the "Ritter-saal," or old Throne Room, the rococo embellishments of which are gorgeous in the extreme. The ceiling is by Wenzel, the reliefs, consisting of



From a Photo. by]

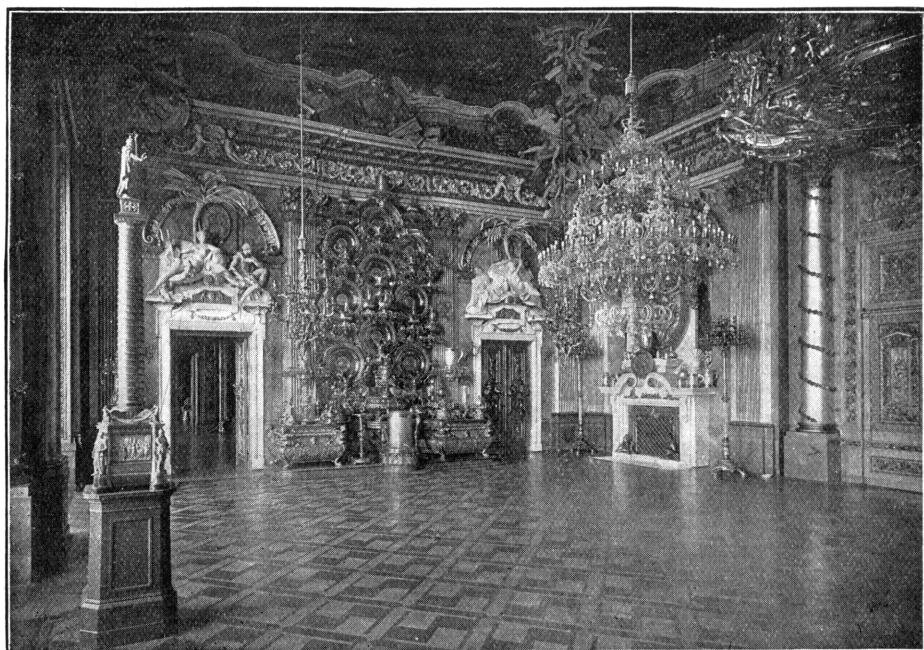
EXTERIOR OF OLD SCHLOSS—BERLIN.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.

allegorical groups of the four quarters of the globe—which are over the side doors—are by Schlüter. The centre door has over it some very beautiful carving which must not be omitted. Above it is a gallery which was formerly of solid silver. From the ceiling depends a large chandelier of pure rock crystal brought hither from the Reichstag Room at Worms. Beneath this chandelier, then, Luther had formerly stood. At one end of the room stands a large State sideboard made in Augsburg. It is profusely decorated, and has on it a quantity of massive

case, are some boxes for guests and musicians respectively; under one arcade is a beautiful Carrara marble statue by Rauch, and in the vaulting you will note allegorical figures relating to the original Prussian provinces. Around the room are twelve pedestals, carrying marble busts of the Brandenburg Electors.

The palaces of Potsdam have been built more especially for summer residences of the reigning Sovereigns. Potsdam itself lies some considerable distance from the capital, and thither I take train early one morning. There are several palaces, some of which



From a Photo. by]

"RITTER-SAAL," OR THRONE ROOM—OLD SCHLOSS.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.

plate, glass, tankards, and candlesticks; also a large drinking cup from the smoking-room of Frederick William I. On one side of the accompanying photograph you will notice a tall column some 8ft. in height, mounted on a granite pedestal; the monument is of pure silver, and was presented by the officers of the Army and Navy to the Emperor William in 1867, being the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the Army.

The White Saloon is said to "be the largest and most beautiful in the whole palace. It is used for the most important of the Court festivals and at the opening of the Reichstag; nearly 3,000 candles light up its beauties; the dimensions of it are 82ft. by 50ft.—40ft. in height. It has two arcades; at one side of it, and approached by a stair-

owe their origin to Frederick the Great, and it was during his residence that much of the town itself was built. Arrived at the station, I make my way to the palace, Sans-Souci. The approach to this is picturesque in the extreme; it is situated on a lofty height approached by avenues and winding paths, which culminate at the great fountain, with its large basin, having twelve statuary figures surrounding it. This palace was erected in the year 1745, from plans made by Frederick the Great himself. It is reputed to be one of the most interesting palaces in Germany. Here he spent very much of his time, and here he died. As you know, Frederick the Great was something more than a soldier; and in the German palaces one frequently comes across evidences of his various talents.



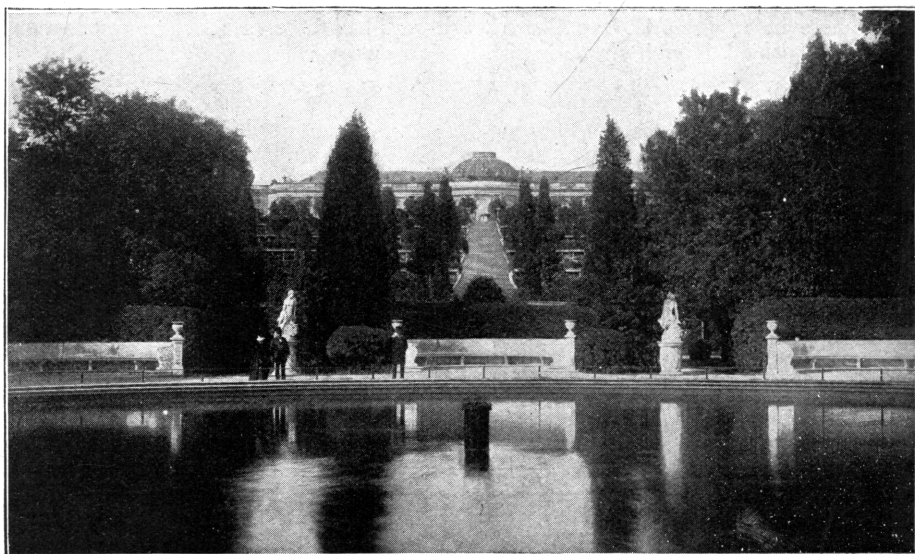
From a Photo. by]

THE WHITE SALOON—OLD SCHLOSS.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.

One of these talents, and a conspicuous one, was music. In his music-room stands the old spinet on which he used to play; near it being a tortoise-shell music-stand, on it being a piece of music which he had written himself, set for the flute. On the other side of the room still stands a box in green and gold relief, which he used to keep his music in.

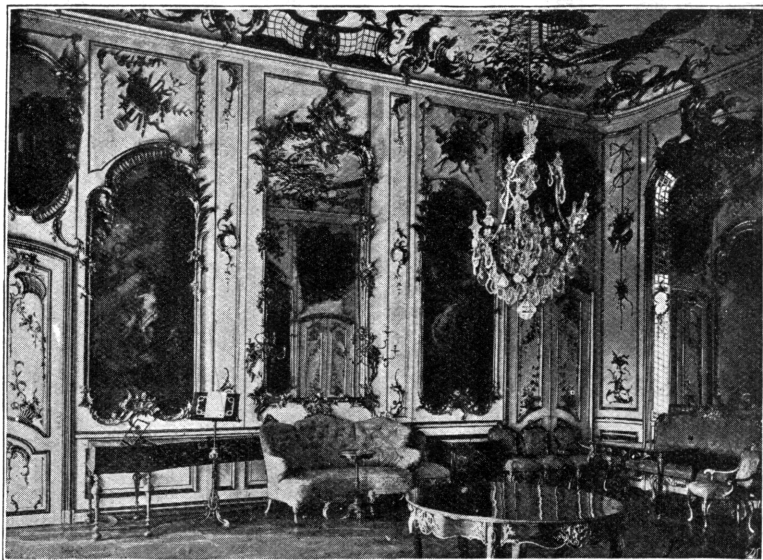
Another interesting article in the room is a clock, which he had always been particular about winding up himself: this clock, it is said, stopped at the exact moment at which he died. The room is capacious, has a very good artistic ceiling, with paintings of flowers, fruit, birds, animals, etc., with cherubs and wreaths in gold relief. On the walls are also



From a Photo. by]

THE PALACE OF SANS-SOUCI, WITH TERRACES AND STEPS.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.



THE MUSIC-ROOM OF FREDERICK THE GREAT—SANS-SOUCI.
From a Photo. by Mary Spencer-Warren.

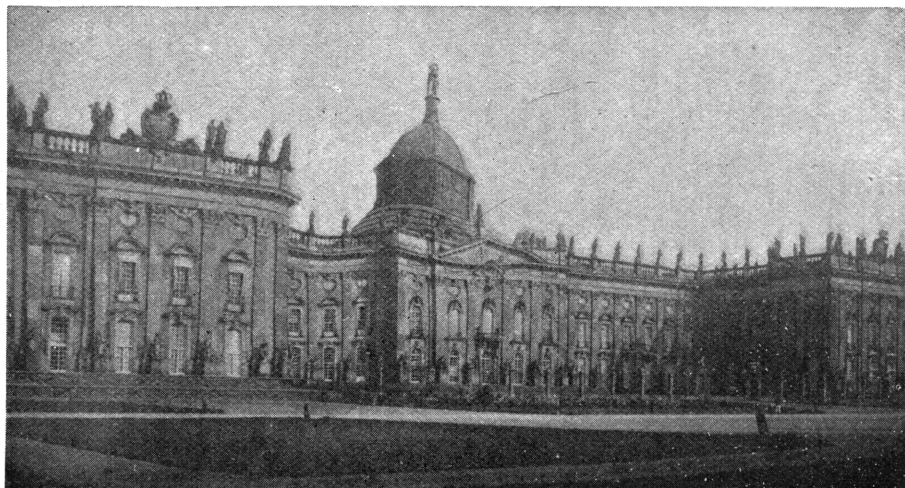
some fine panel paintings, set in gilded frames. Curtains and upholstery are all in blue silk : the ornaments and vases are many of them Sèvres. Cabinets and tables are antique, some with mosaic tops.

The New Palace is barely a mile away : it was founded by Frederick after the Seven Years' War, and cost him no less than £750,000. During the summer months the Emperor and Empress are much in residence here.

Then there is the Marble Palace, which was erected by Frederick William II., who also died here in 1797. Also the Château of Babelsberg, which is quite an English-

the leafy woods and along the country roads, practically unattended. This, indeed, is their invariable habit quite early in the morning, returning the one to State duties, the other to her children—for the German Empress is above all things a model mother, and I heard a story of how a dress with a magnificent train was once shown the Emperor when he visited some famous emporium, with a suggestion that he should purchase it for Her Majesty.

"No," was his answer ; "that train would get torn to pieces in no time, for my wife always has three or four youngsters clinging to her skirts."



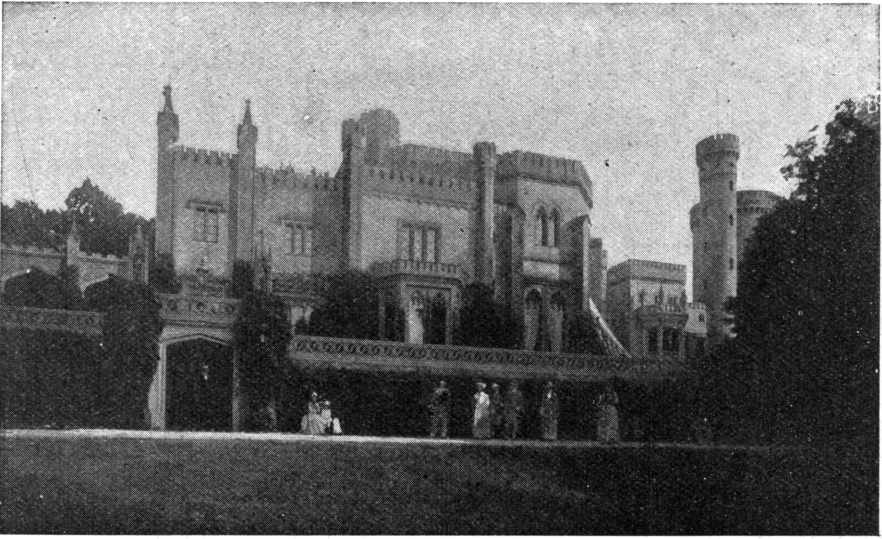
From a Photo. by]

THE NEW PALACE—POTSDAM.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.

looking Gothic building; this was a favourite residence of the late Emperor William I., and here may be seen many memorials of his battles.

All of these Potsdam palaces are most charmingly situated; near enough to Berlin to be able to go readily to and fro, but far enough away for seclusion and pure country air. It is quite a usual thing for the Emperor and Empress to be seen riding out, through



From a Photo. by]

BABELSBERG.

[Mary Spencer-Warren.

II.—THE STABLES.

BY CHARLES S. PELHAM-CLINTON.



THE Royal stables at Berlin are situated about a hundred yards from the palace in the Brieite Strasse, and are of considerable antiquity, some parts of the buildings being as many as 300 years old. Everything is directly under the actual supervision of the Master of the Horse, Count Vedel, to whose kindness I owe all the information given me.

At right angles to the main building are the stables wherein the black stallions that are in daily use are kept. No mares are used here at all, only stallions, the mares being all kept at Potsdam. They are bred at Trakehnen, close to the Russian frontier, and the race is now almost pure. Several hundreds are bred each year, and the best weeded out for the Royal service, those not required being sold; the stallions, however, are converted into geldings before being sold, the idea, I suppose, being to keep the breed rather scarce.

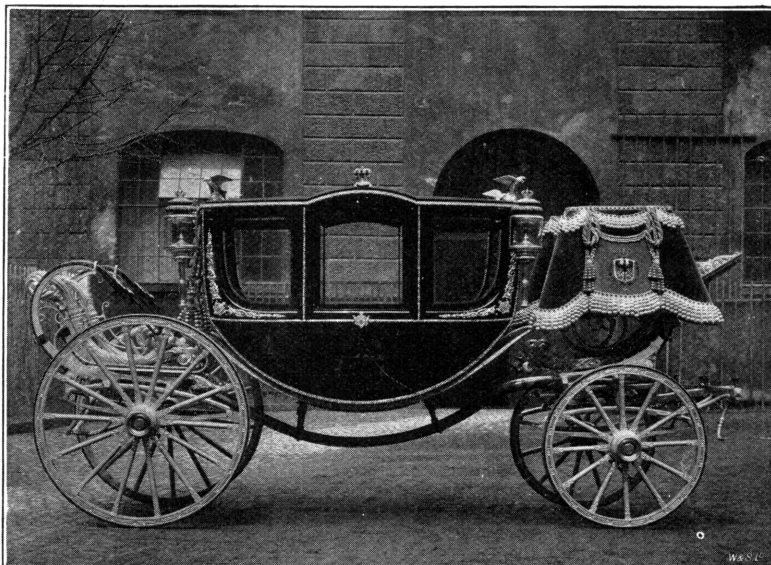
They are an active breed of horse, showing a good deal of quality, but not much size; still, they are quite large enough for what is wanted of them, and big enough not to be dwarfed by the gala carriages. The uniformity of colour is undoubtedly good, and the black, glossy coats set off the silver-mounted harness. As a rule these black stallions have not got extraordinary action, but they pick their feet up nicely, and can

go a rare pace, besides being able to keep it up for a journey.

The first stable has eight-and-twenty stalls and two boxes, and is paved with brick. The top part of the walls is tiled with neat white and blue tiles, and above each horse is the name of sire and dam and the place where it was bred, with the height and also the year when foaled.

The night clothing consists of ordinary striped rugs, and the day clothing of dark blue edged with yellow and red. Each rug has a crown at the corners in red and the initials W.W., and a red and gold crown tops each pillar. The stablemen's livery is very neat, and when "stables" are over and everything cleaned up, they turn out in a plain red jacket and white apron over their cord breeches.

The next stable is really a continuation of the first, and runs the entire length of the courtyard, containing in all forty-six stalls. Most of these are filled with black stallions, but at the further end are whites, that are only used by the Emperor himself, and a very good-looking lot they are, with good carriage, plenty of quality, and excellent style. They are sixteen in number, and are bred in Trakehnen. On all occasions of State the Emperor uses these whites, and no one else is permitted to employ them. The next stable faces the first, and is of the same size. In it are more blacks, and a few bays that are used for luggage and station work.



WEDDING PRESENT TO THE EMPEROR, NOW USED AS GALA CARRIAGE.
From a Photo. by Charles Pelham-Clinton.

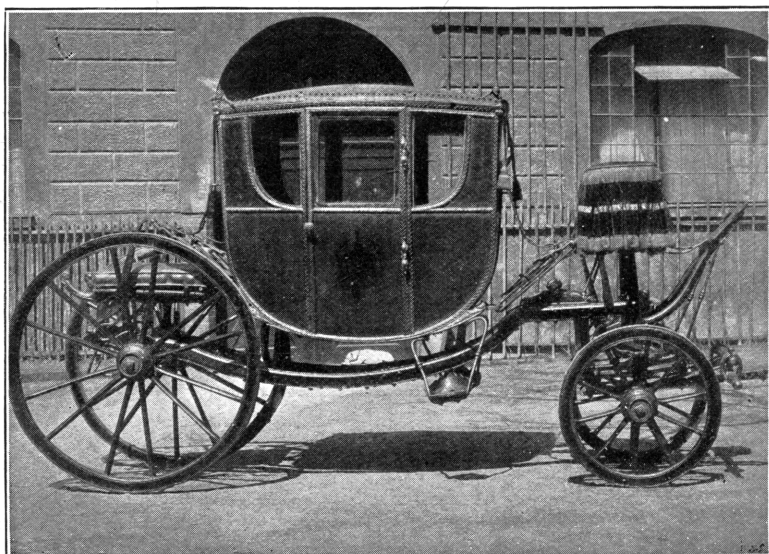
The gala or State carriages are about a dozen in number, and are rich and handsome.

The first one shown me was presented to the Emperor, on the occasion of his marriage, by the Emperor Wilhelm I., and is a very graceful and handsome vehicle. It is painted dark blue with pale yellow wheels, picked out with silver and handsomely carved. The main carriage is dark blue, and so is the body, relieved by silver scroll-work, and it is lined with white satin. The box seat is high, and the hammer-cloth is of blue cloth and silver, very handsome and effective; at the four corners are four silver eagles, and above each door is a silver crown. The silver lamps are all four surmounted by crowns, and the carriage is now used at all ordinary State occasions as the State carriage, but on such State occasions as a Royal wedding or coronation the State coach is used.

The next carriage that came under notice was that of Frederick the Great, built in 1701, a very curious and interesting relic of a man who helped largely to make history. It is plain and simple, the top being gilt, with an ormolu rim around it: at the four corners hang four red tassels, and the hammer-cloth is of red velvet and silver, now, of course, much tarnished. The sides are, or rather

were, gilt, and have the arms of Prussia on each door and at the back. The under carriage, joined by two beams, is plain red, picked out with a gold line, and the wheels are without any carving, and painted red, picked out with gold. The door opens, as was the fashion in those days, the opposite way to the present fashion, and the lining of red velvet is in perfect preservation, though a good deal faded.

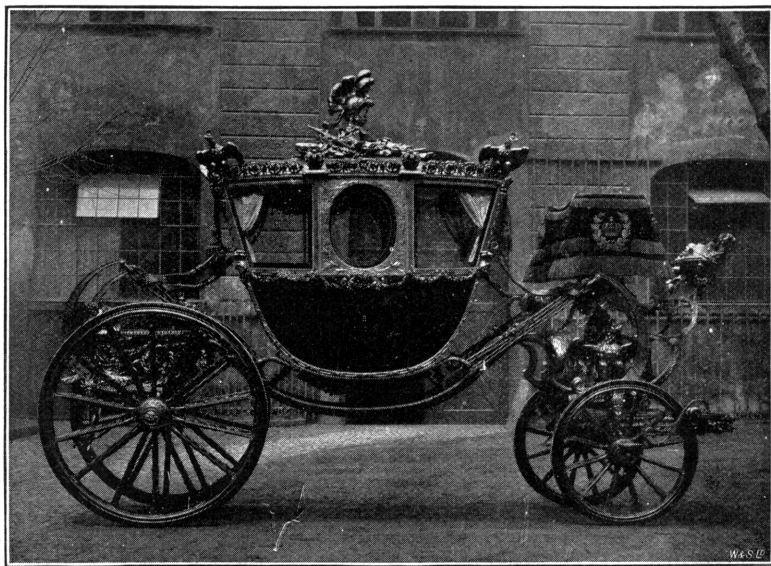
Very much more ornate and gorgeous is the State coach built at Strasbourg in 1781,



From a Photo. by

FREDERICK THE GREAT'S CARRIAGE.

[C. Pelham-Clinton.]



From a Photo. by]

THE GRAND GALA CARRIAGE.

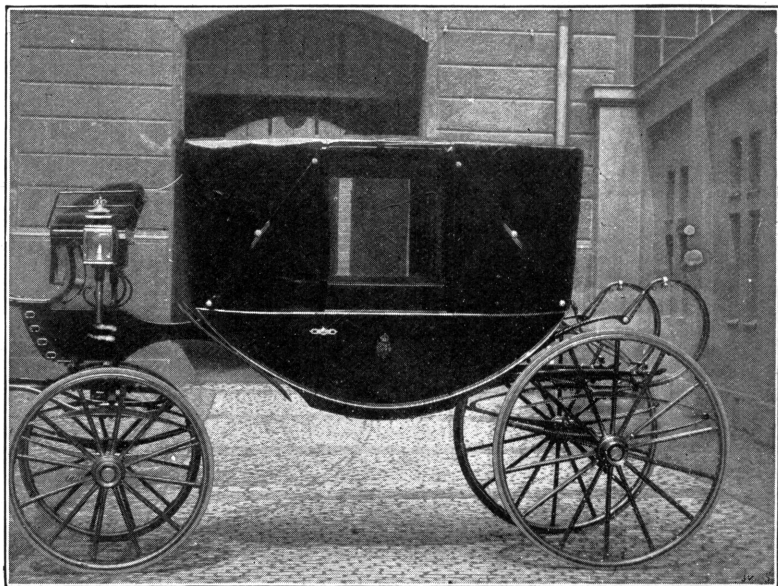
[C. Pelham-Clinton.

corners of the top are gilded Prussian eagles. The top is very handsome, having a gilded metal scroll-work around the outside, with four crowns at the corners above the centre windows, while a carved helmet and feathers resting on a spear-head, a sword and laurel leaves, occupy the centre, the whole being gilded. It has no brake or skid of any kind, the wheelers having to do all the work.

and used now on great State occasions only. It is remarkable for its light, elegant build, but at the same time cannot be a comfortable carriage, as it must sway a great deal from side to side. The front and back portions are connected by two beams painted red and gold, and the wheels, which are high and light, are plainly carved and richly painted with gold and crimson. The windows are very curious, an oval in the centre and two odd-shaped windows at either side following the lines of the carriage. The steps, which fold up inside, are covered in satin and ermine with a gold fringe. It is gilt all over, and has the Royal arms and quarterings on the doors. The hammer-cloth is very rich, being of red velvet and gold fringe, with a huge gold crown and laurel leaves around it. Around the centre window is a massive gilt carving, and at the four

riages used by the suite and for general Court work are painted blue and are picked out with a lighter blue, all those used by the Empress or by any members of the Royal Family are painted the same blue, but are picked out with silver, as in the photograph of the Empress's landau.

The broughams, victorias, and landaus for the Royal Family use are all painted exactly the same, and are never used by any of the suite. The young Princes daily take their



From a Photo. by]

THE EMPRESS'S CARRIAGE.

[C. Pelham-Clinton.

drive in the park in one of these, and there is always a crowd on the Unter den Linden and at the entrance of the park to see them come in and go out.

In all, there are about 150 carriages at the stables in the Breite Strasse, and about 100 for the suite and for exercising at the other stables beyond the palace.

Even on grand gala days the harness of the German Emperor is workmanlike, as he does not go in for gorgeous display. There is a military simplicity and rigidness about this, as about all else in his life. Everything is good, the best of its kind, but nothing is made a medium for parade and gaudy trappings to catch the eye. The horses are good

The German Royal livery is neat and rather peculiar in one or two respects.

When driving the Emperor or any member of the Royal Family, a wide, white corded-silk hat-band, with the eagle embroidered in black, is worn, and this is taken off when a member of the household is being driven, so the public can see at a glance whether it is a Royalty or not in the carriage. The wide band goes on outside the ordinary narrow one. The livery is black cloth and silver buttons with aigrettes, low-cut collar edged with corded white silk embroidered with the eagle as in the case of the hat-band, and a band of the same round the arm. Black plush breeches and gaiters complete the costume. The



From a Photo. by]

A GROUP OF COACHMEN.

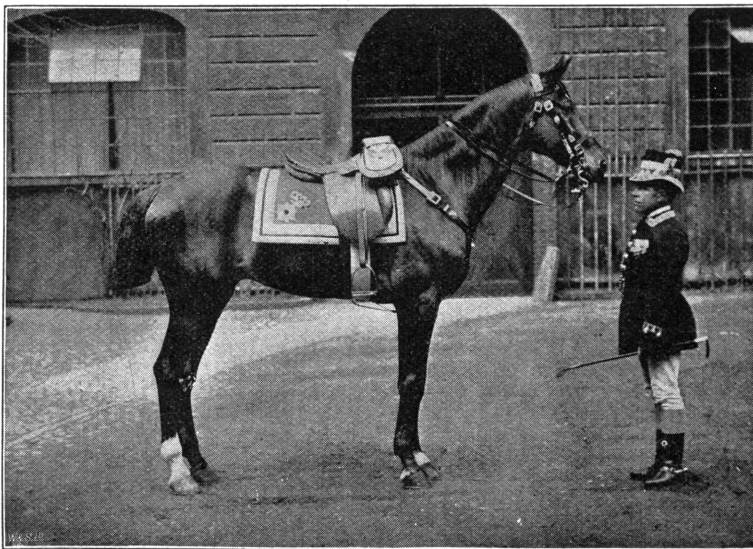
[C. Pelham-Clinton.

and useful, but are not extravagant steppers; they have to get over the ground, and not waste time over the job, and be able to do their work and be ready for another dose next day. So with the carriages. There is no waste of room in keeping useless vehicles for show alone, that of Frederick the Great alone excepted. So, also, with the harness. The horses have to draw the carriages, and quickly; and if an extravagant amount of trappings were added, they would either take too long or else succumb; therefore, the harness, while handsome, is light, and serviceable for grand State as well as for ordinary occasions.

cockade, I should mention, is black and silver.

The grooms' livery is much the same in colour, the collar being differently arranged, and a piece of cloth placed above the edging.

The grand gala livery is a great deal more gorgeous, and consists of a blue cloth coat, very heavily braided with gold braid, and a waistcoat of the same material, a three-cornered hat with feathers, made also of blue cloth and gold braid, red plush breeches, white stockings and shoes, the effect being decidedly good. Most of the men have been in the army, but this is not compulsory; almost all have good conduct medals. These



From a Photo. by]

THE EMPEROR'S FAVOURITE.

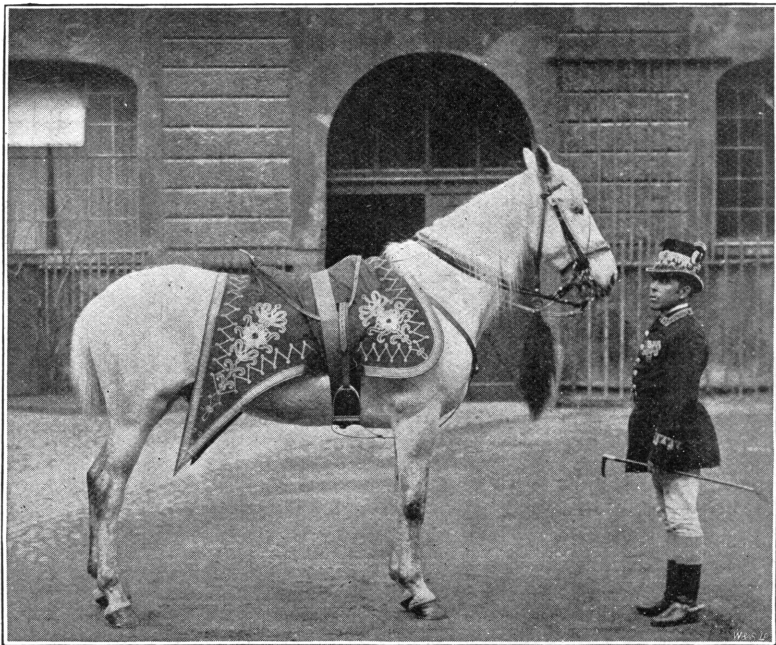
[C. Pelham-Clinton.

are given in the Royal service in much the same manner as in military life.

The postillions' dress is much the same, the collar being continued down the jacket, which has also a single row of buttons; the cap is of black velvet and silver lace.

On gala occasions the Emperor and Empress frequently drive out in an open landau with six black horses, and in the summer, at fêtes, the carriage is ornamented with flowers, and the servants have large bouquets. On these occasions, indeed on all State ones, the Master of the Horse rides directly behind the Emperor's carriage, and he also attends the Emperor when he takes his daily ride in the afternoon. This ride is quite a feature in Berlin, and long before the hands of the clock get near three, people commence to group themselves at the

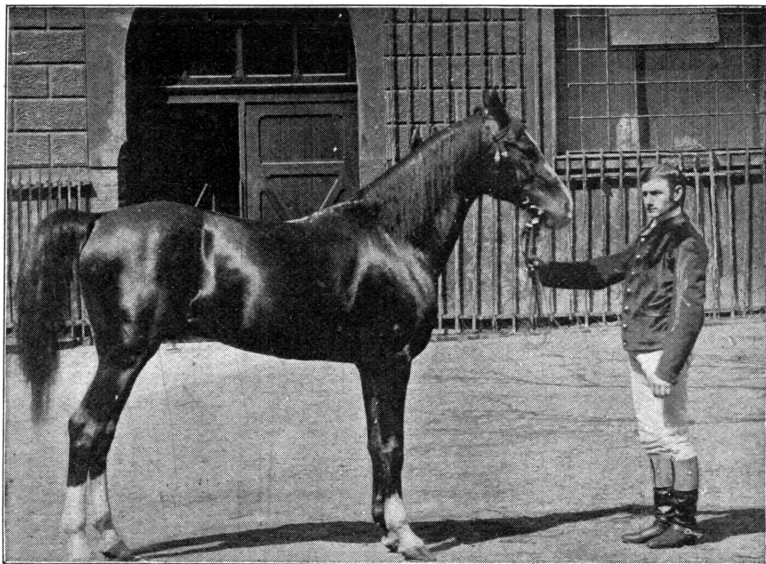
doors of the palace and at the corners of the various streets in the Unter den Linden. At three precisely, the Emperor rides out and, accompanied by the Master of the Horse, an *aide-de-camp*, and one or two others, rides slowly down the Unter den Linden into the park, where a crowd of people line the streets and cheer him. At the gates of the park there is a large concourse of people, several hundred in number, the ubiquitous small boy in Germany, as in England, very much in evidence, and the subject of much attention on the part of the rather stolid policemen that represent the majesty of the law. After a ride of a couple of hours, the Emperor returns, the crowds again form, and only disperse when he has passed. This goes on day by day, and the



From a Photo. by]

THE GREY CHARGER.

[C. Pelham-Clinton.



From a Photo. by]

THE CROWN PRINCE'S ARAB—RUHEIL.

[C. Pelham-Clinton.

people look upon it as a daily treat and spectacle.

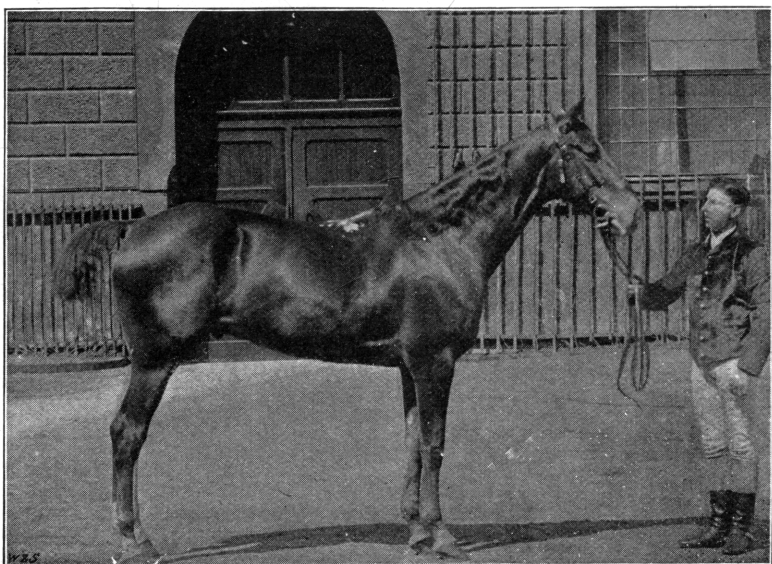
The horse the Emperor most frequently rides is in colour a rich bay with a wonderfully good head and neck, and, in fact, a good-looking one all over. He has the most perfect manners I have ever seen, and makes the *beau idéal* of a charger to my mind, as he has looks, breeding, high courage, and manners. I photographed him twice, first placing him in the position required, and he stood for at least four minutes while I was getting ready, and never moved a hair, only watched some horses being exercised in the ring. The Emperor brought him over to England when here last year, and he uses him in preference to any of his stud.

Another favourite is a grey, a very much better-looking horse than my photograph makes him out to be, as he has a rattling good head and neck,

has plenty of fire and courage, but he has not the carriage of the bay.

The Crown Prince rides a very good-looking chestnut Arab, Ruheil by name, presented by the Sultan of Turkey. He is a rare compact little chap, and moves his white feet like a piece of clockwork, and is a great favourite with his master.

Another one in this stable is the Empress's riding-horse, Ziegfried, a chestnut without a white hair, and a rare good-looking one as well.



From a Photo. by]

THE EMPRESS'S RIDING-HORSE—ZIEGFRIED.

[C. Pelham-Clinton.

and is very well bred. It is very hard to get horses to stand with an arched neck; and unless they do this the expression, if I may so call it, is spoiled. The grey was of a particularly placid temperament, and came to the conclusion that photography was a pleasant and easy amusement, as it gave him the opportunity of an extra forty winks. When mounted he is very different, and although perfect in manners

Gleams from the Dark Continent.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD.

IX.—THE WOLVES OF THE ATLAS.

I.



N the night when this strange adventure began, we sat round the camp fire, listening to Hassan, who was telling us a story.

For many days we had pushed on our way, making for a coast town of Morocco, over a waving, shifting sea of sand. Waterless, treeless, with scarcely a sign of life, save for the sand lizard that rustled across the path of the camels' hoofs, had that journey been; many a deceitful stretch of mirage had lured us out of our way, under a burning sun that sucked up a mist of white heat about us as on we went.

Towards afternoon we had entered upon a different region, for the low, sandy plain gave way to a rocky soil, and soon we reached the verdant valley where we were encamped for the night.

Round us on every side rose gaunt, fantastic mountain peaks, whose frowning sides were honeycombed with countless caves—but there was no sign of human life. The whole surface of the valley was covered with sea-green grass; flowers of every hue sprang up beneath our feet; every scarp and crag of the mountains was festooned with creepers and climbing, blossoming plants. Glad were we, indeed, to find such a halting-place upon our way. So we hobbled the camels and pitched the tent, intending to stay in the valley for a few days, and to explore the caves about us.

The flicker of the camp fire flung lights and shadows upon the rocks about, and these, more than once, attracted our guide's attention.

"Sahibs," said Hassan, breaking off in his story, "I saw something moving by yonder crag."

We glanced to where the Arab pointed, but no sign of life was there.

"Go on with the story, Hassan," said Denviers; "the only living thing in this valley besides ourselves and the camels is that lizard. I notice, whenever your yarns get to a difficult point,

you always invent some excuse to stop and think."

As he spoke, Denviers pointed to a little grey lizard which had crept close to the camp fire and was watching us, it seemed, with its miniature, star-like eyes.

"The sahib is as disbelieving as ever," remonstrated the Arab; "besides, Hassan, his slave, heard something as well."

Denviers laughed.

"What did you hear, Hassan?"

"Voices," the Arab answered, conclusively, "and I will prove that my words are true." Hassan rose, and, going to where our rifles stood, piled together, he took his own and went off in the direction he had indicated.

A few minutes afterwards our guide came stumbling towards the camp fire, carrying bodily in his arms a prisoner, who was struggling hard to free himself from Hassan's grip.

We rose hastily from before the camp fire and looked in astonishment at the captive, whom Hassan had freed, and who stood scowling at us.

The man was a dwarf, his height being not



"THE PRISONER STRUGGLED HARD TO FREE HIMSELF."

more than four feet; he wore a white loin-cloth, which contrasted with the dark colour of his skin; his hair was tufted and reddish in hue; his features were typically African; his face was round and small, his body being well proportioned to the man's height.

Denviers and I discussed Hassan's capture with the Arab, who told us that as soon as he came upon the dwarf, the latter had flung himself upon our guide with the utmost courage, exhibiting a strength far beyond what his appearance indicated.

Hassan then interrogated the dwarf in Arabic, who appeared to understand, but instead of replying to the Arab, he uttered a loud click-like cry, which seemed to be answered at once from the mountains around.

"Look out, Harold!" cried Denviers, snatching up the rifles and thrusting mine into my hand. I had hardly seized the weapon when I saw, to my astonishment, that the face of the cliffs around us swarmed with dwarfs. They climbed agilely down the rocky walls, issuing from the many caves we had seen, and in a few minutes the valley was filled with an excited and armed body of dwarfs. Our camels were seized and led away, while a number of the dwarfs ran towards us and attacked us. For a time we hesitated to defend ourselves against our strange foes, but we soon had to, for our lives were in danger from their spear-thrusts.

Owing to the overwhelming number and pertinacity of the dwarfs, we were eventually overpowered by them and securely bound. We were then dragged away, separately, into the caves at the base of the cliff which faced westward.

In my own case, I was hurried through a long passage in the mountain side, and then up a wide, hewn flight of steps into a second gallery. The men who held me as their prisoner forced me on by thrusting at me, bound as I was, with their spears, until a second stairway was reached. At the top of the stairway I passed through a winding passage, and then abruptly entered a great cavern in the mountain.

The cavern was extremely large and lofty, and in it, as I subsequently learnt, all the dwarf women and children had been assembled. In various parts of the cavern were great fires of wood, round which were gathered hundreds of armed dwarfs.

At the far end of the cave, a fire, larger than the rest, shot up its tongue of flame till the glare lit up the jagged roof above. On the left of this fire, surrounded by his headmen, stood the chief of the dwarfs, interrogat-

ing two captives. When I was led close to where the captives were, I found they were Denviers and Hassan, who were being closely questioned as to our presence in the valley. There was a moment's pause as I was placed beside my companions.

I glanced at the chief of the dwarfs curiously. He was slightly shorter than the dwarf whom Hassan had captured; his white robe, which was caught up under the left arm, had a wide strip which passed across the right shoulder, leaving the arm bare. The garment hung down in graceful folds, and was plentifully adorned with various charms. The chief's features did not differ from those of the rest of his tribe; his hair was white with age, and he leant upon a spear.

The whole cave was rich in treasure; great piles of ostrich feathers lay heaped up with many other articles of value, while behind where the chief of the dwarfs stood rose a throne of gold, representing in delicate workmanship a succession of ostrich feathers, inset with countless glittering gems.

"Ye are spies of the Marabout's," the chief said, in Arabic, to Denviers, as the latter attempted to allay, in some degree, the excitement our presence had caused.

"We do not know of this Marabout, or religious leader," answered Denviers; "we have been crossing the desert for many days and stayed in the valley by chance."

"Ye are spies!" the chief insisted; "day and night do we expect the host of the Marabout. With him is the scabbard, with me the sword. When the one shall sheathe the sword in the other's body, then shall that one own sword and scabbard, too! Then shall the hated Moors be overrun, and the religion of Islam be a thing of the past!"

A wild light shone in the eyes of the chief as he spoke. We could make nothing out of his words. Hassan, despite the chief's threat against Islam, tried to conciliate him.

"We are thy friends, not thy foes," said Hassan. The chief glanced sharply into the Arab's face.

"Wilt thou fight for those of my tribe?" he asked.

"Give us good reason for so doing and we will," Denviers answered, in place of the Arab.

"A man has but friends and foes," the chief answered: "those who fight for him and those who fight against him. Those who stand by are enemies—they will join his foes should these be victorious! Swear to fight for me and your bonds shall be undone, if not—" The chief did not

finish his sentence, but pointed with his spear to the crimson flame rising high beside him.

We talked together for a few minutes discussing what answer should be given. It was evident we were completely in the power of our strange captors, and that fact alone influenced our decision.

"We will fight for you," Denviers answered, at last.

We were compelled to swear to do this by each plucking a burning ember from the fire and holding it up in the right hand, at the same time kneeling before the dwarf chief, our bonds having been loosened.

"Come with me," said the chief. He moved away slowly, and following him up some wide stone stairs, we found ourselves in a squared chamber of rock. The chief flung himself upon a couch of skins, and then clapped his hands. Instantly an attendant entered, to whom the chief gave a command.

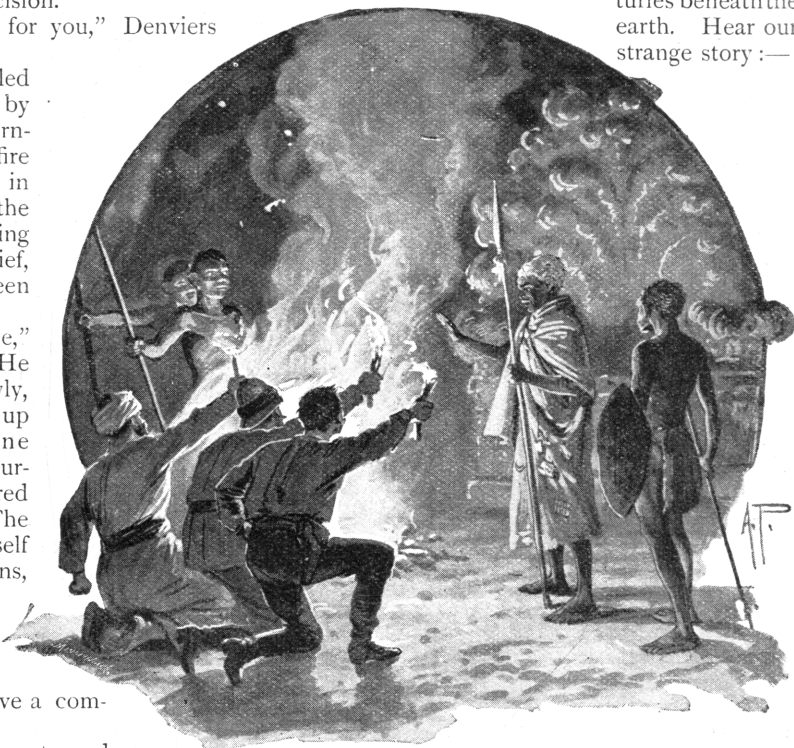
The man shortly returned and, kneeling before the chief, held up in both hands a Moorish sword, heavily jewelled about the hilt. The chief dismissed the attendant, then gave us the sword to examine. There was an inscription cut into the finely-tempered blade; Hassan read it. It ran: "*To the Wolves of the Atlas. From Houssa.*"

"Rest ye," said the chief, pointing to some skins which were spread before him. We accordingly reclined there, and the chief, who had noticed our curious glances at the sword, without commenting thereon, began his strange narrative, which was fated to have, had we known, a stranger interruption.

II.

"FRIENDS of the Wolves of the Atlas, listen!" the chief began. "Many are the wise fools who have sought us out to learn our history. They have talked to the false Moors, and learnt by that nothing: they have captured,

occasionally, one of the men of our tribe and tried to wrest from him our secret—by that they learnt less! Yet we are a strange race—for the land of the Moors was ours long before the followers of Islam dwelt in it! We are a people who live in caves, for we are sprung from those who lived for centuries beneath the earth. Hear our strange story:—



"WE WERE COMPELLED TO SWEAR."

"In the south of this vast continent dwells the race from which we are sprung; the poorest savage among them knows of caves with passages, miles in length, leading whither few can tell. There were three chiefs with kraals not far from each other. Two were rich in cattle, one old, one young; the third was poor, but had a daughter to wed, and she was beautiful beyond all women, and loved the chief who was young, bidding her father send back the cattle that the old chief sent to buy her with. So the father gave the girl to the young chief, and the lovers' hearts were glad.

"Sagai, the disappointed chief, whose braves were as many as spears of grass beside a well, gathered his men. They sharpened their spears; they held the dance of war; when the gloom gathered they stole forth; when dawn broke, shimmering in the east, they fell upon the kraal of the young chief;

there was spearing and crashing of shields — by nightfall the young chief had been defeated. He fled to the hills, bearing with him his young bride and accompanied by a few braves and those women of their kraal they had carried away with them.

"No rest that night the young chief knew ; hour after hour he lay watching the glowing embers of the fire they had made in the cave wherein they had taken refuge.

"As the young chief rested by the fire, one of his braves drew near and made a motion that he would speak. The chief bade him open his lips :—

"'Tali,' said the young chief, 'thou hast a stout heart and a true spear, yet art thou strange in many ways. Thou art he whom the Rainmakers most did hate, for they promised things that did not always come to pass—thou art the Dreamer, whose dreams come ever true ! Open thy lips, and say what, even during this night of my trouble, thy dream has been !'

"And the Dreamer, making obeisance to the chief, whom he loved beyond all things else, knelt before the fire, and, blowing it with his breath, made it glow white hot. He glanced at the shapes in the glowing embers, and held up his hand as one who would have another listen :—

"'A dream I have dreamed ; and lo ! in the glowing embers I see each part of it is true ! And this is what I dreamed : A young chief, beaten in battle, but victorious in love, lay down in a cave with his followers to rest. When day dawned, the chief knew not where to go, for his kraal was burnt, his best

warriors slain, his enemy watched to slay him. A long passage ran from the cave, and the chief determined to explore it ; he followed that strange way, and when at last he and those with him emerged, they found themselves in a land beautiful to look upon. There the chief grew in power and wealth until his followers, who were then many, were feared by all. They overran the lands around, and were masters of every nation they thought fit to bring into subjection.'

"'And who was this chief ?' he asked the Dreamer.

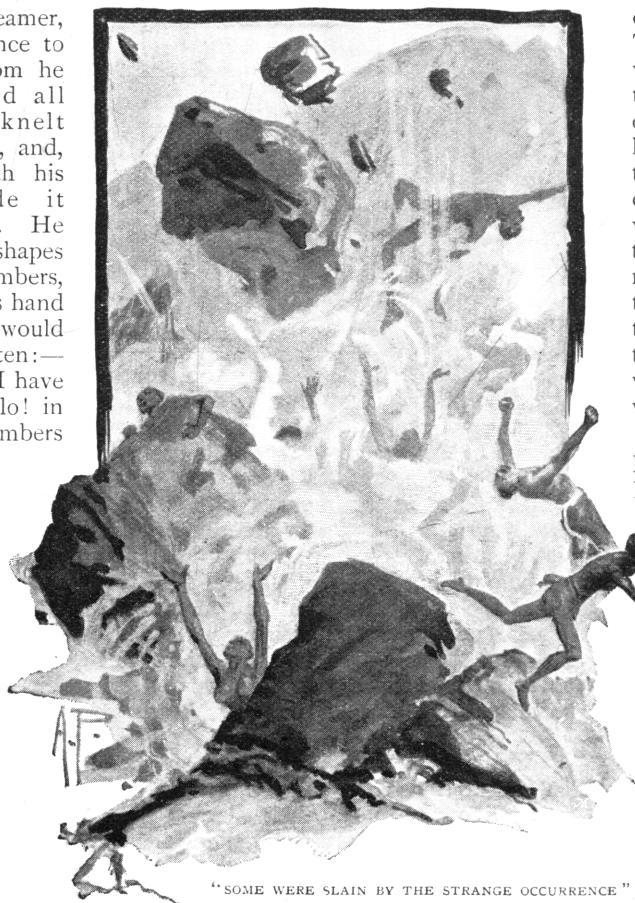
"'Thyself,' Tali answered. The young chief grew thoughtful. For three days after Tali's dream they stored what provision they could get from the surrounding country ; on the fourth they started, holding torches of twisted grass in their hands, to explore that great passage.

"Long they wandered, and strange things they saw until, at last, they came to a place where the passage divided. Whether to go

to left or right they did not know. They took the wrong way and there, under the earth, they were lost ! Long after, they found a great orifice through which ran a stream ; there they determined to settle, their sole food being the strange reptiles that flitted about with bird-like wings.

"Generations passed by ; deprived of the light of the sun, they kept fires burning

from a forest of black, shining trees which they discovered, but their stature diminished perceptibly each generation. One day, from every gap and fissure,



"SOME WERE SLAIN BY THE STRANGE OCCURRENCE"

smoke and vapour, heat, and even columns of fire, spurted up about them. Then the whole earth seemed to rock and rend. When next they remembered aught they were above the ground, thrown there by some great convulsion of the earth. Some were slain by the strange occurrence, others wounded; many were lost altogether.

"The survivors found themselves in this land; in time they peopled it and became a great nation. Then came the Moors, who drove them from their possessions to dwell in the caves. Already in the mountains dwelt a fierce race, the Riffs, and to these, Houssa, the great Moor, sent a jewelled scabbard, but to us he sent the sword ye have seen. Houssa was once the Sultan's favourite, but he fell into disgrace. The day before he was bowstringed, he sent these two presents. Gifted with prophecy, as are men whom death beckons, Houssa declared that if my tribe took the scabbard from the Riffs in war and sheathed in it the sword, then the Riffs would be overcome and henceforth fight on our side, so that when we attacked each city of the Moslems we should defeat the Moors and drive them from the land they once stole from us."

"And I suppose Houssa told the Marabout, the leader of the Riffs, that if he took the sword from you, your tribe would become the subject one and help him to conquer the Moors?" asked Denviers.

"Knowing and true are thy words," the chief of the dwarfs answered.

Denviers whispered to me:—

"It looks as if the Moor meant to get rid of both the dwarfs and the Riffs by giving them a reason for fighting each other to the death!"

"I think the Sultan lost a good diplomatist in Houssa, if he did have the fellow bowstringed," I answered, thoughtfully.

"The Riffs have sworn to take the sword from us; they who cannot scale the outer face of the cliffs to the caves, have learnt some other way into our stronghold. Just as the valley ye entered is surrounded by cliffs, so is the greater hollow wherein is our city. The caves ye were brought by run through this rock which lies between the two valleys. Now must ye seek rest, for the dawn is at hand; when ye are refreshed with sleep I will——"

The chief of the dwarfs suddenly stopped speaking, for into his audience chamber ran half-a-dozen excited dwarfs

"Great chief, the Riffs are upon us!" cried one. "They are storming the valley of the

city!" cried another. "They hold every crest above us!" cried a third.

The chief of the dwarfs hurriedly passed through a rock-cut passage to a rough platform of rock, which commanded a view of the valley and the heights. Without hesitation we followed him, and this is what we saw:—

With shouts and cries to Allah for aid, the Riff Highlanders were charging down the slopes, with fixed bayonets, upon the spear-armed dwarfs who were struggling upwards and gallantly defending each foot of the way!

III.

"WELL, Harold," said Denviers, gloomily, to me at the close of that eventful day; "I think it is all over with us at last."

"I wouldn't give much for our chance of escape," I answered, slowly; "we seem to be shut up with the chief of the dwarfs here like three rats in a trap."

We grew silent at the end of a short conversation. All that day the dwarfs had fought the Riffs with the courage that is born of despair. Unequally armed and outnumbered, they had disputed every foot of their city with the attacking Riffs. Their chief had begged us to fulfil our promise, and accordingly we fought on the side of the dwarfs. Their city proved to be of considerable extent, and when the Riffs poured in a mad stream through its narrow streets, they met with the utmost resistance. Towards the afternoon, however, the whole city was in the Riffs' possession, every building and open space showing the slaughter and destruction which alone had brought about this result.

The chief retreated, at last, to his audience chamber; there, Denviers and I, together with a few dwarfs, made a last stand as the Riffs dashed up the wide, rock-cut stairs which led into it. Hassan we had lost in the city, during the fight there, and we felt sure that he was killed. I can only attribute the stand which Denviers made to the vengeance he sought to obtain from the Riffs for the loss of our faithful guide's services and life.

Denviers stood upon the fourth step of the way; behind him was a handful of dwarfs, as well as myself and the chief dwarf. We had obtained bayoneted rifles, taken from slain Riffs, and with one of these weapons Denviers thrust down to death each man that tried to win the stairs. I have mentioned my companion's stature and strength, but his deeds that afternoon seemed even beyond what such could give him

power to do. More than once the Riffs drew back from the fight in sheer amazement; they would draw together and talk to each other as if almost despairing to win the way. Then they would come on again, shouting and cheering each other on. They had no ammunition left, as we soon saw, or Denviers would have been shot down in an instant. At last one of the fanatic Riffs made a dash at Denviers, who thrust him through with his bayonet, but as the man fell backward, and before Denviers could defend himself, another Riff threw down his own weapon and closed with my companion.

The next instant Denviers was down and secured by several Riffs, while the others charged upon us who still opposed them.

We fought till we were overpowered; they slaughtered the dwarfs with the exception of the chief, whose appearance and apparel showed he was someone of importance. Soon afterwards, Denviers, with the chief of the dwarfs and myself, were thrust into the chief's audience chamber. We were all wounded—Denviers very seriously. There we were guarded, after being disarmed, by several Riffs. A message then came to the chief of the dwarfs, demanding the strange sword which had been the cause of the invasion. He did not know where it was; during some part of the fray it had been wrested from his hand.

"I expect," said Denviers, resuming the conversation which had ceased, "that we shall not live much longer."

"It is this sword that has saved our lives

even for a short while," I answered. "I feel quite certain of the fact: the Marabout who leads these Riffs thinks, if we three are slain, there will be no one to question as to its whereabouts. He fancies, no doubt, that we have the sword, and will, I daresay, try to wrest from us the secret of its hiding-place."

I had scarcely made answer so, when one of the Riffs who guarded us entered the audience chamber, and bade us rise and follow him. Knowing that resistance was useless, we did so, and were marched through several of those strange passages in which the mountains abounded.

At last we found ourselves in what we learnt was called the Hall of the Well. This was a great circular room, hewn out of the solid rock, its sides being polished by some art known to the dwarfs. Round

the room ran tiers of stone seats; one was elevated more than the others, and upon it sat the Marabout who had summoned us into his presence.

At the foot of the lowest tier of seats was a great flagged, circular space, in the centre of which was the mouth of a well. The waters of the well were dried up; indeed, the room had long been used as one in which to publicly execute criminals, who were flung alive into the well.

The Marabout, who was of Moorish appearance, wore a green robe and turban. Fastened to his side was the scabbard of the sword which he desired to possess. His dark eyes glittered as he saw the chief of the dwarfs thrust before him.

"The scabbard is here—yonder, the well of death," the Marabout said, glancing at his



"DENVIER'S THRUST HIM THROUGH."

rival ; "give up the sword and thou shalt be spared."

The chief of the dwarfs knew that by sparing his life, the Marabout would fail to carry out the prophecy in which both men so strangely believed. He glanced back at the Marabout as he answered :—

"The well is not for my body while I live. Thou must first find the sword and slay me ere thou canst hope for the promise of the great Houssa to be fulfilled!"

"I will slay thee and thy allies ; the well waits ; when the sword is found it shall pass through thy body, which shall be dragged lifeless from the well."

The Marabout motioned to his attendant Riffs, two of whom seized the dwarf and forced him towards the well. Just as the man was being held with his head and part of his body right over the mouth of the well, one of the Riffs suddenly entered the Hall of the Well, uttering a loud cry of appeal to the Marabout.

"Lo ! illustrious Marabout. I have found the sword !" cried the man. The Marabout beckoned for his foe to be brought from the well. The two men forced the dwarf to his knees before the Marabout, while the one who had found the sword made humble obeisance, as he presented the weapon.

"Slay the dwarf with thine own hand, illustrious Marabout," cried the Riff ; "then shall it be ever after sheathed in thy scabbard in peace!"

The Marabout stretched forth his hand to take the weapon from the Riff, when the latter suddenly plunged it into his breast !

The Riffs darted forward to seize the man's arm, but were too late, for the Marabout fell dead upon the stone steps.

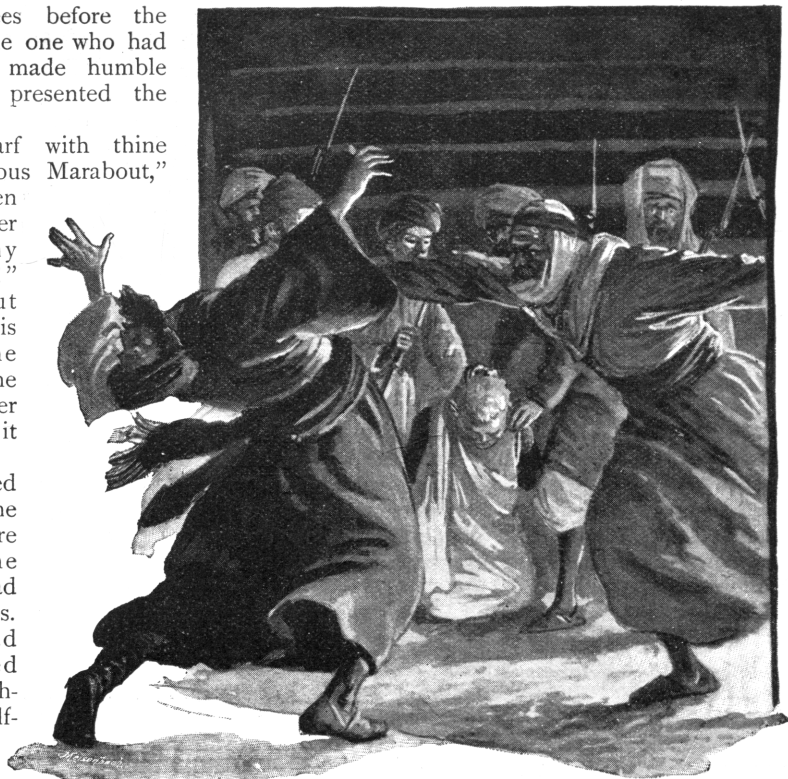
The Riffs had hardly recovered from their astonishment when, in half-a-dozen places at once, the flagging of the floor was thrust up, and out

from the orifices swarmed a number of dwarfs, who fell fiercely upon the Riffs. We wrenched weapons from the men nearest us, and fought the Riffs until they turned and fled precipitately—the man who held the jewelled sword leading us on in the attack.

The disorganized Riffs were hunted and slain for the most part ; some of them, however, escaped when the night came on. We owed so much to the Riff who had slain the Marabout, that when we gathered about him at a later time that night, Denviers asked the man why he had killed his leader. For answer, the man drew off the covering upon his head, and exposed his features—it was Hassan !

Our guide told us next day, after we had parted with the strange dwarf tribe, of his adventures in that cave-eaten place ; how he had found the sword, and hearing where the Marabout was, had got together the dwarfs, who had fled to the caves, in order to make one final attempt to free us.

We reached Tangier, our destination, in safety, and there our journey across the Dark Continent ended.



"THE RIFF SUDDENLY PLUNGED THE WEAPON INTO HIS BREAST."

Some Peculiar Entertainments.

I.

By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



YOU will often hear a man say, with smug, smiling wonder: "It's amazing what people will do for a living"; and, really, it is. Now, while I don't claim to have brought together—"right here" as the Americans say—all the peculiar items of "business" that are at this moment amusing, thrilling, or horrifying the paying public of both hemispheres, yet I have secured a representative lot, each one of whom I have at one time or another interviewed personally.

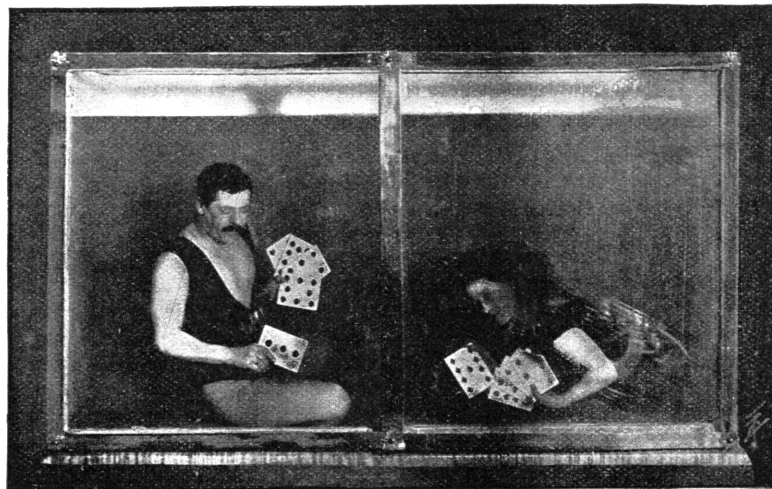
First of all, then, let me introduce to your notice (I feel something of a showman myself, now) Professor James Finney and his sister playing nap beneath the water in their

four and a half minutes beneath the water, and is the possessor of a whole museum of cups and medals, whose mere intrinsic value is about £1,000.

Miss Marie Finney is, perhaps, our premier lady swimmer; and among her remarkable feats may be mentioned a header from London Bridge. It is not known what useful end this served, but it is duly recorded in the printed matter relating to the lady herself. This peculiar pair perform a variety of antics beneath the water, including eating cakes, drinking milk, and smoking. "Professor" Finney (this is the generic title of these specialists) makes some interesting calculations as to the quantity of comestibles consumed by him under water every year;

and without proximity I may say that this is enough to stock one of the Aerated Bread Company's well-known establishments.

I believe that in certain unexalted circles the expression "Go and eat coke!" is sometimes used as an opprobrious admonition. Into the derivation of this I will not go, but I have seen the thing done by an artiste (save the mark!) yclept "the Human



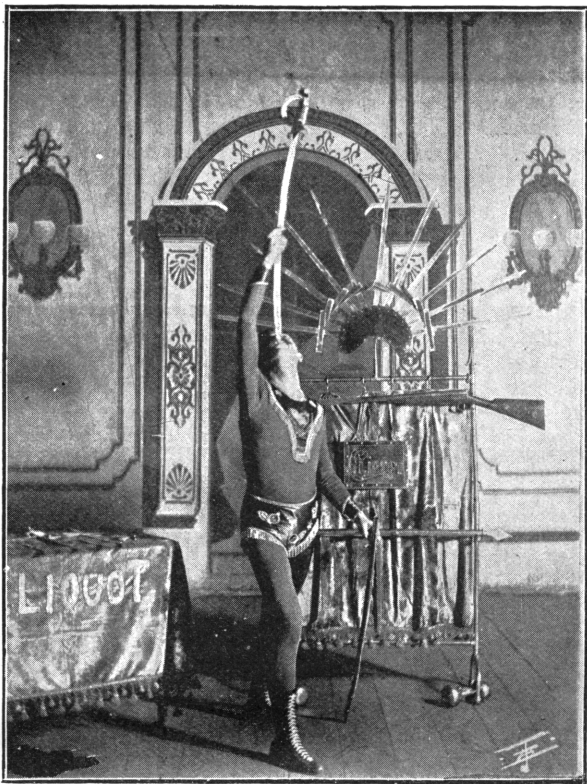
PROFESSOR FINNEY AND HIS SISTER PLAYING NAP UNDER WATER.

big tank, which holds 300 gallons and cost a £100 note. And I should mention that it would be utterly impossible for these well-known swimming experts to simulate interest in the game, were it not that the water is heated to a temperature of 80deg. The porcelain cards are specially made at the Staffordshire potteries.

Another feat performed by Finney under water is the picking up of seventy or eighty gold-plated halfpennies with his mouth, his hands being tied securely behind his back. Just consider what this means. The expert assures me he finds the picking up and stowing away of the coins one by one in his mouth a most arduous and even painful task. He has, however, remained nearly

Ostrich." He was this and much more; for not only did the man swallow every day sufficient carboniferous fuel to cook a respectable dinner for an ordinary Christian, but he also "chewed" and ate at each meal a stout glass tumbler and a lot of wood shavings. The "dessert" (note the ghoulish humour of the printed *menu*) consisted of a couple of lengthy tallow candles, and the whole was washed down by copious draughts of water, while the pianist played a suitably fantastic fantasia.

But some people will swallow anything—especially at £40 a week. We next see the Chevalier Cliquot (these fellows *must* have titles) in the act of swallowing the major part of a cavalry sabre, 22in. long. Cliquot,

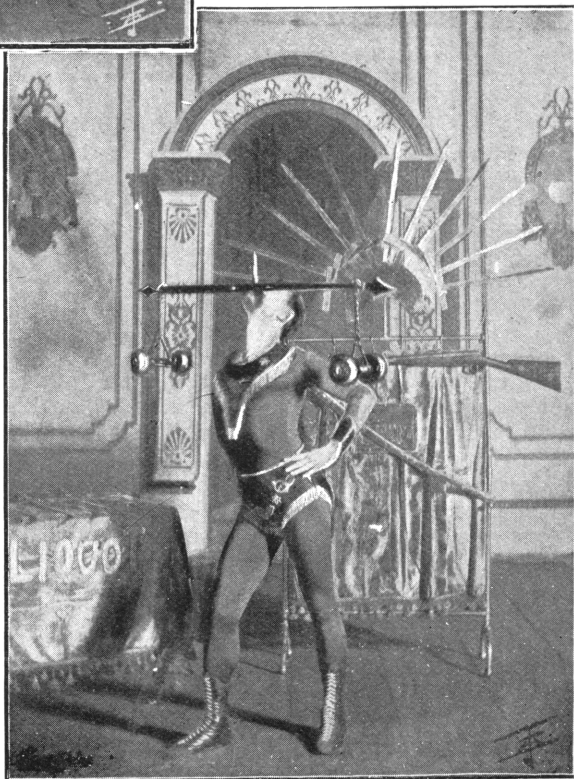


CLIQUOT SWALLOWING A 22-INCH CAVALRY SABRE.

whose name suggests the swallowing of something far more grateful and comforting than steel swords, is a French Canadian by birth, and has been the admitted chief in his dangerous profession for more than eighteen years. He ran away from his home in Quebec at an early age, and joined a travelling circus bound for South America. On seeing an arrant old humbug swallow a small *machete* in Buenos Ayres, the boy took a fancy to the performance, and approached the old humbug aforesaid with the view of being taught the business. Not having any money, however, wherewith to pay the necessary premium, the overtures of the would-be apprentice were repulsed, whereupon he set to work experimenting on his own *æso-phagus* with a piece of silver wire.

To say that the preliminary training for this sort of thing is painful, is to state the fact most moderately; and even when stern purpose has

triumphed over the laws of anatomy, terrible danger still remains. On one occasion, having swallowed a sword and then bent his body in various directions as an adventitious sensation, Cliquot found that the weapon also had bent to a sharp angle; and quick as thought, realizing his own position as well as that of the sword, he whipped it out, lacerating his throat in a dreadful manner. Plainly, had the upper part of the weapon become quite detached, the sword-swallower's career must infallibly have come to an untimely end. Again, in New York, when swallowing *fourteen* 19 in. bayonet-swords at once, Cliquot had the misfortune to have a too sceptical audience, one of whom, a medical man who ought to have known better, rushed forward and impulsively dragged out the whole bunch, inflicting such injuries upon this peculiar entertainer as to endanger his life and incapacitate him for months.



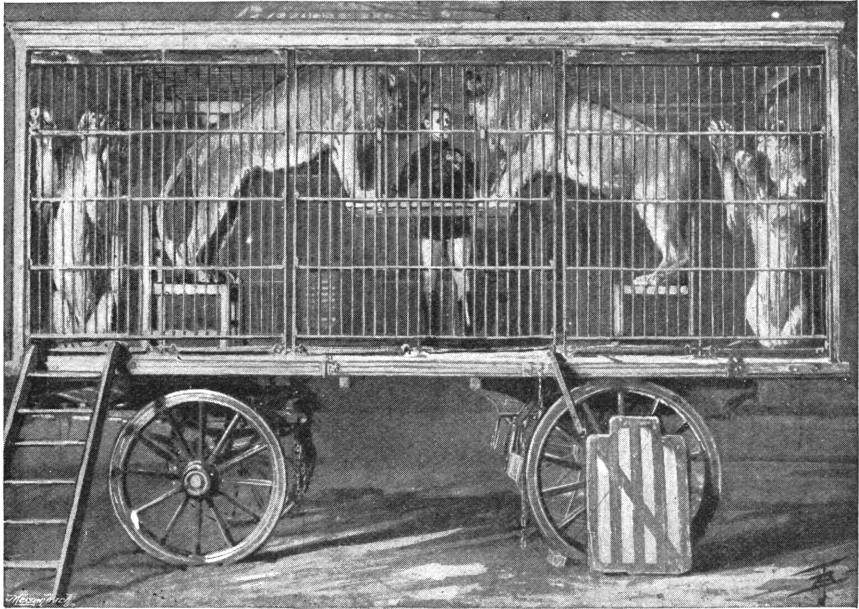
CLIQUOT SWALLOWING A WEIGHTED BAYONET-SWORD.

In the second photograph, on page 329, Cliquot is seen swallowing a very real bayonet-sword, weighted with a cross-bar and two 18lb. dumb-bells. In order to vary this performance, the sword-swallower sometimes allows only part of the weapon to pass into his body, the remainder being "kicked" down by the recoil of a rifle, which is fixed to the spike in the centre of the bar and fired by the performer's sister.

The last act in this extraordinary performance is the swallowing of a gold watch. As a rule, Cliquot borrows one, but as no time-piece was forthcoming at the private exhibition where I saw him, he proceeded to lower his own big chronometer into his æsophagus

mauled by a majestic brute on Christmas Eve last; and this very man—Ricardo—dragged his dying colleague literally from the lion's jaws.

The fact is, we did not know what effect the magnesium flash would have on these four formidable beasts. Would it irritate them, and cause them to vent their leonine spleen upon the daring man in their cage? Nor do I use the word "daring" for cheap effect. The convenience of the lions—so to speak—was materially interfered with. They were not accustomed to do this sort of thing in the early morning; and, besides, the set performance was commenced in the middle. Frankly, the lions were fearfully excited, and



RICARDO IN THE LIONS' DEN.

by a slender gold chain. Many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in this country immediately rushed forward with various instruments, and the privileged few took turns in listening for the ticking of the watch inside the sword-swallower's body. "Poor, outraged Nature is biding her time," remarked one physician of courtly mien and shabby attire; "but, mark me, she will have a terrible revenge sooner or later."

The circumstances under which the next photograph was taken are not likely to fade easily from my mind; indeed, the task proved one of frightful suspense and anxiety to everyone concerned, including the artist of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. For in this very cage was a so-called "lion tamer" fearfully

at times they were only restrained from flying at Ricardo by men outside the cage who were armed with spiky poles like boat-hooks. At the moment of taking the photograph, the two lions in the middle of the cage remained perfectly still, their horrid jaws open, their great, lustrous eyes blazing, and the hot steam of their breath playing directly on their "tamer's" face.

This man has practised his calling for seven years. He is not troubled with nerves; his constitution is of iron and his philosophy equally sound. "Of course, it *is* dangerous," he said to me, quietly; "but, then, might you not meet with a far less dramatic and more unexpected death beneath an omnibus in Piccadilly Circus, or the Clapham Road?

"At first I was a stableman in a travelling circus," he continued. "I always watched the old lion tamer's performance (he has now retired after more than twenty years of it); and I gradually got on fairly good terms with his beasts. The first cage I entered contained a mixed breed of Alpine and Siberian wolves. Yes, they were very 'ugly' and made for my throat."

One day Ricardo unceremoniously slipped into a den of three newly-purchased lions, who were more than equal to the occasion, since they nearly killed him forthwith. After three months' private intercourse with the huge animals, he was permitted to remain in their cage under protest. And this protest is quite permanent. Ricardo has known what it is to have a monstrous black African lion on his chest, his left knee well in the fearful brute's capacious mouth.

But you know the kind of thing. Let us pass to the "Singing Strong Lady," whose business is as funny as it is original. Really, I don't think the picture needs any explanation at all. This lady, by name (professionally) Miss Darnett, extends herself upon her hands and legs, face uppermost, while a stout platform with a semi-circular groove for the neck is fixed upon her by means of a waist-belt, which passes through brass receivers on the under side of the board. An ordinary cottage piano is then placed by four men on the platform, and presently the lady's callous spouse appears, bowing, and calmly mounts upon the platform also, presumably in order that his execution may carry greater weight with the audience—and with his wife. First of all the pianist plays a dreamy, soothing Strauss waltz; and then the lady warbles a simple love-song—under difficulties and half a ton. But upon the burden of her song we need not dwell; she has enough to bear already.

Although the foregoing performance appeals directly to any chivalry that may be in a man's nature, I doubt greatly whether it would make much impression on Rannin, the thick-skinned Cingalese, whose unique business is next depicted.

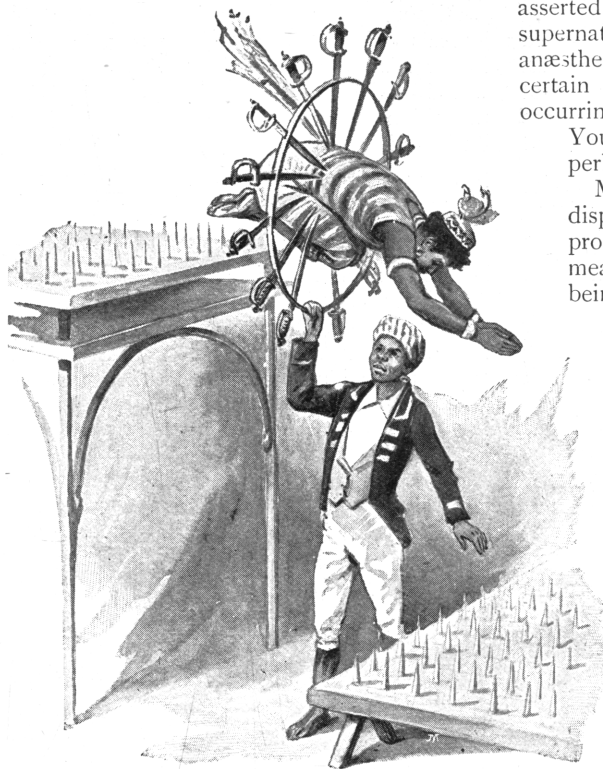
I saw this man last year at Ronacher's in Vienna; and of course there was the customary crowd of doctors and professors—real professors, this time—from the great hospitals in the Austrian capital.

Neither Occultism nor Theosophy have anything to do with this individual. Although, however, everything in the nature of the supernatural is wanting, the performances of



THE SINGING STRONG LADY.

the "man with the iron skin" are extraordinarily interesting; and in spite of their thrilling details they are given with decided grace. On the platform were the requisites with which Rannin conducts his show. Among them were a double ladder, the steps of which were formed of sabres ground to the sharpness of razors; also a kind of bed, thickly sewn with sharp-edged nails whose "business" ends were uppermost; and finally a barrel-shaped utensil, the inside of which was bristling with sharply-pointed nails. Rannin appeared with his shoulders, arms, and feet



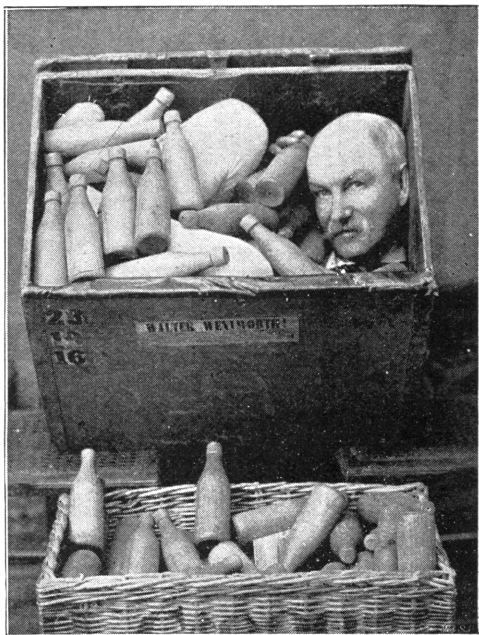
"THE MAN WITH THE IRON SKIN"—(RANNIN, THE CINGALESE).

uncovered, and advanced lightly to the front of the platform. After showing how the sabres shred pieces of thick paper into atoms, he ran with bandaged eyes up one side of the sharp sabre-ladder and down the other, at the same time balancing a lamp on his forehead. He next lay down in the barrel, curled himself up closely, and allowed himself to be rolled up and down the platform. Extricating himself with some difficulty from the barrel, he offered himself to those present for their inspection. The impressions of the nails were certainly there, but not the slightest suggestion of a wound. Afterwards he placed himself on the spiked bed, and a man in thick boots mounted on his chest. This individual then placed an iron bar on his own shoulders, and from this two other men hung on the right and on the left. After several other marvellous performances, concluding, as here shown, with a jump from a high spiky platform through a hoop of razor-sharp sword-blades on to the nail-covered bed, Rannin ended his exhibition amid the plaudits of his audience. The medical authorities who had attended the séance of this veritable "man with the iron skin"

asserted that it had nothing to do with the supernatural, but was the effect of a kind of anæsthesia, which is the insensibility of certain nerves to exterior impressions, occurring sometimes in peculiar natures.

You have probably met such—though perhaps in different degrees.

My next performer is a man of retiring disposition—so retiring, in fact, that his professional *habitat*, so to speak, is a box measuring barely 23in. in length, its depth being 29in. and its width 16in. Nor is this all. When inside, six dozen wooden bottles, of the same size and shape as those which contain soda-water, are carefully stowed in with him, and then the lid is slammed down, leaving the audience, and especially disappointed farmers, to marvel that it should be possible for a man to make such a handsome living out of so infinitesimal a portion of the earth's surface. This man, Mr. Walter Wentworth, whom I met at Moore's Circus in Toronto, is the oldest contortionist living, being now about seventy years of age. He bestows upon his act the quaint name, "Packanatomicalization." In the second photograph he is seen asserting



WENTWORTH, THE CONTORTIONIST, PACKED WITH SIX DOZEN BOTTLES.

his presence in the box in a very comic manner.

Wentworth married the lady whose portrait is next reproduced; this is Miss Grantly, the Albino Princess, who is believed to be a descendant of an albino tribe formerly found in America.

The lady's appearance, *per se*, is supposed to constitute an entertainment. She has the usual characteristics of her kind — pure white complexion, pink eyes, white lashes and eyebrows.

As is well known, these "freaks" are well paid in the United States (Miss Grantly received 200 dollars a week); but this showman has a code of rigorous compulsory modesty for them—instituted, of course, in the interests of the paying public. For, clearly, if the dog-faced man or the bearded lady is foolish enough to go for a walk in park or street, followed by an ever-increasing crowd of unprofitable sight-seers, is not he or she doing a serious, wicked thing by spoiling potential patrons? Most certainly; if these well-paid "entertainers" *must* go out, they are compelled to take proper precautions. The Albino Princess, for example, invariably makes an elaborate toilet before venturing abroad, using cosmetics galore, and wearing an artful wig over her own snow-white hair.

The reproduction on the next page depicts that curious mode of progression known as "ceiling-walking," as performed by the Vol Beck children. They were trained by their father, who has had thirty-two years' experience as a professional gymnast, and, therefore, plenty of time in which to invent new "business." On retiring, Mr. Vol Beck thought he could not do better than put his enthusiastic boys in the way of climbing the ladder of fame; or, at any rate, teach them to make inverted progress along a horizontal ladder—an equally arduous task.

This "property" ladder is of steel and brass, elaborately and beautifully made in thirty-three pieces, each fitting into the other. The apparatus weighs about 4cwt., and cost

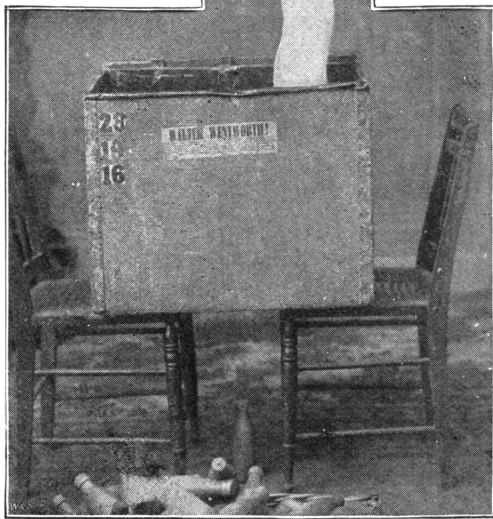
considerably more than £300; it is 34ft. in length, fitted with rings for the boys' feet, and is 3ft. 6in. wide.

"Seven long months of careful, anxious training took place," remarked Mr. Vol Beck to me,

"before I could trust my children to walk upside down as you see them now, eighty or ninety feet from the ground. They can walk or run backwards and forwards at the rate of four miles an hour if necessary," he went on; "and they can cover 200ft. of 'ground'—or, perhaps, I should say air—without stopping for a moment."

And, certainly, the boys seem very much at ease during this novel act. On the occasion of the

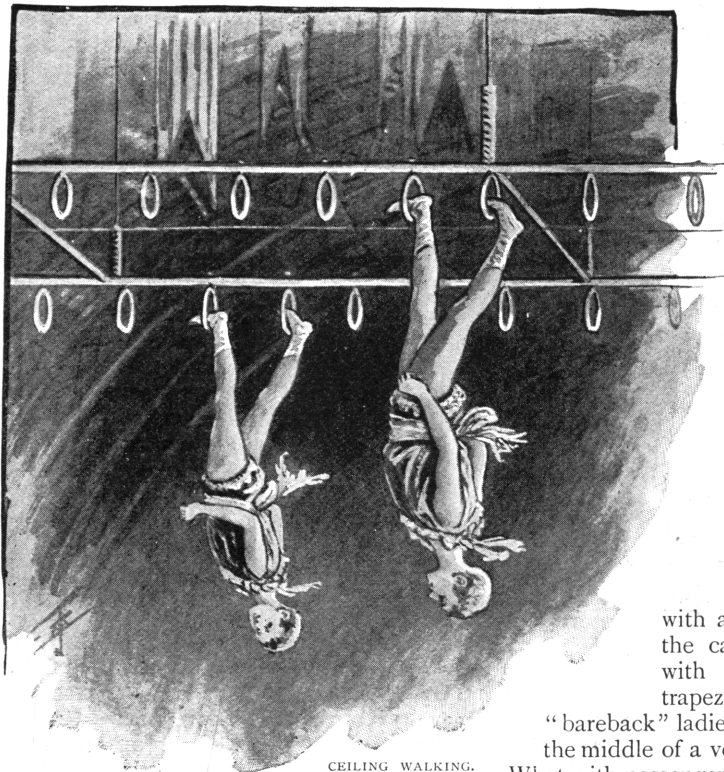
private performance they gave before THE STRAND MAGAZINE artist and myself, they



WENTWORTH ASSERTING HIS PRESENCE IN THE BOX.



WENTWORTH'S WIFE, "MISS GRANTLY," THE ALBINO PRINCESS.



CEILING WALKING.

skipped alternately backwards and forwards with surprising celerity, considering the position and altitude; and the rapidity and confidence with which they hooked their feet in the rings, chatting as they went, was nothing short of marvellous.

Here is a lady with much dependent upon her, yet she bears up wonderfully well. Across her shoulders is a 700lb. bar-bell, on each end of which is a hanger-on whose attentions are frequently almost beyond endurance. This is Madame Elise, a professional strong lady, who is, on occasion, the sole support of a young elephant weighing half a ton,

or perhaps ten able-bodied men. She was born at Neuilly, near Paris, and performs with her husband, who is in the same respect-compelling line. Her greatest feat was the lifting of eight men weighing altogether 1,700lb.; the lightest individual on this occasion weighed fourteen stone, and two among them turned the scale at twenty-one stone each. Truly a moving spectacle, this raising of gross, material men by a true, strong woman to her own exalted ethereal level.

And Madame tells funny stories. Travelling with a circus some years ago, the caravan in which she sat with five other "artistes"—trapezists, *haute école*, and "bareback" ladies—came to a standstill in the middle of a very steep hill in Cornwall. What with passengers and circus accessories, the horse was quite overcome, so he just stopped and, while awaiting further developments, commenced to browse peacefully at



MADAME ELISE, THE STRONG LADY, AND HER "HANGERS-ON,"

the wayside. Persuasion with a boat-hook was tried, but in vain, so Madame Elise, seizing a bit of rope, hastily alighted, harnessed herself to the heavily-laden van, and dragged it in triumph to the brow of the hill, where her place was taken by the ungallant brute.

Next is seen a party of Poona snake-charmers—a terribly dangerous performance, this, in spite of fallacies prevailing to the contrary. I interviewed the man who is playing the "tumri" while the cobra dances—Syad Jamal, of Sholapur. Strangely enough,

this, he have seen many bite, then die and get black face," remarked Syad Jamal's interpreter; and no wonder, since either the double-spectacled cobra-de-capello of the town, or the nâgsarap of the thicket can, when fresh and angry, lay a strong man dead within two hours.

The newly caught snakes, some only as big as a lead pencil, and others 10ft. long, are taken home and placed in blanket-lined baskets. For days they eat nothing; but after a week or so the charmer takes his



INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMERS.

his philosophy was practically identical with that of Ricardo, the lion tamer. "He says," remarked my interpreter, in guttural tones, "that in Chapter 17 of the Koran is written: 'The scroll of every man's fate is tied on his neck at birth.'"

I learn that this profession remains in one family for centuries. Water-snakes, cobras, and pythons are used, and they are caught in the warm month of May, when the reptiles emerge from their holes. The hunting party in the hill districts are armed with forked sticks, with which the snakes are struck down when they erect themselves to bite; and on curling round these sticks they are thrust into a bag carried by a boy. Before this is done, though, the expert catcher seizes the deadly reptile with three fingers—two at the throat and one on the back of the head—and deftly cuts out the two poison fangs with a penknife, the operation lasting from ten to fifteen minutes. "While do

tumri—a villainous instrument, seen in the photograph, and with the squeal of a bagpipe, only more so—and on playing this the cobras begin to lift their horrid heads from the baskets, whereupon each reptile receives one egg and a pint of milk. The water-snakes are fed on whitebait, and the larger reptiles receive a chicken every fortnight. These snake-charmers, who are also jugglers, occasionally buy their snakes from the fakirs, paying from 1s. 2d. to £1 each for them.

"Tell him," said Syad Jamal, anxiously, "that we are beggars by birth and education, depending on the merchants for food and shelter; thus all our earnings are clear profit, or nearly so. And, also, that I have received as much as £20 for a performance from the Nizam of Hyderabad, besides gold and silver bracelets, and turbans of cloth of gold." Here the sâmp-wallah, or snake-charmer, fixed his mysterious eyes on me, probably to see if I was properly impressed by these details.

I desire to gratefully acknowledge here the very courteous assistance rendered me in preparing these articles by the following well-known caterers for public entertainment: Mr. Ben Nathan; Mr. Josiah Ritchie, of the Royal Aquarium; Mr. Read, of the Agricultural Hall; and Mr. Maurice De Freece, Manager to Messrs. Warner & Co., of Wellington Street.

The White Kid Glove.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

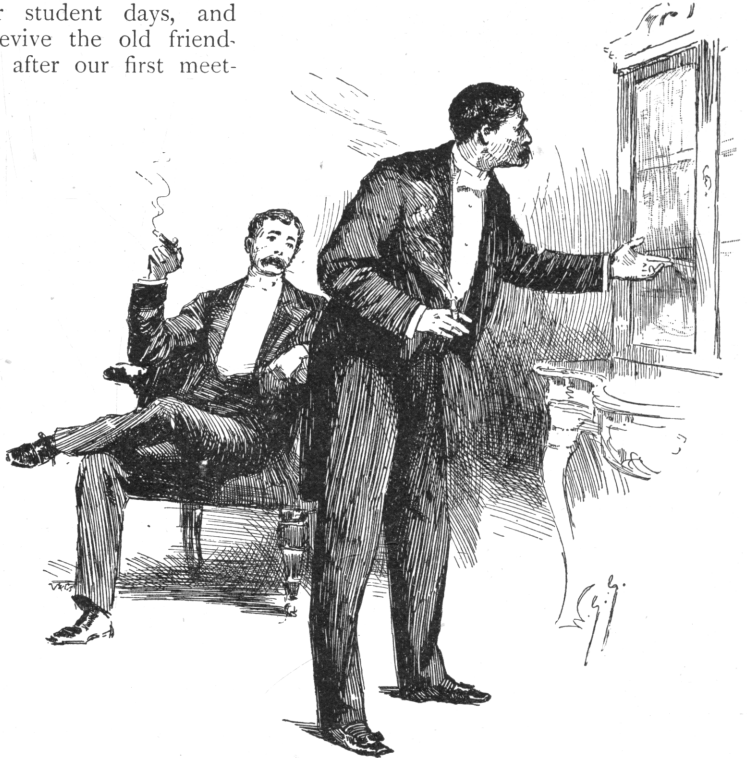
IT was immediately after my return from India in the spring of last year that I met and renewed acquaintance with Clement Holford. I had been in Madras for ten years, and during that time had heard no news of Clement, whom I had known previous to my departure from England as a student at St. Bartholomew's. Now I found him a full-fledged practitioner, comfortably settled in a fashionable quarter of the West-end, married to a very pretty wife, and evidently prosperous in all his concerns. We had been very friendly in our student days, and I was not sorry to revive the old friendship. A day or two after our first meeting Clement dined with me at my club. A week later found me dining at his house in Harley Street. It was on the latter occasion that he told me the remarkable story which I am about to set down.

We were together in Holford's study when he told me the story. It was late, and we were smoking our cigars previous to my retiring. Mrs. Holford had already left us, and Clement and I were exchanging and comparing notes of our various adventures during the previous ten years. While we talked I was noting the contents of my friend's sanctum, in which were displayed various odds and ends of medical and scientific curiosities.

One object attracted my special attention. It was a square cabinet or small cupboard, faced with glass and containing three shelves. On the top and middle shelves were arranged

a number of books of more or less out-of-the-way appearance, some in French, some in Italian, some in Spanish, but all dealing with one subject—toxicology. On the bottom shelf stood a square glass case, evidently hermetically sealed, and in it lay a single object—a white kid glove. The cabinet was securely locked, and its general appearance seemed to suggest that its doors were never opened and had remained shut for some considerable length of time.

"Is there some history attached to this cupboard, Holford?" I inquired, tapping the



"IS THERE SOME HISTORY ATTACHED TO THIS CUPBOARD?"

glass doors lightly with my fingers. "And if not, what is the meaning of the white kid glove reposing in the glass case? Is it some love-token, and if it is, why does it lie in company with a collection of works on poison?"

Holford shook his head and looked grave. "There is a history attached to the thing," said he, "and a very gruesome history it is. There must be something of the fantastic in my nature, or I should never keep that cabinet. My wife has begged me to burn it, books, glove, and all its contents, many a time."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't know—unless it is that I am not free from the feeling which makes thousands visit the chamber of horrors at the waxwork show."

"Ah, then, I take it that these things have some connection with some crime or dreadful deed?"

"You are right—they have."

"I should like to hear the story, now that you have aroused my curiosity. Is it too long to tell within half an hour?"

"It is not a very long story," he answered. "But it is a very uncanny one. However, you shall have it. Light another cigar and draw up to the fire, and I will endeavour to recollect all the details of the history connected with the contents of the cupboard."

This is the story he proceeded to tell me:—

"It is now nine years ago since I set up in practice. My first venture was made in another part of London—Highbury—and it was in partnership with Ferdinand Montero, who was introduced to me by old Professor Williams, of St. Perpetua's Hospital. Montero was half-English, half-Mexican, a fine, high-spirited fellow of my own age; brilliant, clever, and full of all the subtlety and resource which resulted in the mixture of English and Mexican blood. He and I got on excellently from the first: our aims and ambitions were similar, and we were both full of enthusiasm for our profession. We bought an old-established practice in the neighbourhood of Highbury and did well. Our patients were of a solid, highly respectable class—City people, who never allowed their accounts to lie on the table unpaid. So far as business was concerned we had no cause for complaint or anxiety.

"Nor for the first year of our partnership had we any reason to be dissatisfied with our relations as co-partners. We lived together, and carried our friendship to a degree of brotherhood. There was never a difference between us even on minor points. I grew to be very fond of Ferdinand Montero. He was always full of good spirits, and was the most brilliant conversationalist I ever knew. Wherever he went he was a

favourite, and at that time we went out a good deal into society. Montero was a handsome man—tall, dark, even to swarthiness, with the flashing eyes of his Mexican father and the grace of movement that had come down to him from the Spanish strain in his blood. He had many accomplishments, and would have made his fortune as a musician if he had not been a doctor. I felt myself very much in the shade whenever I went anywhere with him, for his brilliant conversation, handsome features, and musical voice monopolized the attention of everybody.

"Fond as he was of life and amusement, Montero was a hard-working student, and read whenever he could snatch an hour or two from night or day. He had one pet subject—toxicology—and got together a small collection of rare works dealing with it. He paid what I thought to be outrageous amounts for some of these old books, but one or two of them were almost unique and indispensable to him in the work he had in hand, which was a treatise dealing with the history of the secret poisoners. He laboured hard and constantly at this, and accumulated vast stores of learning in relation to it. He did not expect to publish his book for many years, but he often spoke of the fame it must eventually bring him, for it was to be *the* book on the subject. Gradually I got to share his enthusiasm, but I never helped him in his studies, for I was at that time engaged heart and soul in my own treatise on the treatment of fever patients, and had no time to spare for toxicology. In fact, I came to regard Montero's work as of a rather fanciful nature, though I took care never to say so to him.

"About twelve months after the beginning of our partnership we were called upon to prescribe for old General Rexworthy, a retired Indian officer who lived in Highbury New Park, and it was during our visits to the General that we made the acquaintance of his only daughter, Lilian. I need not say anything of her in the way of description, because I had the pleasure of introducing her to you this evening as my wife. It was a case of love at first sight with me, and before many weeks had passed, I had arrived at the conclusion that life was not worth living unless Lilian Rexworthy shared it with me. By that time the General had recovered his health, but we constantly dropped in at his house for a chat or a game of chess with him, and also met him and his daughter at the houses of mutual friends.

"Lilian and I got on well together from the first. There seemed to be a sort of kindred feeling between us, and after a time I had no doubt that my love was returned. For all that, I do not think that anyone had an idea of how matters stood with us. Certainly, Montero had no notion that I was in love with Lilian Rexworthy, for I had never breathed a word to him of my hopes. Nor had I noticed that he himself paid Lilian any special attention, though he called at the Rexworthys' house perhaps oftener than I, and was very fond of seeking Lilian's advice on questions relating to music.

"There is no need to go into the history of my courtship, and I shall, therefore, only tell you that within six months of my first meeting with Lilian Rexworthy I had proposed to her and been accepted. Filled with joy, I lost no time in obtaining her father's sanction, and the same night which saw me accepted by Lilian also saw me solemnly received as future son-in-law by the General. I went home considerably elated—General Rexworthy had been kindness itself, and the remembrance of my sweetheart's bright eyes and the anticipation of all the joy to come made me feel in very high spirits. I ran up to the room which Montero and myself used as a study. My partner was there, burning the midnight oil, and, as usual, deep in his ancient books. He looked up as I entered.

"'Congratulate me, Ferdinand!' I cried, 'I am going to be married.'

"'Married?' said he. 'I did not even know you were engaged. And who is the lady?'

"'Miss Rexworthy.'

"I cannot describe to you the change which came over him as I uttered the words. He

started from his chair and leaned over the desk, glaring at me. For an instant all the refinement seemed to die away out of his face, and I saw before me nothing but the features of a savage, dark, passionate, with awful feelings blazing from the glittering eyes.

I started back.

"'Great Heaven!' I cried; 'are you ill, Ferdinand?'

"He sank back in his chair and passed his hand across



"HE STARTED FROM HIS CHAIR."

his forehead, as if awaking from a dream. When he looked up again his face had resumed its usual appearance, but the colour was gone from it, and his lips looked strangely drawn and pale.

"'No,' he said, hoarsely. 'No; I am all right again. And you are going to marry Miss Rexworthy?'

"Something in his voice made me observe him more closely. Then it suddenly flashed upon me—he loved her himself. I went up and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"'Ferdinand,' I said, 'I see how it is. I am very sorry; but she has accepted me. You must fight it down, my boy.'

"He shook off my hand with an impatient gesture.

"'She couldn't marry both of us,' he said. 'I congratulate you.'

"With that he turned to his books again, and presently I left the room. As I opened the door I looked at him and saw that the same awful expression had come into his face

again. I went downstairs feeling strangely uncomfortable. It was not pleasant to think that Ferdinand Montero was in love with my future wife.

"Time went on. From that night my partner made no further reference to his feelings with regard to Miss Rexworthy. He did his work, pursued his studies, went into society as usual, and gave no sign. But at times I saw him filled with thoughts which obviously did not refer to the work he had in hand, for there was a far-off look in his eyes which betokened other ideas. And very often when we were reading or writing at midnight in our work-room I looked up to find him gazing into vacancy with that savage look on his features which had alarmed me so much when I broke the news of my engagement to him. At these times I seriously began to consider the advisability of bringing our partnership to an end. Ferdinand was a model business associate, and we had always been on the very best of terms, but it seemed to me that it would be impossible for us to remain on our former footing after my marriage. I could plainly see that his love for Lilian Rexworthy was stronger than ever, and I knew his passionate nature well enough to feel sure that nothing would make him cease to cherish some secret thoughts of her. I determined, however, to wait awhile before coming to any definite decision on the point.

"We were to be married soon after the Christmas following our betrothal, and the time soon passed and brought us to within a week of the wedding day. For some little time Ferdinand had seemed strangely absent-minded, and on several occasions I had entered the work-room to find him talking to himself in a low voice. I thought he was ill, and pressed him to go away for a change of air and scene. To tell the truth, I thought it would be well if he was away at the time of the marriage. He, however, would not hear of leaving home, and reminded me that I myself should presently be away on my honeymoon and that his presence could not be dispensed with. I was forced to acquiesce, but I felt very anxious about him. More than once I found him glaring at me with a vindictive expression in his dark eyes, and I began to fear that he harboured some idea of revenge. I was half-minded to speak to him on the subject, but eventually abandoned the idea. I found it impossible to harbour any doubt of him; we had been such close friends and almost brotherly in our relations.

"On Christmas Eve Ferdinand and I were invited to a dance at the house of a lady who was a great friend of the Rexworthys. It was not often that we could get to a social function together, and once there we were always liable to interruption in the shape of an urgent message from some patient or other. This event, however, was specially given in honour of my approaching marriage, and both Ferdinand and myself felt it incumbent upon us to attend. When the time came I was glad to see him in readiness to go to Mrs. Leetham's house, for he had been ill and evidently out of sorts all day, and needed something to distract his thoughts. As we drove away together I attempted to draw him into conversation.

"'Ferdinand,' I said, 'you don't seem well. I wish you would go away for a week or two. You need change of scene.'

"'I am quite well,' he replied. 'It is impossible, as you know, for me to be away at present. Your marriage will take place within the week.'

"After that he would say no more, and we remained silent until we reached Mrs. Leetham's house. As we entered I noticed that Ferdinand's face was drawn and pale, and that he looked strangely agitated. I again declared my conviction that he was ill, and he again denied the imputation.

"'I am well,' said he. 'Come, let us enter the ball-room. You have not put on your gloves. Be quick—we are very late as it is.'

"He was already buttoning his own gloves as he spoke. I drew mine from the pocket of my dress-coat and began putting them on. I noticed that my partner watched me keenly as I did so, and that he drew a long breath as I fastened the last button.

"'There; now for the ball-room,' said he, and turned along the hall to the door of the brilliantly-lighted apartment, where dancing had already begun. The musicians were playing a dreamy waltz as we entered, and under the music ran a ripple of pleasant laughter and light-hearted conversation. I looked round the room in search of Lilian; she was opposite the door talking to our hostess. They both saw us and came over to where we stood. As they drew near I suddenly saw a terrified expression steal into their eyes, and the next instant Mrs. Leetham screamed:—

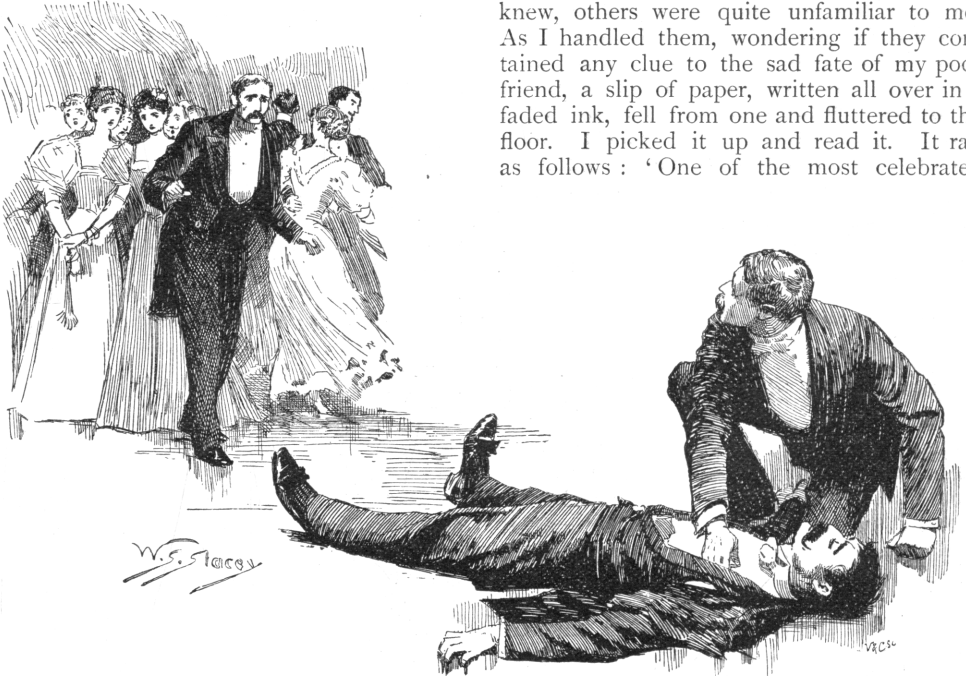
"'Dr. Holford! look at Dr. Montero!'

"I turned on Ferdinand like a flash. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget his face. He stood near the door, his body

fixed in an awful rigidity, his face working convulsively, his eyes positively horrible in their attempt to convey some message which his tongue refused to utter. I rushed to his side, but before I or any of the bystanders could reach him he fell to the ground, and lay there apparently lifeless. I was kneeling by him on the instant, and another medical man came hurrying up in response to a call for

apoplexy, nor a seizure of the ordinary kind. It was some mode and form of sudden death with which we were unfamiliar.

"I went into our work-room and began to think the matter over. The sight of Montero's works on toxicology lying loosely arranged on his desk suggested a thought of sinister aspect to me. Had he poisoned himself? I went across the room and began to turn the books over. Some of them I knew, others were quite unfamiliar to me. As I handled them, wondering if they contained any clue to the sad fate of my poor friend, a slip of paper, written all over in a faded ink, fell from one and fluttered to the floor. I picked it up and read it. It ran as follows: 'One of the most celebrated



"I WAS KNEELING BY HIM ON THE INSTANT."

help. The music stopped, the light chatter and merry laughter died away, and people looked on awe-struck while we made a hasty examination.

"He was dead. I felt sure of it from the moment I saw him fall, and the merest glance at him showed us the worst. And he was not only dead, but cold and rigid. It seemed as if light and life had gone out of him at one fell stroke.

"There was, of course, an end to all merry-making for that night, and presently the house was deserted save by those who remained to attend to poor Montero. Two or three hours later we removed the body to my house, and at midnight I found myself gazing on the cold face of my dead partner and wondering what had caused his death. For neither I nor the other medical man who had seen him die could accurately say what killed him. It was not heart disease, nor

poisoners of Italy was accustomed to poison his victims by rubbing the inside of their gloves or gauntlets with a preparation which soaked into the flesh and produced death within a few minutes."

"I let the paper fall from my hand, overwhelmed by a terrible conviction that Ferdinand had chosen this ingenious mode of terminating his life. I hastily left the work-room and returned to the chamber where his dead body lay. I lifted his right hand and examined it. It was cold and still, and I could at first see no mark on it. Presently, however, I noticed that there was a slight discoloration about the palm, and that a faint odour of some drug seemed to linger there. I went back to the work-room, feeling that there was some mystery. In the corridor I met our housekeeper, who evidently wished to speak to me.

"What shall I do with Dr. Montero's

clothes, sir?' she inquired. 'Shall I put them away, or will they be wanted at the inquest?'

"'Oh, put them away,' said I. 'But stay, did you see Dr. Montero's gloves? Did they come home?'

"'I am not sure, sir,' she answered. 'But I'll look and see.'

"'Do, please—and bring them to me if you find them.'

"I went into the work-room. In a few moments the housekeeper entered, bearing a dress-coat, on the folded top of which lay a pair of white kid gloves.

"'If you please, sir,' said she, 'I think either you or poor Dr. Montero made a mistake in dressing to-night.'

"'Indeed, how so?'

"'Because, sir, he was wearing your dress-coat; and, if I am not mistaken, you are wearing his.'

"I started up and almost tore the coat from my shoulders. I had had no time to change it since coming home. The woman was right—there had been a mistake. I was wearing Montero's coat, and the one they had taken from him was mine.

"'I brushed your coats this evening, sir,' said the housekeeper, 'and laid them out in the dressing-room' (Montero and I shared one dressing-room between us—our bedrooms flanking it on either side), 'and, I suppose, as you are so much of a build,

that you took Dr. Montero's coat and he took yours.'

"'Did you put any gloves out, Mrs. Jones?' I asked.

"'I put a pair of white kid gloves into the pocket of each coat, sir,' said Mrs. Jones, 'as I always do.'

"'Thank-you—that will do,' said I, and took the coat and gloves from her. When she had gone, I inspected the right-hand glove. There was nothing in its appearance to surprise me, but there hung about it the same peculiar odour which I had noticed about Montero's hand.

"I took the glove and all Montero's books on poison and locked them carefully up. The mystery of my late partner's death was solved for me."

Here Dr. Holford brought his story to an end. He was silent for a moment or two; then he looked up and spoke again:—

"I daresay you have drawn your own conclusions from the story," said he, "but it won't do any harm if I tell you what mine were. I am certain beyond doubt that Ferdinand Montero had impregnated my glove with a deadly poison of which modern toxicologists do not know the secret, and that if it had not been for an accidental oversight which led me to put on my partner's dress-coat instead of my own, I should have been a dead man instead of him."

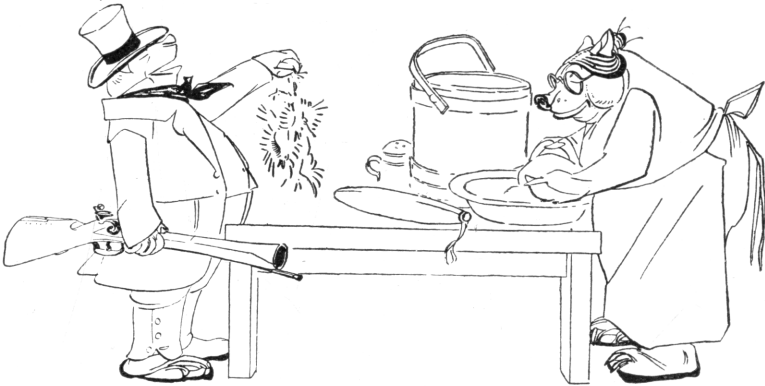


"ON THE FOLDED TOP LAY A PAIR OF WHITE KID GLOVES."

Fables

Illustrated
by
J A Shepherd

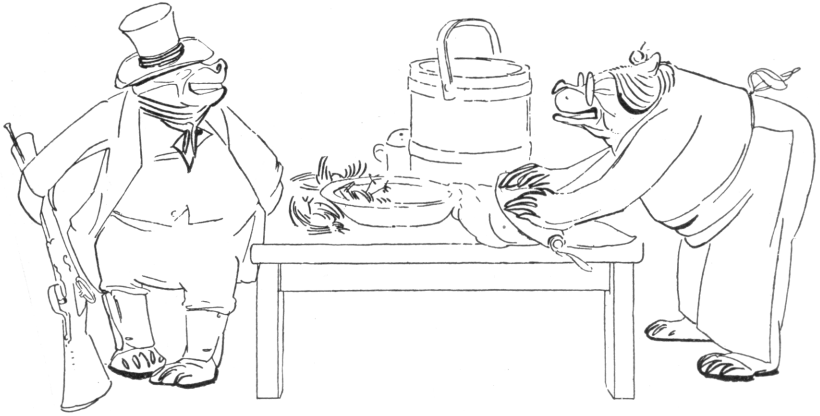
BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.



1.—“COME, SWEETHEART,” SAYS HE; “LET’S HAVE THESE BLACKBIRDS FOR SUPPER.”



2.—“BLACKBIRDS?” SAYS SHE. “CERTAINLY, MY LOVE; YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR THRUSHES FOR SUPPER.”



3.—“WELL,” SAYS HE, “BUT I TELL YOU AGAIN I’LL HAVE THESE BLACKBIRDS FOR SUPPER.”



4.—“THAT’S WELL,” QUOTH THE SHE BEAR, “AND I TELL YOU AGAIN AND AGAIN THAT YOU SHALL HAVE THESE THRUSHES FOR SUPPER.”



5.—“PRAY, MY DEAR,” SAYS THE HE BEAR, “IF I SAY THEY ARE BLACKBIRDS, LET THEM BE BLACKBIRDS.”



6.—“PRAY, MY DARLING,” SAYS SHE. “IF I HAVE A FOOL FOR MY HUSBAND, IS MY HUSBAND’S WIFE BOUND TO BE A FOOL FOR COMPANY?”



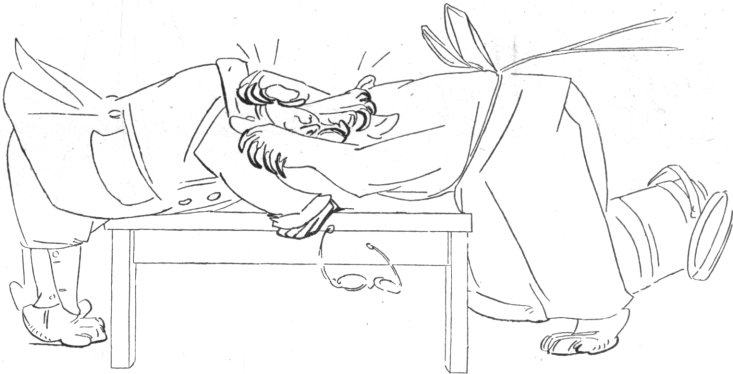
7.—“HUSSY, DON’T PROVOKE ME,” SAYS HE, “BUT LET THE BLACKBIRDS BE COOKED, AND DO AS I BID YOU; OBEY YOUR HUSBAND!”



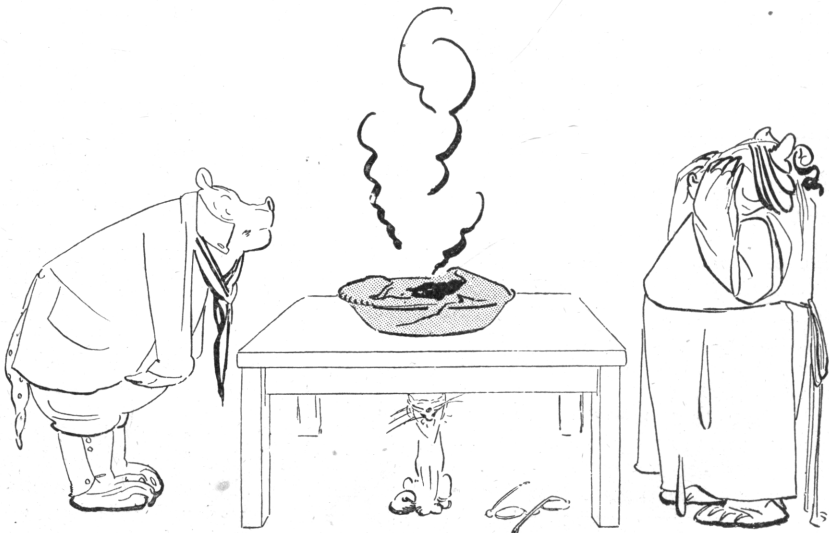
8.—“GRACIOUS ME,” SAYS SHE; “I KNOW NO MORE REASON I HAVE TO OBEY MY HUSBAND THAN MY HUSBAND HAS TO OBEY ME. THRUSHES, YOU VILLAIN!” SAYS SHE.



9.—“BLACKBIRDS, JADE!” SAYS THE OTHER.



10.—FROM THESE FAMILY WORDS THEY FELL TO BLOWS UPON THE QUESTION WHETHER THEY WERE BLACKBIRDS OR THRUSHES.



11.—IN THE MEANTIME THE BIRDS WERE BURNT TO A CINDER, AND SO THE POOR BEARS HAD NONE.
Vo', xi. 44.

Diamond Mining in South Africa.

By J. BUCKNALL SMITH.



VIEW OF THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND FIELDS IN 1870.



THE history of the diamond mines of Griqualand West, South Africa, is one long romance—more thrilling, more varied than any yet seen on the stage of the Adelphi or Old Drury. This wonderful and very unique history is made up of sensational experiences relating to camp and detective life ; shocking catastrophes ; amazingly skilful robberies ; equally amazing blunders ; the fatuous bigotry of geological experts ; and the speedy realization of colossal fortunes. For fully a decade the value of the annual output of these precious stones has averaged several million pounds sterling, and the labour involved in the production of the gems may be realized on learning that a load containing 16 cubic feet of diamondiferous ground only yields an average of one carat.

Notwithstanding this, in dealing with diamonds, an enormous value may be comprised within an exceedingly small compass ; hence the terrible temptations with which the winning of these gems is beset. It is a remarkable fact that many of the most valuable stones obtained of late years have been recovered stolen property.

In their natural form diamonds possess the appearance of semi-transparent pebbles or crystals, with a dull, metallic lustre ; indeed,

the uninitiated might easily pass them by as of little importance or value. The stones are usually discovered in the beds of rivers and like places, but at Kimberley they are found many hundred feet below the surface of the earth, embedded in a blue ground, composed of a magnesian conglomerate. So phenomenal is the occurrence of diamonds in this particular deposit, that in the early days the alleged existence of the stones under such conditions was denounced by European geological experts as an impudent fraud. Now, however, it is considered that the mines are probably formations in extinct volcanoes.

It may be mentioned that the stones are cut and polished in Europe by grinding them on a lapidary wheel with some of their own dust.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, before the railway was laid up country, Kimberley was at best a dreary place to live in ; and, moreover, in those days the steamship service to the Cape was, to put it mildly, execrable. In order to show the cheerlessness of this district, we reproduce above a view of the diamond fields in 1870, showing the indiscriminate manner in which each proprietor worked his allotments in those primitive days. Even to-day Kimberley is far from being beautiful, the chief object in the land-

scape being the heaps of débris and "tailings" scattered over the district from the mining operations. However, the average individual does not regard Kimberley as a pleasure resort; rather the contrary, for the place has killed thousands who were bitten with the diamond mania, and ultimately succumbed to heart-break and bitter disappointment. Now let us commence this wondrous story.

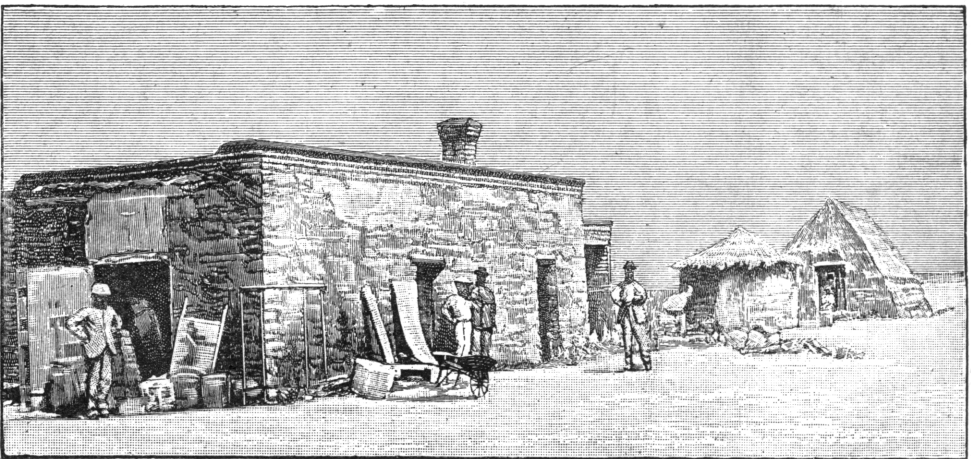
Early in the year 1867 a traveller named O'Reilly, bound southwards from the Orange River, rested himself awhile at a farm in the Hope Town district. His host, one Niekerk, presently brought to his notice some nice-looking stones that had been obtained from the river; and while examining this collection of pebbles, O'Reilly pounced upon the "first diamond." This gem he at once took to Dr. Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who pronounced it to be worth £500, and this sum it very soon realized. Naturally, the lucky wayfarer then hastened back to the spot where such good fortune had befallen him, but his subsequent assiduous searches were unavailing. Some two years now elapsed without anything momentous transpiring. However, in 1869, Farmer Niekerk acquired from a native, for about £400 worth of stock, a large diamond which was readily sold to a firm in Hope Town for £10,000. This famous gem was later christened, "The Star of South Africa"; it weighed 83 carats, was estimated to be worth £25,000, and found a final resting-place among the Countess of Dudley's magnificent jewels.

One of the most peculiar incidents in connection with the diamond fields is that, although these early discoveries were made

in the neighbourhood of Hope Town, no mine has ever been found there.

The very natural result of the sensational "find" just mentioned was a frantic rush of diggers to the district from all parts. Careful prospecting demonstrated later on that diamonds also existed on the banks of the Vaal River. Consequently, barely a year after the finding of "The Star of South Africa," no fewer than 10,000 persons had arrived on the scene in spite of the dreary, not to say appalling, prospects that confronted them. Good food and pure water were unknown at that time; while shelter from the scorching sun was mainly afforded by primitive canvas structures. Many miners thus succumbed to pestilence, disease, and sunstroke before they even reached the threshold of their Eldorado. At this time, however, crime was almost unknown, partly because the journey from Port Elizabeth was accomplished in rough bullock waggons over frightful roads, and occupied about three weeks, at a cost of fully £50, an amount beyond the means of the lowest class of rogues. Furthermore, the cost of living was simply prodigious.

In 1871 a new diamond deposit was discovered near Dutoitspan on a farm called Vooruizigt, the property of a Mr. De Beers, and three years later these diggings were proclaimed by law as "mines," including those of Dutoitspan, De Beers, and Kimberley. The Bultfontein mine was not discovered until eight years after. The old native farmhouse shown in the accompanying illustration once stood on the site of the last-named mine. In the walls of this rude structure diamonds were discovered which first gave rise to the belief that the home-



FARMHOUSE IN THE WALLS OF WHICH DIAMONDS WERE DISCOVERED.

stead had been erected over a mine. The figure seen approaching the house with clasped hands is the late Mr. J. Fry, then Chief of the Police Detective Department. That this gentleman and his successors have had plenty to do will be apparent later on.

Before diamonds were found in this locality the arid land was not worth more than a few pence per acre; indeed, the homestead that was built over the Kimberley mine was originally bought for less than £8. The Vooruintzigt farm, which included the De Beers mine, was sold later on for £6,000, and was shortly afterwards acquired by the Government for £100,000, whereas the property has since proved to be worth nearly one hundred million pounds. From four to five million pounds worth of gems have been raised from these mines in the course of a single year. The feelings of the poor farmers who thus parted with their land for a mere pittance may be better imagined than described when they discovered that they had been living and sleeping over hoards of almost fabulous treasures. As we have already stated, the presence of diamonds in this district was first suspected by the detection of valuable stones in the primitive sod-walls of the farmhouse. The Boer, however, was too phlegmatic or too ignorant to recognise their nature, or inquire about their value.

Clearly, the district was a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, for diamonds were even picked up in the old Camp Church—a unique structure of canvas and corrugated iron. Originally the Orange Free State authorities controlled the district, but they presently came into collision with Waterboer, paramount chief of the Griquas, who appealed to Queen Victoria, with the result that in 1871 both he and his people were proclaimed British subjects. The Orange Free State continued cantankerous, however, so a few years later,

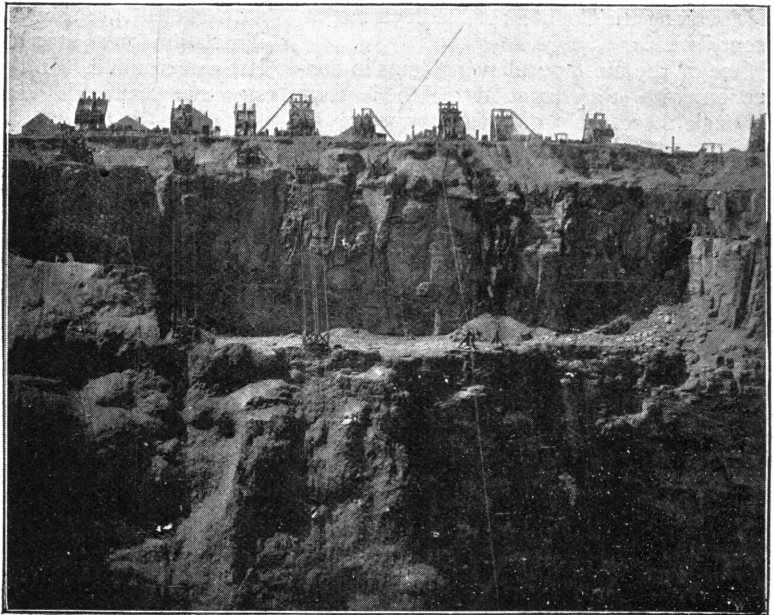
when President Brand came to England, the whole business was amicably settled for a consideration of £90,000.

In October, 1871, mining laws were first formulated and proclaimed in Griqualand, and then it was that the license money for mining claims was fixed at 5s. per month for areas of about 30 square feet, if not worked by more than three persons; 10s. if worked by six, and so on *pro rata*. On these easy terms many fortunate diggers acquired wealth with amazing rapidity, while others went quickly down into an untimely grave.

As there was at this time a fine go-as-you-please system of mining, the irregular excavations gradually assumed vast dimensions and depths; while the multitude of wire ropes stretching across the diggings, by which the soil was raised to the surface in buckets, resembled monstrous metallic cobwebs.

Look at this view of open-quarry working. The photograph was taken looking towards the earth's surface, and it shows the aerial rope-ways whereby the diamondiferous soil was raised.

At one time, probably, a greater quantity of wire was used in these diggings than in any other industry extant. Ropes of steel were sold for handsome sums. They were composed of thousands of fine filaments spun together, and combined the elasticity of hemp with a breaking strain of some eighty tons to the square inch, an invention with



OPEN-QUARRY WORKING.

which the name of Bullivant is indelibly associated and inseparable.

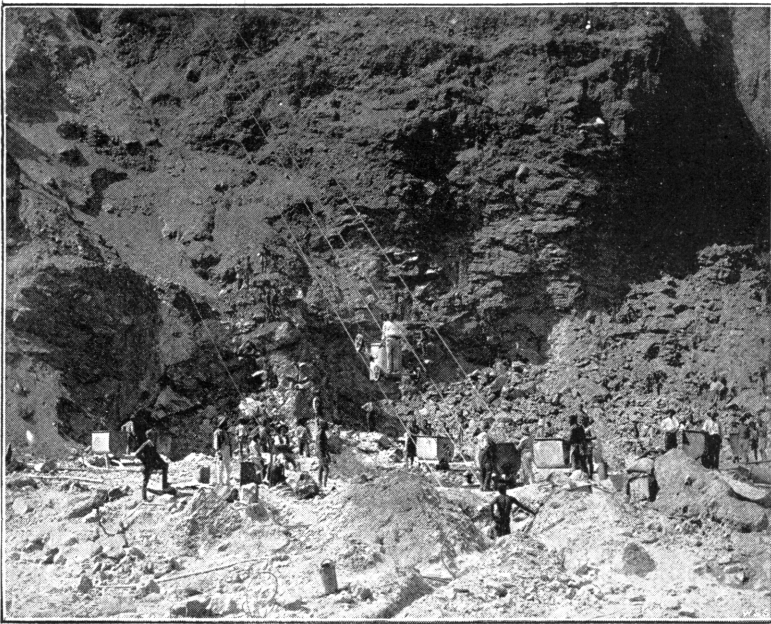
The story of the London and South African Exploration Company is typical of many similar romantic and successful ventures. This company, the only freeholders in the Cape Colony and the owners of the Dutoitspan and Bultfontein mines, located close to Kimberley, was founded in 1870 with a capital of £20,000, in £10 shares—which, by the way, not many years later fetched £600 in cash. It may, perhaps, be desirable to mention that the Kimberley mine is situated one mile west of the De Beers mine, while about two miles distant, in a south-westerly direction, are the mines of Dutoitspan and Bultfontein.

Here is another view of an open mine

white labour was energetically assisted by native tribes. About this time, windlasses worked by horses were first employed for hauling up the baskets of soil over the aerial rope-ways before mentioned. This enabled larger quantities of the deposits to be raised at a time. About a year later, the primitive cradle washing-machine was supplanted by improved mechanical rotary devices, and this is the type of washing apparatus used at this day. Shortly after, the steam engine was introduced upon the busy, but somewhat dismal, scene.

In April, 1875, the diggers armed themselves and openly rebelled against the Mining Council. This hoisting of the "black flag" and the conflict resulted in the recall of Mr. Southey, the Lieutenant-Governor.

As we have already hinted, the excavations were assuming colossal dimensions, consequently landslips commenced on a pretty extensive scale. In 1878 one-quarter of the Kimberley mine was covered by a terrific avalanche of *débris*, and the following year the Mining Board spent over £300,000 in removing the fallen reef. Two years later over one and a half millions sterling had been spent in removing landslips alone; the total quantity of fallen *débris*



AT THE BOTTOM OF AN OPEN MINE.

showing both European and native labourers excavating the "blue" ground and filling the aerial tram buckets.

Up to 1874 the industry was controlled by the Diggers' Committee, but after that date a representative Mining Board was constituted for the purpose. We are now discussing a period when the railway to Kimberley was far advanced, while hundreds of acres had been allotted in small claims to thousands of diggers from all parts of the world. The scene throughout the district at this period was animated and impressive to an astonishing degree, and

exceeding 10,000,000 loads, each of 16 cubic feet. This led to the abolition of the "open" or quarry system of mining, which necessitated the use of an enormous quantity of blasting materials.

In 1884 something like thirty tons of dynamite blew up and wrought appalling havoc. The times of blasting in the mines were midday and sunset, when one would think one was within a besieged city. At these times things were decidedly lively. Occasionally monstrous pieces of earth and rock were hurled into the streets, killing human beings and cattle and destroying

houses—not that the latter required much demolishing.

At the period to which we now refer, the memorable share mania had arisen, when most of the private holdings were converted into public companies.

Some idea of the hugeness of the gaps dug in the earth under the old system may be gathered from the fact that the open depth of the Kimberley Mine in 1885 was about 450ft., with an area of 40 acres; St. Paul's Cathedral itself might be buried in such a cavity. This led to the introduction of shaft-sinking, by an English miner named Jones. This individual advocated a system of diamond mining after the manner in which we procure our coal at the present day, and the next illustration shown here depicts the first shaft sunk in the Kimberley Mine. The

baffle them and get away with stones, in spite of a severe and marvellously thorough system of searching.

At one time Kimberley simply teemed with detectives, and all strangers and suspected persons were carefully watched, and traps were even laid for them. There are two classes of diamond thieves to be dealt with, namely, those who succeed in getting the stones clear of the mines, and those who buy or receive gems and contrive means of getting them out of the country.

For all comparatively irresponsible work in the mines natives are employed—Kaffirs, Zulus, and Basutos. The value of the diamonds raised from the Kimberley mine alone during 1883 was nearly £1,000,000 sterling, whilst the total yield up to 1885 probably exceeded the value of £20,000,000. The

quantity of earth excavated during the same period would be represented by the same figures in tons.

On an average the diamondiferous soil produced gems to the value of from 30s. to 90s. per cubic yard.

Enormous net profits were about this time being earned by the various mining companies.

In 1887 Mr. Cecil Rhodes conferred with his

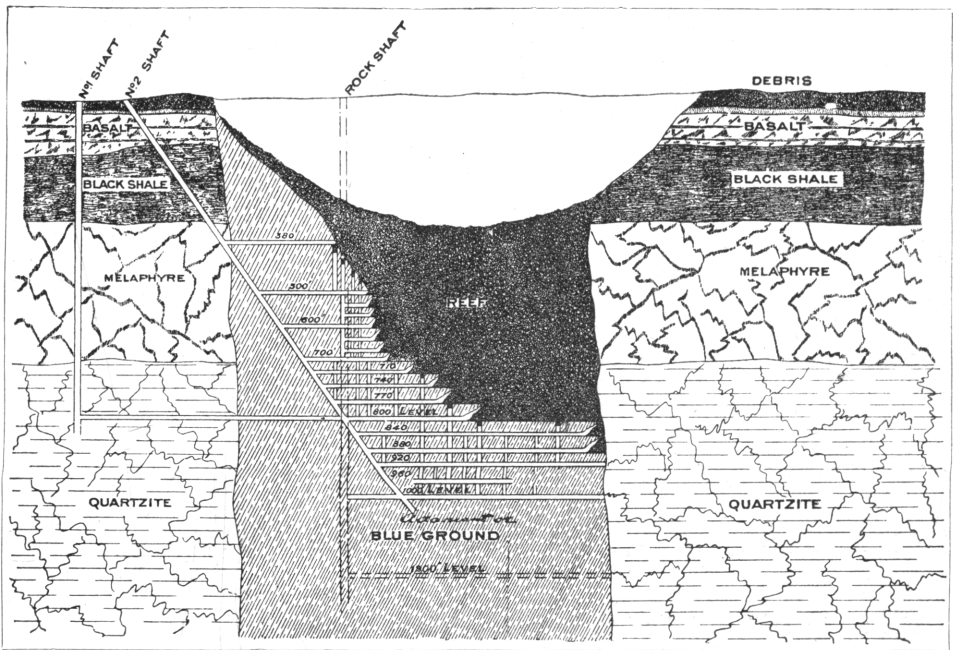
colleagues, and suggested a plan by which the mines could be all consolidated into the property of one powerful company. One motive for this was to avoid the possibility of a plethora of diamonds flooding the market, and the consequent depreciation of the gems. After the consolidation had been achieved, the works in Dutoitspan and Bultfontein were closed. Just previously an awful conflagration had taken place in the underground galleries of the De Beers mine, resulting in a frightful loss of life and property. We show here a vertical section of the De Beers mine, representing the underground method of "winning" the diamondiferous soil through vertical and inclined shafts, connected with horizontal levels or galleries. As is well known, the



THE FIRST SHAFT SUNK IN THE KIMBERLEY MINE.

construction of this shaft marked the abandonment of the open for underground working.

In June, 1882, the Diamond Trades Act became law, some of the objects in view being to restrict transactions with diamonds and to inflict heavy penalties on those convicted of theft or illicit diamond buying—"I. D. B.," as it is called. Some few years ago a great number of European convicts, largely Jews whose diamond hunger had got them into trouble, were always to be seen working on the Cape Town breakwater for offences committed under this Act. Some were sentenced to ten and others to fifteen years' hard labour. Experience has shown, however, that no matter how alert or shrewd the detectives may be, the natives frequently



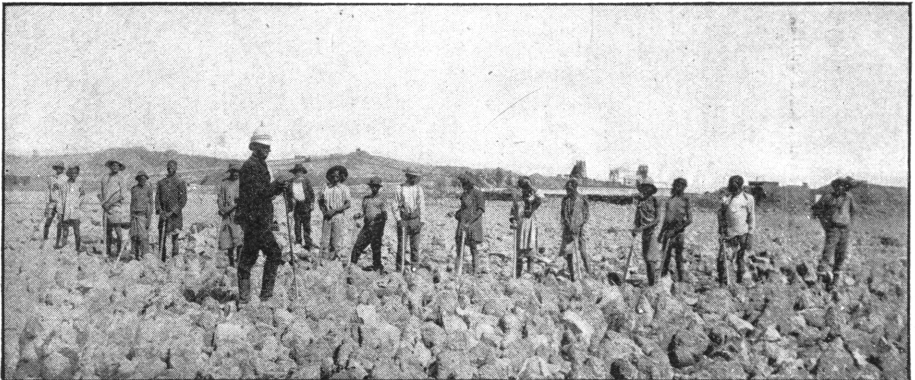
VERTICAL SECTION OF THE DE BEERS MINE, LOOKING NORTH.

Honourable C. Rhodes, the able Premier of Cape Colony, left England for the diggings in the early days, and became a millionaire in about ten years.

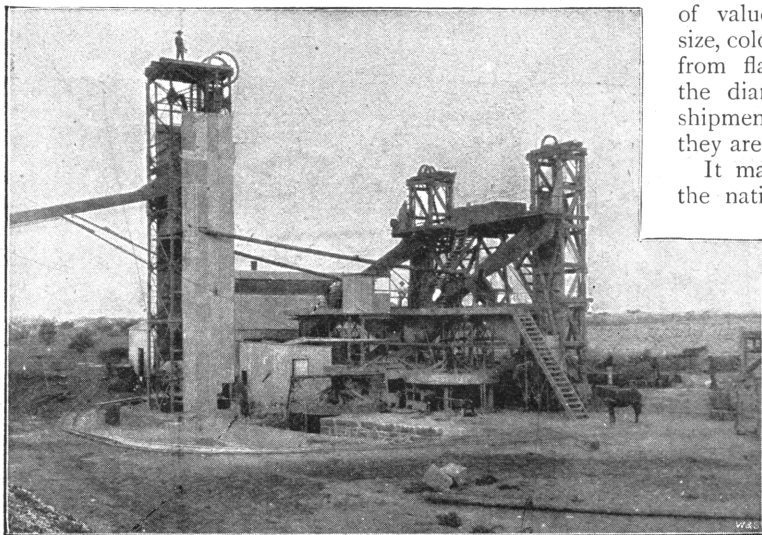
Let us now consider the method of subterranean diamond mining, as carried out at the present day by the De Beers Consolidated Mining Company. In the first place, vertical timbered shafts are sunk through the barren reef, or inclined ones driven through the rock to the required depth; and from the bottom of these, horizontal tunnels are advanced through the deposits. The precious soil is hewn or blasted out in these galleries, and then conveyed by small waggons to the mouths of the shafts, up which it is

raised in buckets by means of wire ropes actuated by winding engines on the surface. At the ground surface the diamondiferous soil is transferred into trucks mounted on light railways and carried to depositing sites, where it is exposed to the influence of the atmosphere for several months. Our next illustration shows one of these depositing sites, on which the "blue" ground is placed after having been raised from the mine. The soil is picked and turned over most carefully by natives under the surveillance of a guard, as seen in the picture.

When the soil has been sufficiently picked, raked, and harrowed at intervals and is disintegrated generally, it is again shovelled



A DEPOSITING SITE.



A MODERN WASHING-MACHINE.

of value, according to their size, colour, form, and freedom from flaws. After packing, the diamonds are ready for shipment to Europe, where they are cut and polished.

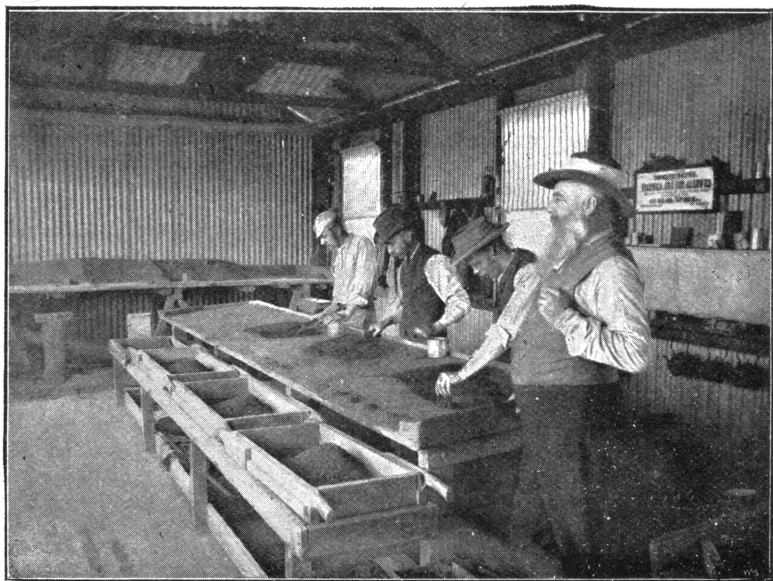
It may be mentioned that the natives employed in the mines are paid bonuses for finding stones, independently of their wages. They work in the mines in a condition of practical nudity; yet, nevertheless, when each eight hours' day is over, they are carefully searched for the secretion of gems, which the wily

into the trucks and carried off to the great rotary washing-machines, wherein the loose ground is washed away and the stones automatically retained. The modern washing-machine is shown in the above view. The "screenings" are afterwards put into another machine provided with sieves that vibrate horizontally, and in this way is effected the separation of the different-sized stones; from among these latter the diamonds are picked out by hand. The examining and sorting of the stones are conducted upon large metal-topped tables.

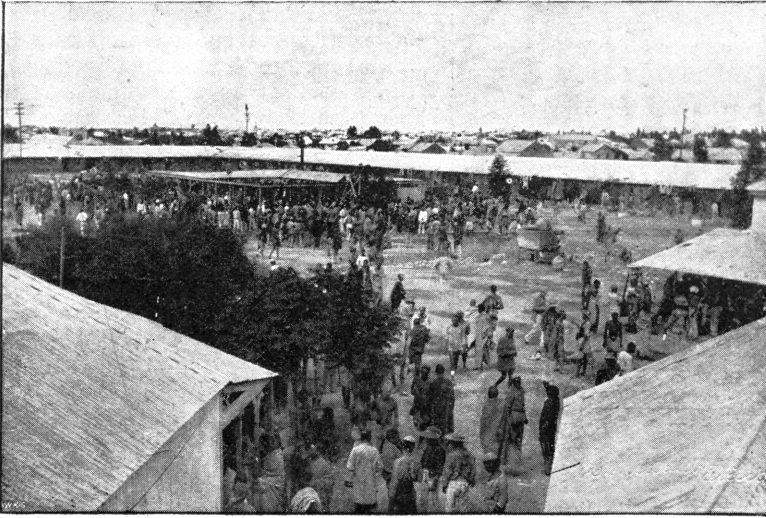
In our next illustration we see Europeans at work separating the diamonds from the pebbles that are extracted by the washing and sifting machines. As the gems are picked out, they are dropped into locked cans or receptacles like money-boxes. The contents of these boxes are afterwards re-examined by experts, who sort the stones into grades

fellows have been known to conceal in the joints of their toes, in their hair, and even in their stomachs—by the comparatively simple process of swallowing them.

About 4,000 blacks are employed in the industry, and they earn on an average about £3 a week. During their engagement with the company these natives are never allowed to mix with the outside world, but live in "compounds" or inclosures specially constructed for their accommodation within the precincts of the company's property. These



EUROPEANS SEPARATING THE DIAMONDS FROM THE PEBBLES.



A "COMPOUND."

inclosures are fenced in with barbed wire—for all the world as though the men were cattle and had to be kept from straying into a neighbour's field. The boundaries are periodically patrolled by guards to prevent the escape of natives or their communication with scheming outsiders. There are dormitories provided for the men, also swimming baths, hospitals, instruction and recreation rooms, stores, food, and clothing. About 2,000 white men are also employed in the industry.

Here we see a couple of experts sorting and classifying the rough diamonds according to size and colour.

According to a recent report of the De Beers Consolidated Mining Company, the result of the year's operations produced a net profit of £1,692,397; and the total quantity of the soil raised during the twelve months is given as two million loads, each of 16 cubic feet. The average yield per load manipulated is about 30s. The working levels vary from about 625ft. to 1,000ft. below the surface.

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The average cost of "winning" and washing the ground is stated to amount to about 7s. per load; and the total annual cost of working the mines is about 1¼ millions sterling. From the nefarious causes before mentioned, it is estimated that no less than 25 per cent. of all the diamonds found never reach the company's coffers, notwithstanding that a bonus of 7½ per cent. of

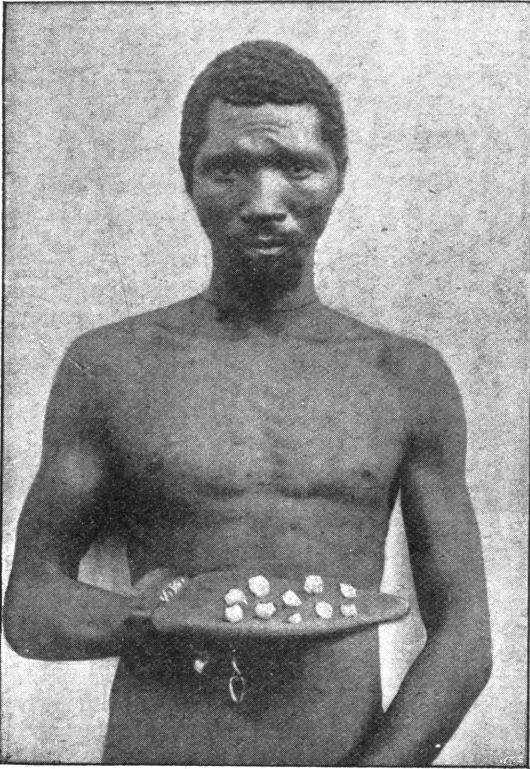
the value of all finds is allowed to natives, in addition to 2½ per cent. to the overseer of the men.

Just look at the culprit overleaf. The ten gems seen in his hand weigh 210 carats, and were swallowed by the man, but ultimately recovered. It will be seen that leather mittens are chained on his hands to prevent his further manipulation or secretion of the stones. The expression of his face clearly indicates the troubles that are in store for him, as punishment for his crime.

Amsterdam and Antwerp are the chief centres of the diamond cutting and polishing industry; and a stone that "finishes" at not less than 50 per cent. of its original weight



EXPERTS SORTING AND CLASSIFYING THE ROUGH GEMS.



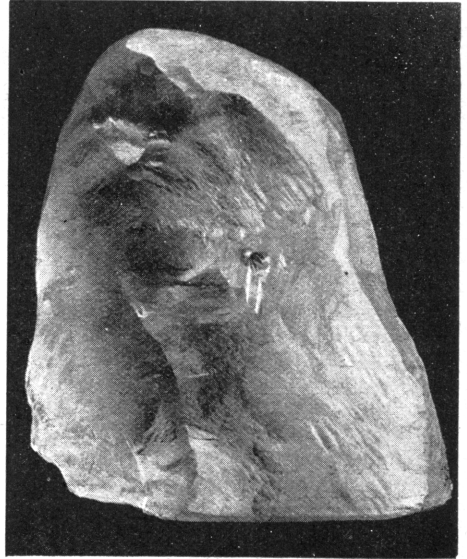
A DIAMOND-STEALER WITH HIS BOOTY.

is considered a very satisfactory result. The time occupied in these processes may range between four and fourteen days, according to the size of the stone and the number of facets to be formed.

In March, 1888, a yellow diamond was found in the De Beers mine which weighed 428 carats in the rough, and 228 carats when cut. It was stolen by a native, but recovered by a detective three hours afterwards. This flawless diamond measured 1 7-8 in. across the major axis, and weighed over three ounces; it is shown in the accompanying illustration.

All diamonds, however, are overshadowed by the colossal stone discovered two years ago at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State. This superb diamond weighs 970 carats, or 6½ oz. avoirdupois, and is of the finest water. It is the property of a syndicate of London diamond merchants. Strange to say, as illustrating

the extraordinary luck of mining speculation, it was found almost within the last hour of the above-mentioned syndicate's contract for the products of the Jagersfontein mine. The native who found the great stone evaded his overseer, and ran with it to head-quarters to obtain the whole reward, which took the substantial form of £100 in gold and a horse and cart. This diamond, however, has a black flaw in the centre, as may be seen in the accompanying

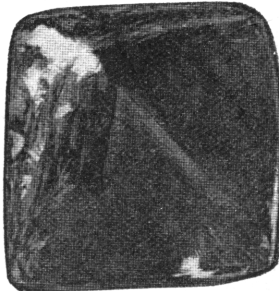


THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD—ACTUAL SIZE.

picture, which shows the actual size of this enormous gem.

Therefore it is not yet decided whether this diamond is to be cut as one large stone—"the biggest in the world"—or to be divided into two parts. To the uneducated eye this priceless piece of portable property

looks like a lump of alum, and we may here mention that imitation rough stones have been formed of that substance for the purpose of testing the honesty of the operatives in the mine, it being a common trick to swallow gems. Obviously, if the most Spartan-like native or white man incontinently swallowed a mouthful of alum as large as this, his facial expression could not fail to betray him.



A RECOVERED STOLEN DIAMOND, WEIGHING 428 CARATS—ACTUAL SIZE.



The Story of the Invisible Kingdom.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF
RICHARD LEANDER.

IN a little house half-way up the mountain-side, and about a mile from the other houses of the village, there lived with his old father a young man called George. There was just enough land belonging to the house to enable the father and son to live free from care.

Immediately behind the house the wood began, the oak trees and beech trees in which were so old that the grandchildren of the people who had planted them had been dead for more than a hundred years, but in front of the house there lay a broken old mill-stone—who knows how it got there! Any-one sitting on the stone would have a wonderful view of the valley down below, with the river flowing through it, and of the mountains rising on the other side of the river. In the evening, when he had finished his work in the fields, George often sat here for hours at a time dreaming, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands; and because he cared little for the villagers, but generally went about silent and absorbed like one who is thinking of all sorts of things,

the people nicknamed him “George the Dreamer.” But he did not mind it at all.

The older he grew, the more silent he became, and when at last his old father died, and he had buried him under a great old oak tree, he became quite silent. Then, when he sat on the broken mill-stone, as he did more often than before, and looked down into the lovely valley, and saw how the evening mists came into the valley at one end and slowly climbed the mountains, and how it then became darker and darker, until at last the moon and the stars appeared in the sky in their full glory, a wonderful feeling came into his heart. The waves of the river began to sing, quite softly at first, but gradually louder, until they could be heard quite plainly; and they sang of the mountains, down from which they had come, and of the sea, to which they wished to go, and of the nixies who lived far down at the bottom of the river. Then the forest began to rustle, quite differently from an ordinary forest, and it used to relate the most wonderful tales. The old oak tree, especially, which stood at his father's grave, knew far more than all the other trees. The stars, high up in the sky, wanted so much to tumble down into the green forest and the blue water, that they twinkled and sparkled as if they could

not bear it any longer. But the angels who stand behind the stars held them firmly in their places, and said: "Stars, stars, don't be foolish! You are much too old to do silly things—many thousand years old, and more. Stay quietly in your places."

It was truly a wonderful valley! But it was only George the Dreamer who heard and saw all that. The people who lived in the valley had not a suspicion of it, for they were quite ordinary people. Now and then they hewed down a huge old tree, cut it up into firewood, and made a high stack, and then they said: "Now we shall be able to make our coffee again for some time." In the river they washed their clothes; it was very convenient. And even when the stars sparkled most beautifully, they only said, "It will be very cold to-night: let us hope our potatoes won't freeze." Once George the Dreamer tried to bring them to see differently, but they only laughed at him. They were just quite ordinary people.

Now, one day as he was sitting on the mill-stone and thinking that he was quite alone in the world, he fell asleep. Then he dreamt that he saw, hanging down from the sky, a golden swing, which was fastened to two stars by silver ropes. In the swing sat a charming Princess, who was swinging so high that each time she touched the sky, then the earth, and then the sky again. Each time the swing came near the earth, the Princess clapped her hands with joy and threw George the Dreamer a rose. But suddenly the ropes broke, and the swing, with the Princess, flew far into the sky, farther and farther, until at last he could see it no longer.

Then he woke up, and when he looked round, he saw a great bunch of roses lying beside him on the mill-stone.

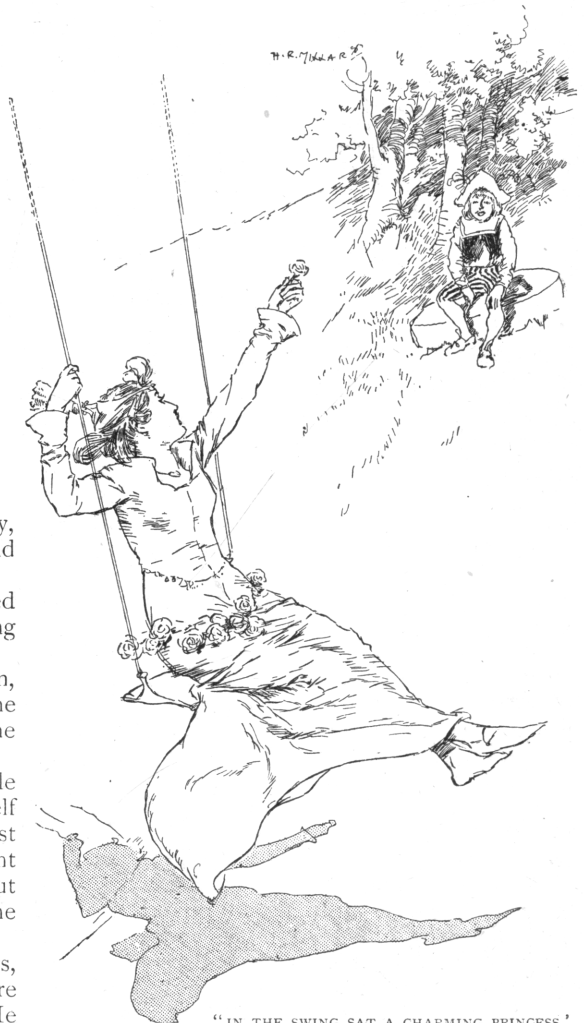
The next day he went to sleep again, and dreamt the same thing, and when he woke up the roses were lying on the stone by his side.

This happened every day for a whole week. Then George said to himself that some part of the dream must be true, because he always dreamt exactly the same thing. So he shut up his house and set out to seek the Princess.

After he had travelled for many days, he saw in the distance a country, where the clouds touched the earth. He

hastened towards it, but came, on his way, to a large forest. Here he suddenly heard fearful groans and cries, and on approaching the place from which they seemed to come, he saw a venerable old man with a silver-grey beard lying on the ground. Two horribly ugly, naked fellows were kneeling on him, trying to strangle him. Then George the Dreamer looked round to see whether he could find some sort of weapon with which to run the two fellows through the body; but he could find nothing, so, in mortal terror, he tore down a huge tree-trunk. He had scarcely seized it when it changed in his hands into a mighty halberd. Then he rushed at the two monsters and ran them through the body, and they let go the old man and ran away howling.

Then George lifted the old man up and comforted him, and asked him why the two



"IN THE SWING SAT A CHARMING PRINCESS."

fellows had wanted to choke him. The old man said that he was the King of Dreams, and had come by mistake into the kingdom of his greatest enemy, the King of Realities. The latter, as soon as he noticed this, had sent two of his servants to lie in wait for him and kill him.

"Have you, then, done the King of Realities any harm?" asked George the Dreamer.

"God forbid!" the old man assured him. "He is always very easily provoked, that is his character. And me he hated like poison."

"But the fellows he sent to strangle you were quite naked!"

"Yes, indeed," said the King, "stark naked. That is the fashion in the land of Realities; all the people, even the King, go about naked, and are not at all ashamed. They are an abominable nation.

But now, since you have saved my life, I will prove my gratitude to you by showing you my country. It is the most glorious country in the whole world, and Dreams are my subjects."

Then the Dream-King went on in front and George followed him. When they came to the place where the clouds touched the earth, the King showed him a trap-door that was so well hidden in the thicket that not even a person who knew it was there would have been able to find it. He lifted it up and led his companion down five hundred steps into a brightly lighted grotto that stretched for miles in undiminished splendour. It was unspeakably beautiful. There were castles on islands in the midst of large lakes, and the islands floated about like ships. If you wished to go into one of them, all you had to do was to stand on



"GEORGE COULD DO NOTHING BUT WONDER AND ADMIRE."

the bank and call out:—

Little castle swim to me,

That I may get into thee.

Then it came to the shore by itself. Further on were other castles, on clouds, floating slowly in the air. But if you said:—

Float down little castle in the air,

Take me up to see thy beauties rare,

they slowly floated down. Besides these, there were gardens with flowers which gave out a sweet smell by day, and a bright light by night; beautifully tinted birds, which told stories; and a host of other wonderful things. George could do nothing but wonder and admire.

"Now I will show you my subjects, the Dreams," said the King. "I have three kinds—good Dreams for good people, bad Dreams

for bad people, and also Dream-goblins. With the last I amuse myself now and then, for a King must sometimes have a joke."

So he took George into one of the castles, which was so queerly built that it looked irresistibly comical.

"Here the Dream-goblins live: they are a tiny, high-spirited, roguish lot—never do any harm, but love to tease." Then he called to one of the goblins: "Come here, little man, and be serious a moment for once in your life. Do you know," he continued, addressing George, "what this rogue does if I, once in a way, allow him to go down to the earth? He runs to the next house, drags the first man he comes across, who is sound asleep, out of bed, carries him to the church tower, and throws him down, head over heels.

Then he rushes down the stairs so as to reach the bottom first, catches the man, carries him home, and flings him so roughly into bed that the bedstead creaks horribly. Then the man wakes up, rubs the sleep out of his eyes, and says: 'Dear me! I thought I was falling from the church tower. What a good thing it was only a dream.'

"Is that the one?" cried George. "Look here, he has been to me before; but if he comes again, and I catch him, it will be the worse for him." He had scarcely finished speaking when another goblin sprang out from under the table. He looked like a little dog, for he had a very ragged waistcoat on, and he let his tongue hang out of his mouth.

"He is not much better," said the King. "He barks like a dog, and is as strong as a giant. When people in their dreams are frightened at something, he holds their hands and feet so that they cannot move."

"I know him, too," interrupted George. "When you want to run away, you feel as stiff and stark as a piece of wood. If you want to move your arms or your legs, you can't do it. But often it is not a dog, but a bear, or a robber, or some other horrid thing."

"I will never allow them to come to you again, George the Dreamer," the King assured him. "Now come and see the bad Dreams. But don't be afraid, they won't do you any harm—they are only for bad people."

Then they passed through a great iron door into a vast space, inclosed by a high wall. Here the most terrible shapes and most horrible monsters were crowded together; some looked like men, others like animals, others were half men and half animals. George was terrified, and made his way back to the iron door. But the King spoke kindly to him and persuaded him to see more closely what wicked people have to dream. Beckoning to a Dream that stood near—a hideous giant, with a mill-wheel under each arm—he commanded him to tell them what he was going to do that night.

Then the monster raised his shoulders, wriggled about with joy, grinned until his mouth met his ears, and said: "I am going to the rich man, who has let his father starve. One day, when the old man was sitting on the

stone steps before his son's house, begging for bread, the son came and said to the servants: 'Drive away that fellow.' So I go to him at night and pass him through my mill-wheels, until all his bones are broken into tiny pieces. When he is properly soft and quivering, I take him by the collar and shake him and say, 'See how you tremble now, you fellow!' Then he wakes up with his teeth chattering, and calls to his wife to bring him another blanket, for he is freezing.



"GEORGE CRIED OUT THAT HE WOULD NOT STAY A MOMENT LONGER."

And when he has fallen asleep once more, I begin it all again."

When George the Dreamer heard this, he rushed out through the door, dragging the King after him, and crying out that he would not stay a moment longer with the bad Dreams. They were too horrible!

The King next led him into a lovely garden where the paths were of silver, the beds of gold, and the flowers, beautifully cut precious stones. Here the good Dreams were walking up and down. The first he

saw was a pale young woman, with a Noah's Ark under one arm, and a box of bricks under the other.

"Who is that?" asked the Dreamer.

"She goes every evening to a little sick boy, whose mother is dead. He is quite alone all day, and no one troubles about him, but towards evening she goes to him, plays with him, and stays the whole night. She goes early because he goes to sleep early. The other Dreams go much later. Let us proceed; if you want to see everything, we must make haste."

Then they went further into the garden, into the midst of the good Dreams. There were men, women, old men, and children, all with dear, good faces, and most beautifully dressed. Many of them were carrying all sorts of things: everything that the heart can possibly wish for. Suddenly George stood still and cried out so loudly that all the Dreams turned round to look.

"What is the matter?" said the King.

"There is my Princess—she who has so often appeared to me, and who gave me the roses," George the Dreamer answered, in an ecstasy.

"Certainly, certainly, it is she," said the King. "Have I not sent you a very pretty Dream? It is almost the prettiest I have."

Then George ran up to the Princess, who was sitting swinging in her little golden swing. As soon as she saw him coming she sprang down into his arms. But he took her by the hand and led her to a golden bench, on which they both sat down, telling one another how sweet it was to meet again! And when they had finished saying so, they began again. The King of Dreams meanwhile walked up and down the broad path which goes straight through the garden, with his hands behind his back. Now and then he took out his watch, to see how the time was getting on; for George the Dreamer and the Princess never came to an end of what they had to say to one another. At length he went to them, and said:—

"That's enough, children. You, Dreamer, are far from your home, and I cannot keep you here over-night, for I have no beds. You see, the Dreams never sleep, but have to go up every night to men on the earth. And you, Princess, must make yourself ready; dress yourself all in pink, and then come to me, so that I may tell you to whom you must appear to-night, and what you must say."

When George the Dreamer heard this, he felt more courageous than ever before in his

life. Standing up, he said, firmly: "My lord the King, I will never more leave my Princess. You must either keep me here below or let her go up with me to the earth: I love her much too much to live without her." Then a tear big as a hazel-nut came into each of his eyes.

"But George, George," answered the King, "it is the prettiest dream I have. Still, you saved my life; so have your own way; take your Princess up with you. But as soon as you have got on to the earth take off her silver veil, and throw it down to me through the trap-door. Then she will be of flesh and blood like every other child of man; now she is only a Dream."

George the Dreamer thanked the King most heartily, and then said: "Dear King, because you are so very good, I should like to ask for one thing more. I have a Princess now—but no kingdom. A Princess without a kingdom is impossible. Cannot you get me one, if it is only a small one?"

Then the King answered: "I have no visible kingdoms to give away, Dreamer, only invisible ones; one of the latter you shall have, one of the biggest and best that I possess."

Then George asked what invisible kingdoms were like. The King told him he would find that out, and would be amazed at their beauty and magnificence.

"You see," he said, "it is often very unpleasant to have anything to do with ordinary, visible kingdoms. For example: suppose you are an ordinary King, and early one morning your Minister comes to your bedside and says: 'Your Majesty, I want a hundred pounds for the kingdom.' Then you open your treasury and find not even a farthing in it! What are you to do? Or again, you wage war and lose, and the King who has conquered you marries your Princess, and shuts you up in a tower. Such things cannot happen in invisible kingdoms."

"But if we cannot see it, of what use would our kingdom be to us?" asked George, still somewhat puzzled.

"You strange man," said the King, and pointing to his forehead, he continued: "You and your Princess see it well enough. You see the castles and gardens, the meadows and forests which belong to your kingdom. You live in it, walk in it, do what you like with it. It is only other people who do not see it."

Then the Dreamer was highly delighted, for he was beginning to be afraid lest the village people should look enviously at him

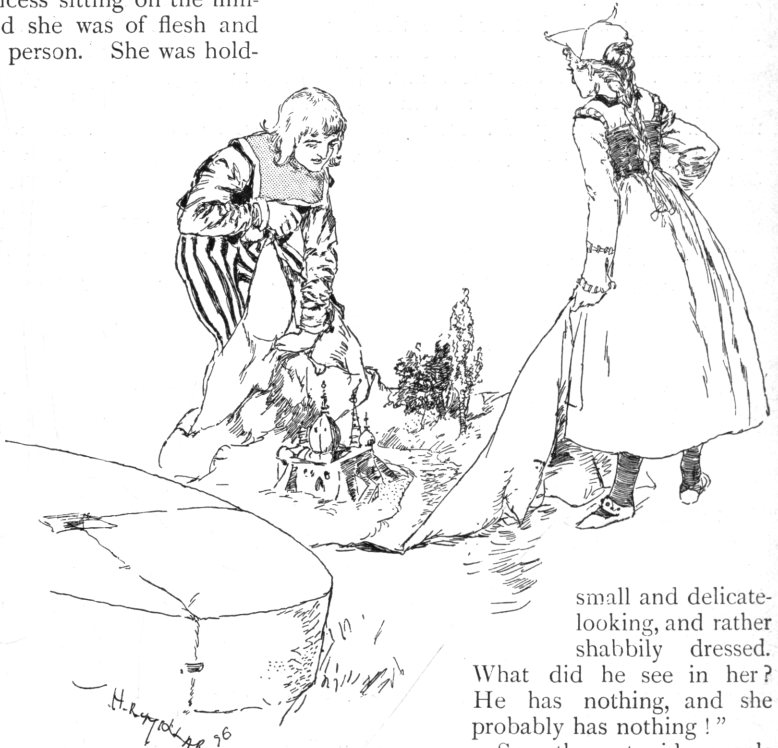
if he came home with his Princess and was King. He took a very touching leave of the King of Dreams, climbed the five hundred steps with his Princess, took the silver veil off her head and threw it down. Then he wanted to shut the trap-door, but it was so heavy that he could not hold it. So he let it fall, and the noise it made was as great as the noise of many cannons shot off at the same time, and for a moment he became unconscious. When he came to himself again he was sitting in front of his cottage with the Princess sitting on the mill-stone at his side, and she was of flesh and blood like any other person. She was holding his hand, stroking it, and saying: "You dear, good, stupid man, you have not dared tell me how much you love me, for such a long time. Have you been very much afraid of me?"

And the moon rose and illumined the river, the waves beat against the banks, and the forest rustled, but they still sat there and talked. Suddenly it seemed as if a small black cloud was passing over the moon, and all at once something like a large folded shawl fell at their feet; then the moon stood out again in her full glory. They lifted up the cloth and

began to spread it out. But they took a long time over this, for it was very fine and folded many hundred times. When it was quite spread out, it looked like a large map; in the middle was a river, and on both sides were towns, forests, and lakes. Then they noticed that it was a kingdom, and knew that the good Dream-King must have sent it down to them from the sky. And when they looked at their little cottage it had become a beautiful castle, with glass stairs, marble walls, velvet carpets, and pointed blue-tiled towers. Then they took hands and went into the castle, where their subjects were already assembled.

The servants bowed low, drums and trumpets sounded, and little pages went before them strewing flowers. They were King and Queen.

The next morning the news that George the Dreamer had come back, and had brought a wife with him, ran like wildfire through the village. "She is probably very clever," the people said. "I saw her early this morning, when I went into the forest," said a peasant; "she was standing at the door with him. She is nothing special, quite an ordinary person,



"THEY LIFTED UP THE CLOTH AND BEGAN TO SPREAD IT OUT."

small and delicate-looking, and rather shabbily dressed.

What did he see in her? He has nothing, and she probably has nothing!"

So the stupid people chattered, for they could not see that she was a Princess; and in their stupidity they did not see that the house had changed into a great, wonderful castle—for the kingdom that had come down from the sky for George the Dreamer was an invisible one. So he did not trouble about the stupid people, but lived happily and contentedly in his kingdom with his Princess, who presented him with six children, each one more beautiful than the other, and they were, all six, Princes and Princesses. But no one in the village knew it, for they were quite ordinary people, and much too silly to notice it.